

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XVII., No. 3 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. MAR., 1895

### Cold Waves

There is nothing more thoroughly incomprehensible than American weather. It seems to have no reason for its existence, and half the time is quite contrary to what has been expected or predicted by those who claim to know about it. We hear a great deal of hot and cold waves. Whence do they come and whither do they go? In summer, if it blows continuously out of the West,—at least upon the Atlantic seaboard this is true,—the mercury mounts into the nineties, and we of a cool latitude are sweltering in the heat of the tropics. In winter, if the same wind blows, we have a cold wave, which, according to different seasons, may or may not bring us the temperature of the north pole. Professor Hazen believes that the cold waves originate somewhere in the West—that the cold air comes down from upper layers of the atmosphere, where the temperature is always below zero, and that thence it sweeps across the continent, freezing things up as it goes. If you ascend into the upper air you will find an atmosphere at a temperature of 100 degrees below zero. This intruding of the upper air spreads after it reaches the earth, and is supposed to be kept freshened with new draughts of air of an equally cold degree of temperature, and to exhaust itself only after it has reached the ocean, where it vanishes. The lowest temperature ever recorded in this country—64 degrees below zero—was at Tobacco Garden, North Dakota. That whole region of the West is, however, the home of the lowest temperatures on this continent; and, if Prof. Hazen's theory is correct, it would seem as if Dakota or Montana were the spot whence our weather comes, with all its capricious variations. But if this is true, how can we account for the origin of the hot waves of the summer? They come with the self-same Western wind, and they possess much the same atmospheric peculiarities. It is manifestly impossible for the hot wave to come from the rarefied air above, and cannot, of course, come from any lower region that we know of. Yet under its influence the temperature rises slowly until it stands at a height reached only in the most torrid countries. The moment these Western winds die away, the temperature falls again. One peculiarity to be noted about these changes is that the cold waves seldom pass south of the Appalachian range of mountains. This winter, however, points as far south as New Orleans have felt the effect of severe frosts. The Florida orange-groves have been blighted, and in the North the carnival of ice and snow has been continuous since Christmas-time.

### Boston's Pride

The Boston Public Library is now nearing completion, and is to be the most magnificent structure of its kind in this country. The building, made of gray stone, is severely simple and thoroughly classical in design. It fronts Copley Square, opposite Richardson's famous Trinity Church,

and next to the Art Museum—a structure of no very definite architectural claims, but by no means therefore an offensive creation. Its surroundings are certainly fortunate. It commands an excellent, large, open space, from which it may be seen in its entirety. Such an edifice must have cost many millions of dollars to build, and will, when completed, vie with anything in this country as a great monumental work. The inside of the building, which is still kept from the inquisitive eye of the reporter or the casual visitor, is said to be sumptuous in its elaboration. The architect (Meade) has made it his life-work, and has travelled the world over to secure the marbles which are to be a part of the interior corridors and staircases. A half-dozen American sculptors are also at work upon statues and bas-reliefs destined to adorn the building, while Abbey, Whistler, Sargent and Puvis de Chavannes have been commissioned to paint various decorative paintings for the walls. Altogether, the modern Athens will do honor to literature in no insignificant way. The World's Fair brought Americans to value the work of our native architects, our painters and our sculptors. Boston will be the first city to give permanence to their best efforts; and New York, with its enormous wealth, should soon follow suit in showing her pride in the native talent our artists possess, by some equally magnificent structure, designed for some equally worthy public purpose.

### Building for the Future

A strong endeavor has recently been made to change the old method by which the public buildings of the country have been made a series of characterless and discreditable piles of masonry, and to substitute for the office of the supervising architect at Washington a series of competitions in which the most worthy designs by outside architects shall be selected and properly paid for by the Government. At present the supervising architect is the fountain source of the innumerable gloomy post offices and other public buildings that decorate the land. These edifices show the utmost narrowness in design that is possible. They are grewsome objects, each and every one of them built upon the same repulsive pattern. Their pretentiousness is not the least of their obtrusive qualities; but, aside from their design, it is rarely found that any of them are built with suitable regard to the purposes for which they have been constructed. Bad ventilation, inconvenient arrangement, a total disregard of the requirements of situation and of light, are all defects which are repeated in one after another of these structures. Such a state of things follows, as a matter of course, the plan adopted by the nation. No one man can be supposed to do more than repeat his own weak productions while receiving a salary of only \$4,000 a year—a sum which would tempt few architects of ability to abandon a lucrative private practice for an underpaid public one. But even to an able architect the tax upon

his ingenuity, where hundreds of expensive buildings must be planned for and erected, is too great. No single architect can possibly give the variety of design and the attention to detail which such an office requires. Our public buildings should be public monuments. They should be objects of beauty—emblems of the genius of the people and of the times; and they should always be suitable to the purposes for which they are designed. The suggestion, therefore, that the designing of these buildings should be open to public competition is an excellent one. In this way alone can the best results be obtained, and if every building should not happen to be successful, at least there would be a large proportion of them of the highest type possible to obtain. It is also more than likely that the construction would thus be cheaper to the Government in the end than under the present system, for the professional architects of the country are far in advance of the Government in their knowledge of construction and of all the details pertaining to it. We have now in America a vast number of able and successful architects. They are progressive, and doing much to beautify our cities. The best of these only should build our public buildings and make of them monuments to the spirit of the age we live in.

*The Journal of the Future* In spite of the apparently phenomenal success of sensational journalism in the United States, there seems to be a general revolt against the methods which it adopts, seeming to indicate the fact that there is abundant room for a species of daily journalism which has never yet been thoroughly tried in this country. There is no denying to the sensational press the possession of an energy and comprehensiveness which ten years ago was never even dreamed of as a possibility for newspapers of any kind. One by one the conservative journals have succumbed to the new order of things, and there remain few newspapers to-day in the large cities of the country unaffected by the change. Some of the most staid and respectable journals have thrown away all pretense to their most cherished traditions, and under the stimulus of the "new journalism," have capered through the literary field with an affectation of enthusiasm that has been quite ridiculous. What with reductions in price, the free use of picturesque and studied headlines, vast expeditions into the privacy of homes and attempts to grow familiar with society, by way of the kitchen, the pantry and the caterer, we possess as a result a perfect hodge-podge of information, some of it good, more of it indifferent, and most of it highly offensive to the reader of ordinary good taste. Indeed, it would seem as if the majority of the people must be both ill-bred and of thoroughly vitiated taste, if the successes of recent years are a measure of public intelligence. In journalism the greatest successes have been achieved by an appeal to a low order of sensationalism, and in the making of successful books the writers have often been obliged to sacrifice all self-respect. In general literature, however, there have been instances where great successes have been made without appeal to emotional weakness. Notable instances of this are found in the novels of such writers as Mrs. Humphrey Ward, of Du Maurier and others; but more than all else in the widespread devotion to the highest class of magazine literature. Though the ele-

ment of cheapness has entered here also, the same elements that have been prominent in daily journalism have not yet affected any of the old-established publications, and, we trust, are not likely to. Indeed, it is questionable whether the new journalism has not had its day already. There are not a few who would welcome a wholesome daily print in which the higher forms of literature would receive full recognition, and some of the now popular notions of "good reading" be entirely tabooed. There is no such newspaper now published in the United States; but there are a number of respectable, but, unfortunately, dull ones into which the necessary energy could be easily infused when the revolt against the present methods is thoroughly ripe.

#### *Floating Houses*

As it is in the province of Current Literature to make its readers acquainted with the newest social movements, we give in the following lines the prospectus of a thoroughly novel company, now regularly incorporated and ready to do business. The name of it is "The Houseboat Company," and its object is "to build, rent, sell, and operate houseboats; to organize houseboat clubs, similar in constitution and plan to yacht clubs, and in every way to promote the use of houseboats as summer residences, as provided in the by-laws of the company. For the information of those who have not given the subject attention, it may be explained here that within about twenty years the houseboat has obtained remarkable popularity in England, thousands of the well-to-do classes, including many titled personages, owning houseboats and using them as summer cottages are used in this country. The houseboat is in effect a floating cottage, which may be moored in any sheltered waters, and moved at pleasure from place to place. Along the upper reaches of the English Thames there is in summer an almost continuous village of such floating homes, and American waters afford facilities so vastly greater for like establishments, that their widespread popularity at no distant day is a foregone conclusion. The company purposes anticipating this certain demand by establishing a floating camp or village near New York, renting houseboats furnished or unfurnished to suit lessees, and building them to order if desired. Each houseboat of the standard club pattern will be complete in itself, with as many rooms and berths as may be required; a good-sized living-room, kitchen, storeroom, lavatories, etc., with open but shaded decks for fair weather and a small boat for landing and visiting. A houseboat of the standard club pattern, providing quarters for from eight to ten persons, will cost about \$2,000 and upwards, according to finish. The estimated rental of such a boat, equipped for service but unfurnished, is, according to finish, from \$500 and upward a season. So much popular interest has been shown in the Houseboat Company since its organization that it is justified in planning to build about fifty boats in anticipation of the demand at the opening of the season."

With the March number, which will be on sale March 1st on all news-stands, the story magazine "Romance" will be published by The Current Literature Publishing Company. It will be enlarged, and have a new cover designed by Louis Rhead. Annual subscription price, \$1.00; single copies, 15 cents each.

## FUNERAL CUSTOMS: ORIGIN AND OBSERVANCE

BY LEOPOLD WAGNER

Extracts from *Manners, Customs and Observances*. By Leopold Wagner. Macmillan & Co.

**Flag at Half-Mast**—The custom of flying a flag at half-mast high as a mark of mourning and respect arose out of the old naval and military practice of lowering the flag in time of war as a sign of submission. The vanquished always lowered his flag, while the victor fluttered his own flag above it from the same staff. To lower a flag, therefore, is a token of respect to one's superior, and a signal of mourning and distress.

**Tolling the Church Bells**—This custom on the death of a distinguished person arose out of the passing bell formerly tolled in the parish church, the moment any member of the congregation passed away, to invite the prayers of all the other parishioners for the repose of his soul, and also to drive away wicked spirits, who could not bear to hear the sound. Says Jurandus: "It is said that the wicked spirits that be in the region of the air fear much when they hear the bells ringing; and this is the cause why the bells be ringing when it thundereth: to the end that the foul fiend and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee, and cease from moving of the tempest."

**The Black Cap**—"Why does the judge in a criminal court assume the black cap when pronouncing sentence of death?" is a question frequently asked. This is because covering the head has from the earliest times been regarded as a sign of mourning. Numerous examples of this occur in the Scriptures, in the classics, and in modern literature. "The ancient English," says Dudley Fosbrooke, in his monumental work on archæology, "drew their hoods over their heads at funerals." We read also in Peck's *Dissertata Curiosa*, of "the congregation, a very great one, sitting in the choir to hear the funeral sermon, all covered," at the burial of Bishop Cox in Ely Cathedral in the year 1581. Not only do the Jews keep their hats on their heads at funerals, but in some countries they still wear black caps at weddings, in token of mourning for the destruction of the Temple. Another reason is that the black cap forms a part of the full dress of the judge, which is worn only on extraordinary occasions.

**The Black Flag**—This flag, hoisted upon prison walls as a signal that the last sentence of the law has been carried out, was first employed by Tamerlane, Khan of the Tartars, in the fourteenth century. Whenever a beleaguered city refused to surrender after a certain period, he displayed a black flag, to proclaim that "the time for mercy is now past, and the city is given up to destruction."

**The Mourning Colors of Different Nations**—These colors are not devoid of meaning. Black is the accepted color throughout Europe. It expresses the solemn midnight gloom, the total deprivation of light and joy on account of the loss sustained. In Shakespeare's time the stage was draped with black during the performance of a tragedy. This accounts for the opening line in his *Henry VI.*, "Hung be the heavens with black;" the heavens answering to our borders and flies. White is the emblem of Hope, the Chinese color

of mourning. The ladies of Rome and Sparta dressed in white during the period of mourning. Prior to the year 1498, when Anne, queen of Charles VIII., of France, surrounded her coat-of-arms with black drapery and dressed herself in black on the death of her husband, in opposition to the prevailing custom, widows in England, France and Spain generally adopted white mourning. Mary, Queen, of Scots, received the name of the White Queen, because she mourned in white for the death of her husband, Lord Darnley. White coffins for children are still popular; while in some parts of the country white hatbands in mourning for the unmarried are the rule rather than the exception. Black and white striped express sorrow and hope. This is the mourning color of the South Sea Islanders. The ancient Egyptians mourned in yellow, the sere and yellow leaf; so do the Burmese, whose monastic habit is the same color. In Brittany widows' caps are invariably yellow. Pale brown, the color of withered leaves, is the Persian mourning. In Syria and Armenia sky-blue is the color of mourning, indicative of the assurance that the deceased has gone to heaven. Purple was formerly the mourning color of all Christian princes. All the kings in France mourned in purple. Charles II. of England mourned in purple for his brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester, when he died in the year 1660. On Good Friday the cardinals, who bear the style of Princes of the Church, wear purple habits because they are then in mourning for the death of Christ. So, also, on the death of the Pope, or of one of their number. This mourning color of Christian princes in general, and of the Roman Catholic Church in particular, has been derived from the purple garment which the Roman soldiers put about our Lord.

**A Military Funeral**—This is always an impressive spectacle. When such a one takes place in time of peace, the ceremonial is exactly the same as it would be in camp or on the battlefield. A gun-carriage forms an improvised hearse, the drums are muffled out of respect to the dead comrade, and all arms are carried reverse to show that the company deputed to perform the sad office count upon the forbearance of the enemy for the time being, consequently they do not fear an attack. In the case of a cavalry officer being buried, his horse is led behind the body; this is a survival of ancient times, when an officer's charger was universally sacrificed at the graveside and buried with its master. At the conclusion of the ceremony a salute is fired over the grave to intimate to the enemy that they are once more ready to act on the defensive.

**Widows' Caps**—Widows' caps are accounted for in this way: The Egyptians and Greeks shaved off their beards and cut off their hair in times of mourning. The Romans did not cultivate beards, but cutting off the hair as a sign of mourning was common to both sexes. To supply the want of a natural head-covering, the men wore wigs and the women caps. This practice fell into disuse after the Romans abandoned Britain; nevertheless, widows studiously concealed their hair during the whole period of mourning.

## NAPOLEON: JUDGED BY GREAT THINKERS

### Napoleon and his Genius

A TRIBUTE TO HIS POWER.....CHARLES PHILLIPS

He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus he grasped without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars.

Through this pantomime of policy fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril and empowered with ubiquity.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation; kings were his people, nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

### The Omnipotence of Napoleon

DIVINE INTERFERENCE.....VICTOR HUGO

Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? The answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington? on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, would not harmonize with the law of the Nineteenth Century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon no longer had a place. The ill-will of events had been displayed long before.

It was time for this vast man to fall. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group. Such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world mounting to one man's brain—would be fatal to civilization if they endured. The moment had come for the incorruptible and supreme equity to reflect; and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitation of the moral order as well as of the material order depend, had rebelled. Steaming blood, overcrowded graveyards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth suffers from an excessive burden there are mysterious groans from the shadows, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in the infinite, and his fall was decided. He troubled God. Waterloo is not a battle, but a change of front on the part of the universe.

### Napoleon, the Modern Attila

THE BLOODTHIRSTY CONQUEROR....HERBERT SPENCER

Out of the sanguinary chaos of the French Revolution there rose a soldier whose immense ability, joined with his absolute unscrupulousness, made him now general, now consul, now autocrat. He was untruthful in an extreme degree, lying in his despatches day by day, never writing a page without bad faith—nay, even giving to others lessons in telling falsehoods. He professed friendship while plotting to betray, and quite early in his career made the wolf-and-lamb fable his guide. He got antagonists into his power by promises of clemency, and then executed them. To strike terror, he descended to barbarities like those of the bloodthirsty conquerors of old, of whom his career reminds us; as in Egypt, when, to avenge fifty of his soldiers, he beheaded two thousand fellahs, throwing their headless corpses into the Nile; or as at Jaffa, when twenty-five hundred of the garrison, who finally surrendered, were at his order deliberately massacred. Even his own officers, not over-scrupulous, as we may suppose, were shocked by his brutality, sometimes refusing to execute his sanguinary decrees.

Year after year he went on sacrificing, by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, the French people and the people of Europe at large, to gratify his lust of power and his hatred of opponents. To feed his insatiable ambition, and to crush those who resisted his efforts after universal dominion, he went on seizing the young men of France, forming army after army that were destroyed in destroying like armies raised by neighboring nations. In the Russian campaign alone, out of 552,000 French left dead or prisoners, but a small portion returned to France; while the Russian force of more than 200,000 was reduced to 30,000 or 40,000; implying a total sacrifice of considerably more than half a million lives. And when the mortality on both sides by death in battle, by wounds and by disease, throughout all the Napoleonic campaigns, is summed up, it exceeds, at the lowest computation, two millions. And all this slaughter, all this suffering, all this devastation, was gone through because one man had a restless desire to be despot over all men. And

now what has been thought and felt in England about the two sets of events above contrasted, and about the actors in them? For the bloodshed of the Revolution there has been utter detestation, and for those who wrought it unqualified hate; for the immeasurably greater bloodshed which these wars of the consulate and the empire entailed, little or no horror is expressed; while the feeling toward the modern Attila, who was guilty of this bloodshed, is shown by decorating rooms with portraits and busts of him.

### Napoleon: Vice Incarnate

AN AMERICAN VIEW.....RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world—he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellerman, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed, and worse—he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts and dates and characters, and giving to history a theatrical éclat. Like all Frenchmen, he had a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul are all French. "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days." To make a great noise is his favorite design. "A great reputation is a great noise: the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages."

He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip, and opened letters, and delighted in his infamous police, and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that he "knew everything;" and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and compliments of the street, incognito. It does not appear that he listened at keyholes, or, at least, that he was caught at it.

### Napoleon: A German Poet's Estimate

A PEN PICTURE OF THE EMPEROR.....HEINRICH HEINE

The Emperor wore his invisible green uniform and his little world-renowned hat. He rode a white steed, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that steed. Carelessly, almost lazily, sat the Emperor, holding his rein with one hand and with the other good-naturedly patting the horse's neck. It was a sunny, marble hand, a mighty hand—one of those two hands which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and ordered the war of races—and it good-naturedly patted the horse's neck.

Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble of Greek and Roman busts; the traits were as nobly cut as in the antique, and on that face was written, "Thou shalt have no gods before me." A smile, which warmed and soothed every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips had but to whistle—"et la Prusse n' existait plus." Those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing. Those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire holy Roman Empire would have danced. And those lips smiled and the eyes smiled, too. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a glance all the things of this world, while we others see them only one by one, and by their colored shadows. The brow was not so clear; the phantoms of future battles were nestling there; there was a quiver which swept over that brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boot thoughts wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world.

### Napoleon—One of God's Greatest Creations

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS POWER.....ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE

Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterizing the age of Napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity, but himself. False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated; he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great, but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured, but he felt not; he loved not; he sympathized with none; he was a statue, rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar; he resembled more the Hannibal of the aristocracy. Few men have thus been molded, and molded cold. All was solid; nothing gushed forth in that mind; nothing was moved.

This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crime, should, also, accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his, without lessening it; for it is equally intrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her.

This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him, therefore, enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through the distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man—one of the greatest creations of God—applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed to accumulate therefrom, on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue—such the man.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*A Landscape..Francis Saltus Saltus..Dreams After Sunset (Moulton)*

A mountain-chain—each snow-bathed peak,  
 Craggy and shapeful, drinks the mist.  
 Below the cloud-mark eagles seek  
 Their eyries by the sleet winds kissed.  
 Mighty Titanic towers of rock,  
 Huge Lylacqs raised by giant hands  
 To climb to heaven and to mock  
 The power of God on holy strands,  
 Lay crushed and sundered, overturned,  
 Chaos of granite, earth and stone :  
 Vast grave preadamite, well earned  
 For those who shaped it for a throne.  
 And when Night, hushful, inks the chain  
 With darkness, then the torrents' roar  
 Soundeth like giant lungs in pain,  
 Cursing their God for sins of yore.  
 The souls and spirits of a race  
 Damned for all ages suffer there,  
 And caged in stone, bereft of grace,  
 Await their judgment with despair.

*A Forgotten Tale.....A. Conan Doyle.....Scribner's*

Say, what saw you on the hill,  
 Garcia, the herdsman?  
 "I saw my brindled heifer there,  
 A trail of bowmen spent and bare,  
 A little man on a roan mare,  
 And a tattered flag before them."  
 Say, what saw you in the vale,  
 Garcia, the herdsman?  
 "There I saw my lambing ewe,  
 And an army riding through,  
 Thick and brave the pennons flew  
 From the lance-heads o'er them."

*Phantom Loves.....George Barlow.....The Senate*

All have heard the grim old legend of the ship that ever sailed  
 Round the Cape, for ever baffled, laboring on though naught availed;  
 Ghostly bark that ever struggled through the wild, encircling deep;  
 Phantom sails that flashed on sailors startled from their midnight sleep.  
 Sudden, through the pitchy darkness loomed the great ship. Gaunt it gleamed,  
 Guided by the death-pale pilot, when the lurid lightning beamed;  
 For one moment there it glittered—then it vanished in the gloom,  
 Working out through nights eternal its eternity of doom.  
 More tremendous, yet more solemn, is the doom some spirits bear—  
 Seeking, seeking, ever seeking, through the fragrant summer air,  
 Through the sombre nights of winter, through the storm-tossed autumn days,  
 Love and passion that evade them—as that ship was lost in haze.  
 "Now at last"—the spirit murmurs—"now at last a love is mine;  
 Wholly pure and wholly tender, wholly sweet and all divine:  
 Now at last"—the spirit dreameth—"I shall close this weary quest,  
 Quit the hell of ceaseless travail, win the heaven of endless rest.  
 "Now I love, and for the last time—nay, I never loved before!  
 Never made the silver sea-waves such sweet music on the shore!  
 Never whiteness in the lily, never splendor in the rose  
 Gleamed so rich and so translucent: I have won love's deep repose."  
 But the noble hope is shattered. When love's joy is once attained,  
 What becomes of all its sweetness—what of lasting peace is gained?  
 As the ship toiled on forever, so must man: his course must be  
 On from passion unto passion, on from sea to sailless sea.  
 Yes, the rose again can glitter, and the lily again can gleam  
 Richer, whiter far than ever through the lost love's tender dream;  
 For each new love is as Venus: at her touch the ocean glows  
 Far more sapphire-waved than ever, lovely ruby stains the rose.

Say, what saw you on the hill,  
 Garcia, the herdsman?  
 "I saw beside the milking-byre,  
 White with want and black with mire  
 A little man with face afire  
 Marshaling his bowmen."  
 Say, what saw you in the vale,  
 Garcia, the herdsman?  
 "There I saw my bullocks twain  
 And the hardy men of Spain  
 With bloody heel and slackened rein,  
 Closing on their foemen."  
 Nay, but there is more to tell,  
 Garcia, the herdsman.  
 "More I might not bide to view:  
 I had other things to do,  
 Tending on the lambing ewe,  
 Down among the clover."  
 Prithee tell me what you heard,  
 Garcia, the herdsman.  
 "Shouting from the mountain-side,  
 Shouting until eventide,  
 But it dwindled and it died  
 Ere milking-time was over."  
 Ah, but saw you nothing more  
 Garcia, the herdsman?  
 "Yes, I saw them lying there,  
 The little man and roan mare,  
 And in their ranks the bowmen bare,  
 With their staves before them."  
 And the hardy men of Spain,  
 Garcia, the herdsman?  
 "Hush, but we are Spanish, too;  
 More I may not say to you:  
 May God's benison, like dew,  
 Gently settle o'er them."

"I was born to give you pleasure"—so the new lips, tender, say:  
 "Love me, court me, win me, wear me, though it be but for a day.  
 I am Venus, I am Sappho, I am all the past in one;  
 I can bring you the lost moon-rays! I can re-illumine the sun!"

"All the past is just as nothing—for the future have no care.  
 Dream of one thing—only one thing: Am I young, love? Am I fair?  
 I am young and fair, thou sayest? Then let all the world repine;  
 Let the wind through dark leaves murmur: What of that, if I am thine?"

But the new love is a phantom, just a ghost: it passes too,  
 And the flowers no more are radiant, and the sea no more is blue.  
 All the soul of man is darkened; hurling hate against the sun,  
 It exclaims: "No heart has loved me, naught of love my life hath won!"

So, the pale ghost-love pursuing, man goes on from hour to hour;  
 Wins no fruit of any passion—hardly wins one golden flower,  
 Till at last his true love finds him; but her strange eyes flash with doom:  
 Undivorced are they forever who join hands within the tomb.

*The Wreck.....Rob't H. Davis.....Overland Monthly*

I stood beside her on that night,  
 The wild, mad ocean in its might  
     Tossing the ship on high;  
 I saw the towering watery wall  
 And heard the tumbling breakers fall,  
 A drowning sailor's helpless call,  
     While foam splashed on the sky.

I felt her clasp upon my arm:  
 An omen 'twas of the coming harm,  
     Rising from the deep.  
 I felt her tangled hair all wet,  
 Twining my neck like a siren's net;  
 I hear the roar of the tempest yet  
     And the sound of the billows' sweep.

It all comes back like a frightful dream—  
 The slip, the fall, her curdling scream,  
     As she sank in the foaming sea.  
 Oh, hear the wind with his moaning sigh!  
 Oh, see the white caps dancing by!  
 I see her sinking and hear her cry:  
     What wonder she beckoned me?

Twelve years ago she left my side,  
 Torn from my arms by the hungry tide  
     And tossed on a curling wave;  
 But still I hear the terrible roar,  
 The echoing boom from the wave-beat shore;  
 No rest, no peace forever more—  
     'Twill follow me to my grave.

*The Dancing Faun.....Robert Cameron Rogers*  
*The Wind in the Clearing (G. P. Putnam's Sons)*

When Time unswathed the ashen winding-sheet  
 That wrapped Pompeii—city of the dead;  
 And once again the Southern azure shed  
 Its light through ruined court and empty street;  
 Lo! From the darkness, where no human tread  
 Had echoed for a score of centuries,  
 Appeared a multitude of gracious shapes,  
 A pageant of the long-lost deities;—  
 Hermes and Pan, and Bacchus crowned with grapes,  
 And all the pleasant demi-gods and fauns  
 Who thronged the woods and kept the fountains pure.

They could not die: no fear of time had they,  
 For they were born of Art and must endure  
 Whilst Art should live. The city stricken lay  
 About them, yet they took nor note nor care  
 Of unseen evenings or of darkened dawns;  
 In passing years they had no place, no part,  
 Until at last the soft Italian day  
 Peered in upon them standing silent there,  
 Divine in the divinity of Art.  
 And one there was, a faun, among the throng,

With limbs forever leaping into dance,  
 With head flung back, as though he heard, perchance,  
 The far-off echo of some lost Greek song.

Thou dancer of two thousand years,  
 Thou dancer of to-day,  
 What silent music fills thine ears,  
 What Bacchic lay,  
 That thou shouldst dance the centuries  
     Down their forgotten way?  
 What mystic strain of pagan mirth  
 Has charmed eternally  
 Those lithe, strong limbs that spurn the earth?  
 What melody,  
 Unheard of men, has Father Pan  
     Left lingering with thee?

Ah! where is now the wanton throng  
 That round thee used to meet?  
 On dead lips died the drinking-song,  
 But wild and sweet:  
 What silent music urged thee on  
     To its unuttered beat,  
 That when at last Time's weary will  
 Brought thee again to sight  
 Thou cam'st forth dancing, dancing still  
 Into the light,  
 Unwearied from the murk and dusk  
     Of centuries of night?

Alas for thee!—Alas! again,  
 The early faith is gone!  
 The gods are no more seen of men:  
 All, all are gone—  
 The shaggy forests no more shield  
 The Satyr and the Faun.

On Attic slopes the bee still hums,  
 On many an Elian hill  
 The wild-grape swells, but never comes  
 The distant trill  
 Of reedy flutes, for Pan is dead;  
 Broken his pipes and still.

And yet within thy listening ears  
 The pagan measures ring—  
 Those limbs that have outdanced the years  
 Yet tireless spring,—  
 How canst thou dream Pan dead when still  
 Thou seemst to hear him sing?

Thou, gracious Art, whose creatures do not die,  
 We too have heard the far-off magic song;  
 We too have caught the spirit of the long,  
 Soft Southern days and sheen of sapphire sky.  
 And thus we listen, like the dancing faun,  
 We in our distant New World haunts, and hear  
 Thy music nearer coming, and more near,  
 And feel the promise of thy brightening dawn.

## CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER CIRCLE\*

BY WILFRID MEYNELL

There were four Rossetti brothers and sisters, divided equally as to sex. The eldest, Maria Francesca, was as true a Florentine in taste and temperament as became her brother Dante's sister; and she made her own serious contributions to Dantesque literature. Then, next of the four, and born in 1828, came Gabriele Charles Dante Rossetti, who, soon after he was twenty-one, dropped one of his Christian names and transposed the others. The younger brother and sister were William Michael, who, happily, lives to tell the tale, and Christina Georgina (she did not care for the "Georgina"), who was born within the roar of Oxford Street, on December 5, 1830, and was therefore just sixty-four years of age at the time of her death. Another sister, indeed, there was—but in literature and not in life. This was the imaginary "Margaret," of Dante Rossetti's poem *My Sister's Sleep*. She never lived; and yet extraordinarily literal and solemn is the record of her death, even to the moving of the chair in the room overhead, and "our mother's" fear lest the dying girl should be disturbed.

The father of these four Rossettis—Gabriele Rossetti—was rather an oddity. Leaving his country for his country's good or harm, the conspirator at Naples became a teacher of Italian in King's College, London. Gabriele Rossetti was a politician first and a Dante commentator afterwards. But he did the commentaries with much industry and wasted ingenuity. The Shakespeare cryptogram of Ignatius Donnelly looks plausible beside the Dante interpretation of the father of the Rossettis. According to him, all the poets have a plain and a hidden meaning, and the literal significance of their work is of small importance compared with the allegorical, which hardly anybody ever discovers. To attack the court of Rome, Rossetti the elder thought, was the special object of all great writers of the Middle Ages; and Dante, of all others, knew how to conceal under innocent double phrases his seditious meaning, and concealed it so well that even this commentator was doubtful whether he had really found it out. "He trusted that his poem would cause him to be held in such esteem as to induce the Papal Party to recall him to his native city; and yet that poem is a great treachery to that Party, a fine play of Catholic jargon."

In fact, the author of *Mistero Platonico* finds Masonic mysteries lurking behind every comma and capital of the poet—a dread of the Inquisition drawn out in every dash. The great Coleridge, who read Rossetti, thought he pushed his theory "beyond all bounds of common-sense;" and the public will always prefer to see in Beatrice a woman rather than a secret society or a sect. It was this harum-scarum author and politician who was the father of the devoted lover of Beatrice the Woman. The fantasy of the parent, carried to the very verge of folly, in the son turned to a magical emotion that made him a mediæval son of Italy—the Italy he had never seen. He literally lived with Beatrice and Dante in their surroundings—in Charlotte Street, Portland Place!

The future father of the four Rossettis made the acquaintance in London of Frances Mary Lavinia Polidori,

Tuscan on her father's side, but English on her mother's. Her father had been Alfieri's secretary, and her brother the companion of Byron. Of their mother, her children have left many and imperishable memorials. Dante Rossetti constantly sent her his poems in manuscript. Indeed, her more perfect knowledge of Italian than his was of practical use to him in some of his translations of the *Vita Nuova*—nearly the only translations which take rank among creations. She sat to him often; especially good portraits of her, at different times of her life, are to be recognized in the St. Anna she sat for in 1848, and in the life-size portrait-group of her and of Christina, head and shoulders, which he made in chalks near Herne Bay in 1877, whither his mother and sister had gone to nurse him during a complicated illness—just as they were to be together with him at that last illness at Birchington-on-Sea. For his mother, on her eightieth birthday, in 1880, he made the first fair copy of his sonnet on *The Sonnet*, now printed at the beginning of *The House of Life*; having first of all consulted Christina as to one or two alternative readings.

Between mother and daughter, however, the tie was of habitual closeness. They were together always, bound to each by their common partings with others—by companionship at three deathbeds of their dearest; and bound by that devotion into which Christina Rossetti threw her strong and fervid sense of duty. As long as her mother lived, she lived for her mother—a nun in the world. The dedication of *Speaking Likenesses* is "To my dearest Mother, in grateful remembrance of the stories with which she used to entertain her children." That was for stories in 1874. Eleven years later, in one of the volumes she devoted to piety, the dedication-page bore no altered allegiance.

Christina Rossetti had two aunts. One of these, Miss Charlotte Polidori, was for some years governess in the family of the Marchioness of Bath, who, in 1853, bought Dante Rossetti's first picture, *The Girlhood of the Virgin*. With the name of his other aunt also, Miss Margaret Polidori, the art of Rossetti is associated, for in her memory he made, in 1869, a cartoon—*The Sermon on the Plain*.

Dante Rossetti, as may be supposed, took a constant interest in the career of his sister. In 1862 he did two illustrations and designed a cover, for *The Goblin Market*. Again, three years later, he made two drawings for *The Prince's Progress*. He thought *To-Day for Me*, the greatest of all her poems—a verdict which some will attribute to idiosyncrasy. Next to that he placed *The Convent Threshold*, which he well spoke of as "a very splendid piece of feminine ascetic passion." This is a judgment by which most of her lovers will abide; though this piece has a close rival in *Advent*, which Swinburne, a great admirer of hers, prefers. Dead before Death Rossetti thought a little "sensational" for his sister. Rossetti, speaking of *Renouncement*, by a still living poetess, calls it "one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women." One of the other two he so distinguished was the *After Death* of his sister. Probably the third was the *How Do I Love Thee?* of Mrs. Barrett Browning.

\* From the *Illustrated London News*.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*Louise Imogen Guiney* I think there is no young poet with the outlook that Louise Imogen Guiney has, says Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazaar, for to her belong youth, health, power, apprehension of beauty, of romance, of heroism, love of music and laughter, store of curious learning, and the temperament of a creature made of "fire and dew" and of imagination all compact. She was born when her scholarly young father, fired with patriotism, went to the war, and drum-beat and sword-flash are part of her being. She was educated in Boston schools and in a convent of the Sacred Heart, where she became singularly accomplished in the languages. She continued her education in the close reading of books—books being well accounted her treasures when they include a 1679 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. At seven she was reading Pope, and beginning her intimacy with Lamb; to-day the pages of the Elizabethan era are her delight. She loves Keats and Shelley, too, and many a later page. But her own genius is so original, so strong and individual, that she owes none of these for anything, unless some felicity of expression be due to the study of the seventeenth-century work. Whatever she does she does thoroughly. When she first saw London she already knew the haunts she would explore. When she was writing of Monsieur Henri she went to France—treated there by peasants and people as if she were something very near the young hero himself.

A description of her study perhaps tells more of her tastes and habits than anything else can do, with its mention of shelves of books, and still books, its pictures of Ruskin and Tennyson and Arnold, of Gosse and Lang, of Thackeray and Molière, of Hazlitt—given by his grandson,—of Thoreau, of Cardinal Newman, with the black-bordered card to Browning's funeral, the mask of Keats, frames holding ivy from Landor's grave and clover from Mrs. Browning's, the crucifix carved by the Pilate of the Oberammergau, a cast of the Apollo, another of the Venus de Milo, and with the portraits of her dogs, the Irish setters and lordly St. Bernards, in whose company she spends long hours afield, when, perhaps, the same spell is on her that uttered the wild gypsy cry of Temptation, but only to bring her back to this room, with its snowshoes and foils and masks and dumb-bells and skulls—all one side of it a long window with cushioned seat and a view of the wide country round Auburndale, in which town she lives with her mother.

In person Mrs. Moulton pictures her as a slight, blue-eyed girl, delicate as a wild rose, elusive as a thistle-down. Another speaks of her as fair, with apple-bloom and dimple, a lithe figure that might run with the hounds and train a bow to daunt a satyr—so like the forest and its freedom that Greece herself might be her country. One believes it while reading her swift epigram:

"Jaffa ended, Cos begun  
Thee, Aristæus. Thou wert one  
Fit to trample out the sun:  
Who shall think thine ardors are  
But a cinder in a jar?"

But when one reads the faultless Irish peasant song,

which William Black quotes in Highland Cousins, one feels the iridescent sparkle of sunshine and tears in her Irish blood, as one recognizes also its chivalrous French strain in A Chouan and The Kings. She is many-sided—now wistful and pathetic, now lilting and gay, now sweet and now satiric, and now flashing with an enormous power, and always interested in people. The warmth of genius everywhere suffuses her crystal clarity of line when at her best. She is a master of subtle rhythm and music, as is shown in the Vigil at Arms, the matchless Wild Ride, the pure poetry of the Song of the Lilacs and the Naiad, the touchingly human and tender In Time, and The Light of the House, the inner melody of When on the Marge of Evening, and of Thy Voice Is Like the Moon. Her new book, A Little English Gallery, is awaited with much interest.

*Robert Cameron Rogers and his Poems* Robert Cameron Rogers, whose poem, The Dancing Faun, appears

on page 198, is the author of the Wind in the Clearing, which has just appeared from the press of the Putnam's, is engaged in the practice of law in Buffalo. He is a college man—a graduate of Yale. He is the son of the Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, who was for some years a member of the State Senate, and who has been active in work connected with the Civil Service Reform Association. The Wind in the Clearing is Mr. Rogers' first book, but he has been a contributor to one or two of the leading periodicals. His book is well worth careful, appreciative reading. Mr. Rogers shows force and vigor in this his first book, and promises to make a place for himself in the world. The Literary World says of his work: Smooth versifiers we find in plenty among our latter-day poets; but the gift of imagination is not frequent among them, nor the faculty for the "inevitable word." In these poems, although Mr. Rogers' verse is not infrequently rough, true imagination shows itself in The Death of Argus, Blind Polyphemus, and The Dancing Faun; and the touch of "inevitableness" is in such phrases as—

"And one there was, a faun among the throng,  
With limbs forever leaping into dance;"

or,

"And from their deep-sunk sockets his dark eyes  
Burned through the ashes of a thousand hopes;"

and again, in such a happy phrase as—

"The spirit straightens like a bow unbent,  
Filled with the rapture of dim paths untried."

The occasional roughness of meter is quite counterbalanced by the originality and simplicity of the thought.

*Having Fun with Mark Twain* Charley Davis, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, tells a story about Mark

Twain, in which the humorist was for once out-humored. Davis was then with the Forepaugh show, which happened at the particular date to be playing in Hartford. The enterprising agent thought it would be a good advertisement to get an interview arranged between Twain and the Indians, then a feature of the circus. He called upon the humorist and laid the matter before him. Mark said he didn't care for Indians

and was busy, and didn't see what the Indians had to do with him, anyhow. "Why, the fact is," replied the circus man, with a gravity worthy of a higher life, "they have heard of you and want naturally to see you."

This didn't appear to be strange to Mr. Clemens. Still, he was indisposed to grant the request until Davis swore that a big Sioux chief had declared that he would never die happy if compelled to return to the reservation without having seen and spoken to the man whose fame was as wide as the world. "All right," said Twain, "run 'em in at six and let us make it short."

About that hour the humorist sat on his porch and saw, to his astonishment, an immense cavalcade of mounted warriors coming down the street. In the place of half a dozen chiefs expected, there were not less than fifty savages tearing along like mad in exhibition of their horsemanship. They turned in upon the lawn and broke down the shrubbery and wore off the grass and devastated the whole place. The spokesman of the party was a mighty hunter, and had been previously informed that Twain was distinguished for the awful slaughter of wild beasts, so he had laid himself out for a game of brag. The interpreter was in the deal, and, instead of repeating what the chief really said, made a speech of his own, speaking of Twain's literary achievements.

"For heaven's sake, choke him off!" said Twain.

The interpreter turned to the chief, and said the white hunter wanted to hear more. And on he went. Every time the humorist cried for quarter the chief was told to give another hunting-story. Finally, the Indian vocabulary becoming exhausted, the chief quit, whereupon Twain made a brief reply, which was quadrupled in length by the interpreter turning it into a marvelous hunting-yarn. The chief listened with stolid indifference, but when they got away he grunted contemptuously, and said: "White hunter heap big liar!"

*Prof. A. De Quatrefages* In the preface to *The Pygmies*, issued by D. Appleton & Co. in the valuable Anthropologic Series, Frederick Starr says: No apology is necessary for introducing any work of De Quatrefages to American readers. No man has done more than he to further anthropological study in France; no man was more respected than he over the whole of Continental Europe; no European anthropologist's works have been more widely read in America. Since the idea of incorporating *Les Pygmées* into the Anthropological Series was reached, its learned and respected author has died. It seems proper, therefore, to present here a brief sketch of his life and work.

Jean Louis Armand de Quatrefages de Bréau was born February 10, 1810, in the Department Gard, France. Studying at the college of Tournon, and later at the University of Strasbourg, he received the degree of Doctor of Mathematical Sciences in 1830. Two years later he became Doctor of Medicine, and received a subordinate appointment to the Faculty of Medicine at Strasbourg. Shortly after, removing to Toulouse, he began the practice of medicine. For four years he remained at that city as a practitioner, and at the same time busied himself with scientific work, taking active part in several learned societies, and founding (with a colleague) the *Journal de Médecin et de Chirurgie de Toulouse*. In 1840 he removed to Paris, studying zoology under Milne-Edwards, and taking the degree of

Doctor of Natural Science. Particularly interested in marine life, he prosecuted important researches and published many papers, some of permanent value. In 1850 he was appointed Professor of Natural History at the College of Henry IV.; in 1852, elected member of the Institute; in 1855, called to the head of the Department of Anatomy and Ethnology at the Museum of Natural History. Here he found his life-work, remaining until his death, busying himself with study, writing, and teaching.

A man of strong convictions and very conservative, De Quatrefages was ever ready to hear the other side, and ever candid and kindly in argument. He was one of the first to support the Society of Anthropology. Those who know the story of the early days of that great association understand what that means. When the claim for man's antiquity was generally derided, De Quatrefages championed the cause. A monogenist, a believer in the extreme antiquity of our race, he was never won over by any of the proposed theories of evolution.

The ethnographic works of De Quatrefages are many and valuable. From the list of nearly one hundred and fifty important papers or volumes, we select as most important: *Les Polynésiens et leur Migrations*, *Crania Ethnica* (written in collaboration with E. T. Hamy), *L'Espèce Humaine*, *Hommes Fossiles et Hommes Sauvages*, *The Natural History of Man*, *Introduction à l'Étude des Races Humaines*, and *Les Pygmées*. The *Natural History of Man* and a translation of *L'Espèce Humaine* have been published in America.

To the very end of a long life our author lived happily and busily active among his books and specimens. Age touched him lightly. Only a few weeks before his death we visited him, and received from him that gracious, kindly assistance which he ever gave freely to all foreigners. At that time, although past fourscore years of age, and though, as he himself remarked, his hand trembled and it was not as easy as formerly for him to write, he was engaged upon an important scientific work. He died January 12, 1892, after a brief illness, and in his death France lost an eminent son and science a brilliant leader.

*The Real Author of The Princess of Clèves* For two hundred years, writes Thomas Bell, the critics have been trying to discover the real author of *The Princess of Clèves*, one of the two great novels that mark the beginning of modern French literature. In an interesting essay, which prefaces a handsome two-volume edition of this work, translated by Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, and published by Little, Brown & Co., Anatole France has thrown some light on this much-debated subject. *The Princess of Clèves* was published anonymously. It created a sensation at once in France, and several persons were credited with being its author. In those days French etiquette forbade that there should be exposed for sale in the stalls of the Palais Royal and the Rue Saint-Jacques the title page of a book bearing the name of a lady of the court. One of those suspected of being its author was Segrais, the academician, who for some time had been a member of the household of Madame de la Fayette. Segrais was already known as the reputed author of *Zaïde*, a Spanish story.

But although he had put his name to this novel and called it "his *Zaïde*," there was strong evidence that

Madame de la Fayette and not Segrain was its author—a view which modern criticism sustains. As for his having written the Princess of Clèves, or even a part of it, the style of which differs greatly from that of Zola, Anatole France cannot believe. The Duke de la Rochefaucauld was Madame de la Fayette's acknowledged lover, and he also was commonly credited with a share in its production only because it was thought he might have had one. "I do not believe," says Mr. France, "that the Duke de la Rochefaucauld ever inspired or wrote a line of it." His imagination was powerful enough, Mr. France admits; but it was too short, and at this time the Duke was old and weary of life, while Madame de la Fayette, although she seemed at the last gasp, was yet very active and an indefatigable writer.

Although Madame de la Fayette denied in a letter to the Secretary of the Regent of Savoy, Lescheraine, with whom the Countess was carrying on a diplomatic correspondence, that she had any part in the preparation of the work, Anatole France adopts the view of Madame de Sévigné, her most intimate friend, who assigned to her, without a moment's hesitation, both the Princess of Montpensier and the Princess of Clèves. "Truthful she was," says the essayist; "yet there is one matter in which it is impossible to believe her, and that is when she denies having written the Princess of Clèves."

Among the reasons cited for the author's disavowal of the Princess of Clèves is one advanced by Arède Barine in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which suggests that Madame de la Fayette was afraid of offending the Regent of Savoy, a Princess of Nemours, by acknowledging herself to be the author of a novel in which a Nemours is represented as the handsomest man of the day, but as thoroughly devoted to gallantry. But in those days woman-writers were looked upon as improper characters; for among them were Madame Deshoulières, who had been loose in her life; Madame de la Suze, who still was, and Mademoiselle de Villedieu, who lived with an officer, while learned women like Madame de la Sablière made large concessions to the emotions. Thus there was good reason for Madame de la Fayette's aversion to seem learned, to be known as an author. Besides, she belonged to the brilliant society of the Fronde; she was supposed to be a woman of piety, and was a favorite in the little coterie of Port Royal in which novels were an abomination. One of the gentlest of men, Monsieur Nicole, at that time called writers of novels public poisoners, not of men's bodies, but of their souls, and they ought to regard themselves as guilty of numberless spiritual homicides. These facts explain why Madame de la Fayette preferred to enter the republic of letters behind the mask of Segrain, and was afraid to be known at court as the author of the Princess of Clèves. The Princess of Clèves was at once a great success; and never was success better deserved, says Mr. France. Madame de la Fayette was the first to introduce naturalness into fiction—the first to draw human beings and real feelings, and thereby she earned a place among the true classics—fitly following Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau and Racine, who had brought back the Muses to nature and truth. By the very spirit of her work Madame de la Fayette belongs to the generation of the Fronde and of Corneille. There is a charming, heroic simplicity of style and

thought in this novel. Like the author of Cinna, Madame de la Fayette preserves a grand and noble ideal of life. Nevertheless, in her study of the passions she clung tenaciously to the psychology of Corneille and to the précieuses, who, in contradistinction to Racine, exalted the will, as master of the passions, to a point of absurdity.

Mr. Perry's translation of this great novel is one of the best, if not *the* best, that has yet appeared, and will well repay a careful reading of the work, even by those already acquainted with it. It is hardly necessary to analyze the Princess of Clèves here. The readers of Current Literature are familiar with the simple story that is the basis of this charming book. Madame de Clèves, the most beautiful woman of the court, is loved by Monsieur de Nemours, the most accomplished gentleman of the whole kingdom. As soon as he is really in love he becomes timid; he tries to conceal his passion, but Madame de Clèves detects and involuntarily shares it. To defend herself from the danger, she finally decides to tell her husband of her love for Monsieur de Nemours—that she fears him and herself. Her husband at first magnanimously reassures and consoles her, but through imprudence and an indiscretion of the Duke of Nemours he imagines himself wronged, and dies of grief. But his widow does not judge she has merely regained her liberty: she remains faithful to the memory of a husband she had never loved.

*Helen Mathers, Author of* *Comin' Thro' the Rye* Helen Mathers, the celebrated author, wife of the well-known surgeon, Mr. Henry Reeves, has bright, copper-colored hair. When she was a child, says Mascot, it was a vivid red. Much to her annoyance the village children used to call after her "Carrots!" while her numerous brothers and sisters scoffed at its hue. She made a great trouble about the color of her hair, and at the age of nine wrote a story in which the heroine was a red-haired girl, who wanted to marry a man who was in love with a brown-haired sister. Helen Mathers' first novel was produced when she was nineteen (*Comin' Thro' the Rye*), wherein her father, who was a martinet, was depicted. For months afterwards she was in agony for fear he should discover that she was the author. Seven years after this book appeared a youthful aspirant for literary fame wrote to Helen Mathers' publishers, saying that she had written the twin novel to *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, and would they publish it? Upon Helen Mathers' hearing of this, she wrote to the publishers, saying she had always understood that twins appeared about the same time—not one seven years after the other.

*Josiah Allen's Wife* In this restless age and country, says the New York Tribune, it is rare for five generations of one family to have lived in uninterrupted continuance in the ancestral homestead, but Marietta Holley, the delineator of *Josiah Allen's Wife*, can claim this distinction. Between Pierpont Manor and Adams, in Jefferson County, and not more than seven miles from Lake Ontario, is situated the Holley homestead. The five generations of Holleys have lived quiet, peaceful lives on this beautiful spot. The parents of Miss Marietta Holley moved into the little brown cottage the day after their marriage, and remained there until borne to their last long resting-place. Six children were born and reared there, but

only one sister remains with Miss Holley at the family birthplace. The brown cottage of their childhood has been removed, and a more pretentious dwelling has now taken its place upon the same site. Bonnie View, the name given by the writer to her home, is all that the word implies. An opening through the woods in front of the house commands a view of Lake Ontario. In the rear rise the beautiful Lorraine hills. Miss Holley has a passion for flowers, and has had them placed in every available spot. English ivy has been trained over portions of the house and extends to the very roof. Many of the windows are completely concealed by flowering vines. One piazza is a mass of fragrant honeysuckle, and another, facing the West and having a view of the lake, is covered with morning-glories and climbing roses. The grounds are the special pride of Miss Holley and have been highly cultivated. Summer-houses, covered with vines, are conveniently placed. The walks about the grounds have been named in accordance with their surroundings. Rose Walk is a perfect wilderness of bloom, between thirty and forty varieties of roses filling the air with perfume. Lily Lane is bordered with all kinds of lilies. Trellis Arbor is more suggestive of springtime, and Love's Young Dream is entirely shielded by trellises covered with vines.

About three years ago Miss Holley took into her family a little girl to whom had been given her own name, but who is called May. She is a charming child and unusually precocious. The entire household has a fondness for pets and music, and horses, dogs, cats, parrots, doves, and musical instruments abound in great numbers and varieties. Two doves, named Barkis and Peggotty, are very tame; they eat from the hand, and follow the family about. The parrot is a sad gossip and says many things, "twere better left unsaid." The cats, Sister Glegg and Dick Swiveller, are models of domesticity and devoted to one another. The parlor boasts a piano; the study claims a large organ; a banjo reposes in the library; and in the phonograph-room, which is situated at the top of the house, there are several musical instruments—an old-fashioned melodeon, that was the property of Miss Holley's mother; a music-box; an organette, used by little May to play accompaniments for Miss Polly, and the phonograph itself. This has a variety of musical selections, and is also used by Miss Holley in connection with her work. She talks into it and her writings are then copied by her stenographer.

Miss Holley spends most of her winters in town, and her summers at Bonnie View. When at her summer home she usually writes from 9 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock, and then takes advantage of the beautiful drives in the vicinity of her home during the afternoon and evening. Last winter was spent in Saratoga for the benefit of the mineral waters, and while there, 700 pages were written for a new publication that is under preparation. When questioned regarding her work, Miss Holley said that she had "always written."

"I began when I was a mere child," she added, "and, of course, like most beginners, was inclined to be sentimental, although I had a strong sense of the humorous. In selecting my 'nom de plume' I think I was somewhat influenced by the name of Artemus Ward. I discovered later that some man had copyrighted the name of 'Josiah Allen's Wife,' but I was able to prove my prior rights. When I first wrote for publication, I submitted Gypsy and I and My Opinions and Betsy Bobbit's.

The former was not in dialect, and I considered it much the better of the two. The publisher chose the latter, but it took a great deal of argument before I could be convinced that that would be most popular." Miss Holley's tone seemed to express regret at the choice made, even though her work has met with such success. She said that Gypsy and I had never been brought out, although several of her published books are not in dialect.

*Mrs. Lia Rand, Author of Philosophy of Cooking* There is a woman in Brooklyn, who should claim very warm friends in every city and hamlet of this broad land. It is Mrs. Lia Rand, the author of the *Philosophy of Cooking*—a "cook-book" in the best sense of the expression; a book which should be the working factor in every household.

"Lia Rand" is the nom de plume adopted by a well-known society woman—one who was one of the organizers of the German Society, manager of the Consumptives' Home and, indeed, a leading member of nearly every charitable and literary society in the City of Churches. The charming letters contained in this book were written expressly to a daughter living at a distance, during the first years of her married life. At the urgent request of the daughter's many friends and of physicians in New York and Brooklyn, she has had them put into book-form, trusting they will prove of benefit to all housekeepers. There are over three hundred French, German and Italian recipes, which are especially adapted for our American home-table.

In following these recipes you obey the natural laws that are just as exact as the laws of electricity, by which the trolley cars are run and electric lights are managed. Mrs. Lia Rand, in her wonderful little book, proves how full of changes and combinations cooking is, and that they are based on chemistry.

*Caspar W. Whitney's Trip to the Far North* Caspar W. Whitney, a well-known writer on sporting topics for the Harper publications, is now on his way toward the unexplored heart of British America. He will hunt the big game, study the little-known Indians who live in the frigid wilds, and endeavor to give the world more information about this strange land than it now possesses. His starting-point, says the *Dolgeville Herald*, is Edmonton, the terminus of a spur of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and he intends to travel north about 1,000 miles through the arctic wilderness until he reaches Coronation Gulf, which is one of the northern water-boundaries of North America proper, and opens into the Arctic Ocean.

He expects to cross Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake on the ice, pass the arctic circle, and then veer to the east until he reaches Hudson Bay, where he will begin his homeward journey, skirting the coast of Hudson Bay, and finally reaching Lake Winnipeg. His companions on this difficult and dangerous journey will be two Indian guides, who know little more about parts of the wilderness than he does, and eight dogs which will draw his sleds. The explorers will travel the entire distance of about 2,000 miles on snowshoes, and expect to subsist mainly upon the game they bring down with their rifles. As elk, or moose, musk-ox, caribou, reindeer, wood-bison, and smaller game abound in these wilds, Mr. Whitney anticipates plenty of interesting hunting experiences.

Besides the animals already enumerated, there are bears, raccoons, badgers, wolverines, ermines, minks, martens, otters, wolves, foxes, lynxes, deer, antelope, buffaloes, and numerous small beasts and birds. The musk ox is only found in the barren wastes of the north, and is a very dangerous foe when wounded or at bay. He weighs ordinarily about 700 pounds, and is the connecting link between the ox and the sheep. The elk, or moose, is another dangerous customer when he sees that he must fight or die. He tips the scales at from 800 to 1,200 pounds.

Mr. Whitney is well prepared for such big game. He carries a repeating-rifle firing explosive bullets that are sure death when placed near a vital spot. His gun is forty-five calibre, and the shells are charged with ninety grains of powder. When he approaches the neighborhood of Coronation Gulf, he may be fortunate enough to get a shot at a polar bear, and seal and walrus are also to be found in this region.

A large supply of ammunition will be taken on the sledge, and the Indians will also be well armed. Whitney will be protected from the bitter cold by a complete suit of caribou-skin lined with wool. This will completely cover him from head to foot, leaving only small apertures for the eyes, but even the eyes may be covered by a movable piece of the skin. At night the explorer will crawl into a sleeping-bag of heavy fur.

The Indians will drive the dogs and do the bulk of the hard work, leaving Whitney free to explore and hunt to his heart's content. As the thermometer registers from 50 to 70 degrees below zero most of the time, Whitney expects to see plenty of cold weather.

Many days will pass, too, when the party will be unable to build a fire, for the reason that during hundreds of miles of the journey there will be no wood or other inflammable material within reach. At such times the explorer will not only be compelled to go without fire, but he will also be forced to eat raw the flesh of the game he is fortunate enough to secure with his rifle. As the sledge-dogs will not eat game, dried fish will be taken along for their food. If the party is unable to secure game, the dogs will be killed and eaten.

Considerable of the territory Whitney expects to traverse has never been penetrated by white men, it is said, and as the maps he carries are vague and necessarily incomplete, he will rely mainly upon his compass for guidance. Neither of the Indians has been very far into the interior, and when Whitney gets beyond Lake Athabasca he will probably be compelled to guide the guides. The chief dangers feared by the young explorer are the terrible blizzards.

*Harry J. W. Dam,*  
*the Successful Playwright*

Mr. H. J. W. Dam, who formerly lived in California, writes Piccadilly, the London correspondent of the Argonaut, has just produced a new piece at the Gaiety Theatre which bids fair to be a success. Mr. Dam is not unknown to the London public, for he has been a writer on the newspapers here for several years, and this is not the first piece which he has put upon the stage; but it is the first which has made a hit—at least, enough of a hit to attract the attention of this vast city, and to cause people to ask, Who is the playwright? The journals here are supplying information about Mr. Dam, but it is not of the most accurate nature. The London Sun, for example, says: "Mr. Henry Dam, the author

of the new piece at the Gaiety, is an American, of Dutch extraction. He began life as a civil engineer, his father's occupation. Then he became a medical man, but eventually a journalist." Concerning this, Mr. Dam says that the only statement in it which is true is that he is an American and became a journalist.

When Mr. Dam first came to London, he was employed in the London bureau of the New York Times. From there he went to the office of the London edition of the New York Herald. After the publication of that journal was discontinued, Mr. Dam drifted into dramatic work, combined with desultory journalism. His first serious play was called *Diamond Dean*; it was produced at the Vaudeville several years ago, and ran for six weeks. His next piece was *The Silver Shell*, which was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and produced by them—first in Birmingham and subsequently in London. They took it to America with them, on their last tour, and may have produced it there also—of that I am not informed. The play was concerned with nihilism, dynamite, and Russia, while the silver shell itself was a dynamite bomb. It met with fair success.

In his new piece, *The Shop Girl*, Mr. Dam has taken for the principal scene of his play one of the great shops or stores of London, like the Army and Navy, the Co-operative, and Whiteley's. These great stores are not unlike the Louvre and the Bon Marché in Paris, with which Americans are more familiar than they are with the London stores. In the play, the establishment is called *The Royal Stores*. There is a shop-girl there known as Bessie Brent. Bessie is a foundling, having been left in 1874 at an asylum for such unfortunate children. When she had grown up she was apprenticed to Mr. Hooley of *The Royal Stores*. Bessie falls in love with one Charlie Appleby, a medical student, to whom she becomes engaged. In the mean time, one John Brown, of Colorado, discovers that his mining partner, who had just died, leaving a small fortune of four millions—had also left a daughter in a foundling asylum in London. He goes there at once and seeks for the lost one. The only clues he has are the date, the sex, the birthmark, and the fact that the lost daughter is one of the five hundred young women employed in *The Royal Stores*. He is obliged to apply to Hooley, the proprietor of *The Royal Stores*, and when Hooley hears that he has an heiress in his employ, he determines to wed her himself. In the course of his search, he finds that a Miss Ada Smith, also a foundling and also in his employ, answers to all the descriptive points of the lost daughter. He determines to marry her at once. The only drawback is that she is engaged to Miggles, the floor-walker. Hooley brings about certain entanglements by which the engagement is broken off, and weds his Ada. But when the knot is tied, it develops that Ada is not the daughter of the dead miner, but that Bessie Brent is. The rage and horror of Hooley when he discovers that his wife is but a pauper instead of an heiress are much enjoyed by Miggles, the floor-walker.

There is not much else to the story. The loves of Bessie Brent and Charlie Appleby run smoothly; they marry, make a large donation to Bessie's foundling asylum, and proceed to enjoy their four millions. This would seem to be a rather light plot. But it is what is called a "musical comedy," and is in reality only a grade above burlesque. Light as it is, a number of men have been concerned in the production of it.

## REMINISCENCES OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER\*

BY VIOLET HUNT

"Reminiscences" abound, but few, of late years, have been so interesting as these of Mr. Lehmann, which are written simply and sincerely, and record meetings and friendships with many of the most notable personages of a century fast drawing to its close. It is all but sixty years since Mr. Lehmann, then a youth of sixteen, left Hamburg to join his elder brother in Paris to learn an art which he has since practiced with such distinction. With the exception of writing some poetry, which obtained honorable mention from Heine, he had, up to this time, shown no leaning to the fine arts—in fact, he had shown something like the reverse. His father tried to teach him the violin; the son took the notes too low. The father affirmed that this was "sheer laziness, but would not allow that taking them too high was a laudable excess of zeal." The father, a successful miniature-painter, set him to draw from the cast of Niobe; the son found the task tedious, and, having clothed Niobe in his father's dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and added to these the paternal pipe and spectacles, thought the claims of art satisfied.

Nevertheless, ere long the painter that was to be found himself undergoing the fatigue of a diligence journey from Hamburg to Paris, performed in six stages of twenty-four hours each. All the windows were shut, and every one smoked; but when this "tyranny was overpast," Mr. Lehmann was in Paris, and could see Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chopin, Hiller, Humboldt, and Heine, "who had a disagreeable way of asking young students, 'Well, are you going to achieve something in the world?'"—a question which young Lehmann, not having the gift of reading futurity, probably heard with a certain sinking of the heart.

Mr. Lehmann studied art in earnest—it was not spelled with a big A in those days. He learned the ways of the "rapins" (art students), the "charges" (tricks) with which they harassed the new-comers, and the "blague" which went on then as now. His work prospered, his elder brother's prospered still more, and the two set out for Rome, viâ Hamburg and Munich, where Rudolf Lehmann saw Cornelius and Kaulbach, and that great art patron, King Ludwig, who, when Turner presented him with a picture for his Walhalla, returned it, as the work of a lunatic, a fact explained by a remark of Mr. Lehmann's, that the Munich artists "utterly neglected the study of color, treating it as an accessory of no importance, as a thing which was sure to turn up naturally whenever wanted."

In Rome, commissions began to come in, and Mr. Lehmann knew every one, and saw everything; in Florence he even had the good fortune to have the lion's share in the discovery of the only authentic contemporary portrait of Dante—that in the Palazzo del Bargello.

There are some amusing details about Lamartine, whose proclamation of the Republic seems to have been caused by the very circumstances which might have seemed more likely to induce him to proclaim a Regency. "I was ill-disposed (indisposed?) that morning," he said; "I had a cold and no voice, and on my way

to the Chamber I was wavering as to my vote, when in the vestibule I was met by the widowed Duchesse d'Orléans, who, with her two sons, had courageously remained behind while all the rest of the Royal family had fled. She implored me, with tears in her eyes, to use my influence for a declaration of a Régence, pending the majority of her eldest son, the Comte de Paris, but I would not and could not make any promise; and, entering the House, I mounted the tribune and, as by a sudden inspiration, proclaimed the Republic. It was, you know, carried with acclamation."

Mr. Lehmann's second impression of our country was the usual one that has chilled foreigners before and since—Mérimée, for instance: On Sunday morning, when he looked out of the windows of his house in Mayfair, he was amazed at the dead silence which reigned there. "At 11 A.M., however, all doors opened simultaneously, and out walked solemn gentlemen in black (butlers, as I since learned), with black books under their arms. The doors were slammed to in quick succession. Then came the carriages to fetch the masters, or rather, mistresses, and finally the servants emerged from the areas, all with prayer-books; silence followed again till one o'clock, when the whole party returned in inverse order." This was his first experience of an English Sunday. Then he presented his letter of introduction to "Lady A.," but she explained that the only art she cared for was that which produced Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses. It was all very chilling, but London society soon warmed to the young portrait-painter, and the great men of the earth sat to him, and the beautiful women. He has known everybody, and remembered something about everybody. Lord Lytton and the rosy-cheeked American apple—"To think there are people who can eat *that!*"; Robert Browning and the twelve pebbles which decided the twelve chapters of *The Ring and the Book*; Wilkie Collins and his laudanium; George Eliot and her bedside book, a Hebrew or a Greek Bible; Thorwaldsen and the "Ponte-Molle" Club; Landseer and the custodian's angry reproof when he accidentally touched his own picture in the Exhibition—"I am afraid I have touched it before!" remarked Landseer—all these live in his pages.

Mr. Lehmann had a laudable zeal for information. Lord Granville had given him a ticket to see the Proclamation of Parliament by the Queen in person, and he had seen the Duke of Wellington bearing the sword of State in his hands, the Marquis of Lansdowne carrying the crown on one crimson velvet cushion, and the Marquis of Winchester carrying the Cap of Maintenance on another. Mr. Lehmann was at a loss to account for the presence of a red velvet cap bordered with fur in such a ceremonial, so, being at a party at Lord Granville's that night, he asked his host what was its significance. "His Lordship did not know; 'but,' he added, 'there is the Marquis of Winchester, who carried it this morning. I will go and ask him.' I saw them converse in a whisper, after which Lord Granville returned to me. 'He does not know, either,' he said; and no more do I to this day."

\* A review, in the *London Sketch*, of *An Artist's Reminiscences*. By Rudolph Lehmann.

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

**Booming the Minor Poet**

MACHINE-MADE REPUTATIONS....TO-DAY

The sudden awakening to the pecuniary value of the minor poet simply astonishes an ordinary layman, who, as a rule, if he does not openly avow with "Varmer Garge" that he hates "bainting and boetry," only forbears to do so because he rarely thinks of them at all. A volume of poems by an unknown writer has been the type of an unprofitable speculation for generations; now, suddenly, it has been made a paying game. Of course, if we ask one of the fraternity to explain this, he says we have entered upon a new Elizabethan era of song; you have but to study a dozen of the precious little books, and the fallacy of such an explanation is obvious. Therefore, it would seem as if there were some plan to sell the unsalable and derive profit from wares nobody really wants. Maybe, in this age of scientific economy, another waste product has been turned to account; or possibly a trick of the Stock Exchange has been applied to new material. To say that somebody buys these books, therefore somebody needs and reads them, would be poor logic to offer. Not all the people who bet on races have ever been astride a horse, not all shareholders in breweries are necessarily old toppers, and it would reduce the argument to an absurd extent to suppose that people buy "limited editions" to read them. Everybody, however, is inclined to speculate, from holding an unpopular opinion, for the pleasure of saying "I told you" on some future occasion, to investments in property, or creeds; human nature loves to prove its sagacity by buying at a low price something that will be valuable at another time.

But how has the idea that a volume of verse by a perfectly unknown author may one day be a marketable rarity come to be accepted? Let us imagine an instance, based, by the way, on fact, although given as a hypothetical example. Mr. Octavo, a modern publisher, in former days never issued one of these books without the author guaranteed him against loss at the very least. Then, the books stayed on his shelves—although it was to his interest to sell them. Now he has adopted a new plan, and in place of asking the poet to pay for his publicity, actually pays him to be boomed. We will assume that Mr. Octavo has accounts with large numbers of retail booksellers, and possibly a list of customers who buy direct from his warehouse. Like other business men to-day, he realizes that small profits on small transactions pay better in the long run than the possibly larger profits which can only be attracted after spending much capital and waiting patiently for the "lucky hits" to redeem the losses. Then a happy thought occurs to him to bait his hook, not for the book-lover, but for the little speculator in bric-a-brac; to treat his wares as if they were old postage-stamps, brass-fenders, or blue china, and vend them as rarities, not as things of intrinsic value.

So Mr. Octavo looks about him, hears of a young man fresh from his 'Varsity who has gained a little "kudos" from verses in his college magazine; or, better still, a young journalist who is fairly popular with press men, and who has, like most people, a sheaf of occasional rhymes somewhere in a drawer of his writing-

table. He looks him up, asks him to lunch at his club, says he has heard of his poems, and represents to the flattered rhymster that a public is really seriously annoyed at being obliged to hunt them up in obscure periodicals, or, still worse, to feel they only exist in manuscript copies handed round among his personal friends. The aspirant is delighted with the idea of a book of his own, issued by a publisher who can "boom" not only the book but its author. "The Laureateship is still vacant," Mr. Octavo may add, with a smile. "Tennyson was forty-six when it fell to him, but to-day we recognize genius much earlier." At this point the budding poet may suspect that he is to be asked to pay for the venture, and hesitate; but the promise of a five-pound note on the publishing-day, and a further sum when the book is sold out and the accounts balanced, quickly lands him, and he sees ahead not merely fame but fortune—or at least five pounds of it—within reach. So he sends his MSS., neatly written, in a leather-covered manuscript book; or, if he be a haphazard youth, in an untidy bundle of odds and ends of paper, scribbled in all sorts of ways. Whether Mr. Octavo reads it himself or hands it to already "boomed" poets for their verdict we cannot say; a strong suspicion of the latter course is apt to be aroused when one sees the weaklings who are coddled and trotted out, and hears now and then of really strong verse declined by the advice of our "reader." Be that as it may, if the publisher "accepts" the MSS. he gets preliminary paragraphs in the various papers, talks about his last new genius at his club, gets him invitations to literary "At Homes," should he happen to have hitherto been outside the little reputation-building coteries of London. Then, by promise of future favors, he contrives that other authors whose works he publishes shall talk seriously of the coming poet, by word of mouth and the papers they happen to write for. Jealousy, common enough among half-successful men, is forgotten before a new-comer, and every journalist who remembers his early struggles has a weak place, which Mr. Octavo finds out.

Then the shrewd publisher gets some young artist to design a cover, and another possibly to decorate a title-page, or even to provide a portrait of the author by way of frontispiece. Stray poems appear in quite the best papers, although the mystery of their presence therein must be left unexplained. Editors, being human, are open to flattery, and a good-looking youngster with tact often succeeds, by his sheer ignorance of the game, in scoring tricks where old hands fail. Then Mr. Octavo advertises the book as a limited edition—say five hundred copies at five shillings and twenty large paper at twenty-one shillings—and sends circulars to country booksellers and private buyers. All this is obvious but unconvincing. How does it account for the sale? you say. Herein lies the really ingenious part of the plan. The travellers of Mr. Octavo's firm show advance copies to booksellers, but a country shopkeeper is not inclined to speculate in unknown poets. Supposing, however, that the "commercial gent" offers as a personal favor to take the volume back on his next visit should it be unsold, the bookseller likely enough will

consent. A few bona-fide collectors subscribe for copies, a few large town shops order certain numbers—possibly, also, on a tacit agreement that they shall not lose by the transaction. Friends of the publisher and friends of the poet push off a few more, and lo! before the book is published it is quoted “all sold.”

The book appears. Good-natured reviews pour in. Paragraphs announcing its unprecedented success crop up in all the papers. Then a few rash people try to secure copies. None are left. But the publisher thinks he can obtain one or two from his country customers. To these he writes, offering to buy back the books at an advanced rate. It is quoted in second-rate lists at double its published price. Then the “knowing” collectors who had subscribed before hand have a moment's wild joy, and talk largely of their treasures. The wisest among them sell out at a profit—the less wise stick to them, and, perhaps, buy duplicate copies at the higher rate, and so the game goes on, until the five hundred copies are actually sold. Everybody is satisfied. The poet has had his small honorarium and big notoriety. The publisher has profited in first sales, and in the copies he has purchased for his customers and resold at advanced prices. The people who have ultimately become possessed of copies are happy because they think if a five-shilling book fetched a sovereign a month after it was out, what may it not be worth in a few years' time? A balance-sheet of such a transaction might be quoted here, if space allowed. It would show a solid but not unreasonable profit to the clever publisher—unless, indeed, you take the short time his capital was locked up into account—when the percentage appears really magnificent, although the actual sums concerned are not enormous.

So by a method, transparent enough, but obviously quite possible, another name is added to Mr. H. D. Traill's list of minor poets; another lion becomes a sworn supporter of Mr. Octavo, ready to assist in booming the next candidate. That is the method (so far as an outsider can follow it through all its various stages) which has made the minor bard a man of his time, and the careful husbandry which has produced “the latest efflorescence of the perennial flower of English poesy.” As Mr. Octavo reads to his last bardling a press notice which quotes them both as the prime factors in the new lyrical awakening of the nineteenth century, do they smile to each other and wink solemnly? Hardly; they are all in deadly earnest, these aspirants for profit and fame, and fear even to confess the truth to one another. Besides a minor poet, it is well known, can have no sense of humor; how else would he read his passionately erotic love poems out loud to a room full of middle-aged gentlemen, who each with a little sheaf of verse in his pocket awaits his turn to be heard?

### The Real and the Sham

HAMILTON W. MARIE....THE OUTLOOK

There is, perhaps, no better test of mastership in any kind of artistic work than the effacement of the method by which the result is secured. A true work of art can never be taken apart; it is a living whole, and, although much may be said about it by way of analysis or of criticism, it is impossible to explain how it was put together. The same distinction exists between pedantry and culture; the trail of the pedant can be followed through his library back to the point from which he set

out; he never for an instant gets off the beaten path. The man of culture, on the other hand, suggests his methods of personal training and enrichment no more than he suggests the air he breathes. He is so ripe in tone, so easily in command of his resources, and so sure of his tenure that there is no touch of professionalism about him. His personality is so rich and so interesting that one forgets that he is a writer or a painter or an orator. Mr. Booth found genuine pleasure in Mr. Sargent's striking portrait because it is free from all suggestion of the stage; it is the portrait of a man, not of an actor. And Mr. Booth was a charming example of a great artist devoid of the atmosphere of professionalism. His talk touched naturally on incidents and themes which appealed to him by reason of his profession, and often lingered about experiences which had been part of his arduous and brilliant career; but it was the talk of a man of distinct individuality and force, not of an actor fitted into the grooves of a profession and molded entirely to its uses.

The phrase “man of letters” is a happy one, because it emphasizes the individual quality rather than the form of its expression; because it brings the man rather than the profession before us. One of the signs of mastery in art is freedom from mannerisms, from professional methods of securing effects. The finest orators have no set manner; the most inspiring preachers are free from the clerical habit and air; the greatest writers are the most difficult to imitate, because they offer the fewest obvious peculiarities. The real man of letters is always a man primarily, and a writer secondarily. His fingers are not blackened with ink, and his talk is devoid of that kind of pedantry which is never happy unless its theme is the latest book.

The love of literature is one of the noblest of human passions, but it has many degrees, and it is, unfortunately, easily imitated. There are a good many men and women who take up literary subjects and interests as they take up the latest fashions; putting them on, so to speak, as they put on garments of the latest cut. There are so-called literary circles as devoid of true feeling for literature as the untutored tourist, restlessly rushing through art galleries with his Baedeker in his hand, is devoid of any real insight into art or love for it. Writers of force and originality are often slow in coming to their own, and are sometimes suddenly discovered by the many long after they have been well known to the few; but the waves of interest in particular writers which sweep over society are a hollow mockery of any real and genuine knowledge. To rush wildly with the maddened throng after Browning for one short winter, to be diverted the next season by Ibsen, is to carefully destroy all hope of coming into real contact with either of these writers. A real love of art is shy of crowds, and wary of too close contact with “circles;” it does not protest too much; it hates, above all things, that pretentious use of technical phrases and that putting forward of the latest “discovery” which so often passes as literary conversation.

The spread of a sincere, unobtrusive, and teachable interest in books and other forms of art among the people of this country is a thing to recognize and rejoice in wherever it appears. It is not the crudity of undeveloped interest which is to be dreaded, but the crudity of sham interest; and the sham element is to be detected by its simulation of that which it does not possess. It

is pretentious, and therefore it is essentially vulgar. It mistakes talk about books for that kind of conversation which is supposed to go on among literary folk; it dwells long and lovingly on personal contact with second and third-rate authors; its test of literary quality is the professional air and manner. It gathers its small verse-writers, whom it profanely calls poets, listens to their smooth and hollow lines, applauds, drinks its tea, and goes home in the happy faith that it has poured another libation at the shrine of art. There is just now, and there probably will be for some time to come, a great deal of this sham love of literature in society; it is to be hoped that a sounder culture will some day make an end of it.

For the real love of books, like the real genius to write them, cometh not by observation; its roots are in the soul, and, being a part of a man's deepest nature, it is shy of an expression that departs a hair's line from absolute sincerity and simplicity. It detests the signs and insignia of professionalism; it shrinks from exploitation; it resents the profanation of that publicity which fastens on the manner in which the thing is done rather than on its aim and spirit. The world is prone to love wonders; it cares much more for the miracle than for the power which the miracle discloses, or the truth which it reveals. It has been in every age the anguish of the worker of wonders that he was sought as a magician rather than as a revealer of the mystery of life; and it is the prevalence of this spirit which makes the man of real artistic spirit so often indifferent to contemporary praise.

The simplicity and sincerity of a great man of letters have rarely been more clearly or attractively revealed than in the recently published correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. The enormous productivity of the great novelist was conditioned on long and arduous work; it would seem as if a man who was pouring out, through so many years, an unbroken stream of narrative would have become, in interest and habit no less than in occupation, a story-writer and nothing but a story-writer. But this is precisely what Scott did not become. The smell of ink is never upon his garments; he seems to care for everything under the Scotch heavens except books. Professionalism never gets the better of him, and he goes on to the tragical but noble end telling stories like a true-hearted man rather than like a trained raconteur. Other and lesser men may squander body and soul for a few new sensations, a little addition to literary capital; Scott remains sane, simple, and wholesome to the last day. One can imagine his scorn of literary fads, and of those who follow them; for literature was to him not a matter of phrases and mannerisms and social conventions. It was as simple, as native, and as much of out-of-doors as the Highlands whose secrets he discovered. There is a fine unconsciousness of any special gifts or calling in his letters; he writes about himself as about all other things, in a natural key. Upon the appearance of *St. Ronan's Well*, in 1824, Lady Abercorn tells him how greatly the book has affected her. "I like the whole book," she says; "it, like all the rest of those novels, makes one feel at home, and a party concerned. . . . Everybody reads these novels, and talks of them quite as much as the people do in England. . . . People are still curious as ever to find out the author." And the "author," at the flood-tide of the most magnificent

popular success in the history of English literature, replies at length, touching upon the novels in a purely objective and semi-humorous spirit, and then goes on to talk about his boy Charles, who is soon to leave for Oxford; about his "black-eyed lassie," who is "dancing away merrily;" about his nephew Walter, and about many other personal and every-day matters which touch the man, but which have nothing to do with the writing of books. The soundness of the *Waverley Novels* comes from the soundness of the simple, brave, true-hearted Sir Walter. "My dear," he said to Lockhart, as he lay dying that September day, "my dear, be a good man." There is a tonic quality in such unconsciousness on the part of a man so opulent in some of the finest literary gifts—a man of childlike nature, who drew his wonderful stories from the hills rather than from his libraries; who was not shaken by the storm of popularity which burst upon him, nor dismayed by the disaster which threw its shadow like a vast eclipse on his magical prosperity; a great writer, who was first and always a man. It is well to seek refuge in such a great career from the passing fashions of the hour, from the exaggerations of unintelligent and capricious praise of commonplace men, and from that idle following of art which has as little veracity and reality in it as the rush and huzzah of the crowd about the local statesman returned to politics and to his ward after a brief foreign tour.

### The Supernatural in Literature

WALTER TOWNSEND.....THE CANADIAN REVIEW

The supernatural has from the very earliest ages played a considerable part in the literature, art, and the life of the peoples. In all times and under all conditions it has undubitably played a leading part in written and pictorial art. The Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Chaldean and Assyrian tablets, the Greek dramas, the Roman poems and dramas, and the Hebrew sacred books are all full of the supernatural. With that element excluded, they would be robbed of their chief significance, and would neither have instructed nor delighted mankind for so many centuries. The literature and art of the Middle Ages depended even more than ancient art upon the supernatural. Greek and Roman art introduced the gods as part of the stage machinery, but of the stage machinery only. The "deus ex machina" in their plays appears when his presence cannot be dispensed with; otherwise human life and human character are displayed influenced by human desires and flavored with human peculiarities. Certainly all, even the gods themselves, are controlled by inexorable dramatic fate, and this fate may be said to be of necessity supernatural. Notwithstanding this, the supernatural in art and literature among the ancients had a restricted area; its stage manifestation was confined to beneficial or revengeful action on the part of gods or goddesses; their intercession was always a voluntary one, due either to the virtue or the vice of some human character.

But when the world emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and felt the throes of a new birth (which has in our time either matured, or grown old and decrepit, or has to be born again, according to the several views we hold), the supernatural had the chief part in shaping the literature, the art, the feeling, the life of the people. The only active instinct was a supernatural one. Miracles grew on every bush; judgments

fell from every cloud; men and women rose and ate, worked and slept, as we do now, but they walked and worked, and ate and slept in an atmosphere we know not. To them a supernatural apparition, a demoniac possession, a blessed intercession, a well-placed and most effectually miraculous curse, were as natural events as the toothache is to us. They simply could not conceive life or the world without the presence, actively among them, of supernatural beings, and the daily occurrence of supernatural events. I need not discuss how far this retarded, how far it advanced, the civilization we now enjoy. Suffice it to say that this supernaturalism was the logical outcome of the intense paganism of former centuries. It embodied in different forms many of the most beautiful myths or legends of the ancients, peopling every wood and stream and mountain with lovely and exquisite beings, but alas! peopling also the woods, the streams, the mountains, the very air itself, with foul and cruel fiends, seeking to destroy. The old pagan gods existed still in the mind and imagination of some devout Christians, but changed from the beneficent if tyrannical deities of the pagans, who made love, and took revenge, into one or another semblance of the universal enemy of mankind, disguising, maybe, his horns and hoofs. This intense and unquestioning belief in the supernatural as an element of every-day life, something to be reckoned with and accounted for in every transaction, even the most ordinary, was universal from the earliest monkish days, flourished in the Dark Ages, survived the Renaissance, was undisputed by the dawning light of scientific truth, and died, not a lingering but a sudden death, within measurable distance of the lives of our great-grandfathers. When the supernatural was for centuries so intricately woven in the very web and woof of life, it naturally followed that it was also a chief factor in determining the designs of dramatic poems: it formed an essential and integral part of the thoughts of all men, so that its absence from their works, if such absence had been possible, would have left them colorless and invertebrate. It is natural, therefore, that we find in Shakespeare the supernatural dealt with in every one of its various forms: fairy lore, witchcraft, demonology, sorcery, astrology, magic—we find them all in various plays.

### The Ethics of Biography

SUGGESTED BY FROUDE'S DEATH....NATIONAL OBSERVER

When Tennyson stayed with Froude at Salcombe, one wonders whether it occurred to guest and host to discuss the ethics of biography. It was at Froude's—was it not?—and inspired by the fine harbor-mouth of Salcombe that Tennyson wrote his beautiful poem, *Crossing the Bar*. And when he prayed that there might be "no sadness of farewell," when he "put forth to sea," did his thoughts recur at all to the passionate outburst of his youth against an age when

"the poet cannot die,  
Nor leave his music as of old,  
But round him ere he scarce be cold  
Begins the scandal and the cry."

Carlyle also had been a guest of Froude at Salcombe; and a writer with a turn for "imaginary conversations" might imagine a very pretty discussion between the poet who penned the above lines and the essayist who glori-

fied Boswell, and that essayist's destined biographer. Views on the subject more inspiringly antagonistic than Tennyson's and Carlyle's it would be impossible to invent. Tennyson once said to Mrs. Cameron, his neighbor at Freshwater—not in poetry, but in remarkably vigorous prose—that he believed every crime and every vice in the world were connected with the passion for autographs and anecdotes and records, and that he thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing and that the world knew nothing of Shakespeare but his writings, and that there were no letters of his preserved, so that he could not be ripped open like a pig. Carlyle, on the contrary, maintained that even in art the chief interest was biographic; that it was the man we looked for through the art. Boswell's *Johnsoniad*, in his opinion, outvalued the sum of Johnson's own authorship; and there was hardly anything that he would not have given for authentic letters and records of Shakespeare.

Froude's death, though it suggests the question anew, is not the occasion to renew "the scandal and the cry" that raged about Carlyle's biographer. Carlyle's biographer he was, be it remembered, and not Tennyson's. Apart altogether from Carlyle's directions and assent, Froude acted in accordance with Carlyle's fundamental views of the duty of the biographer—views deliberately formed and repeatedly expressed in his prime and long before his dark days of remorse. Carlyle had himself given a considered judgment on the very point. The cry that was raised subsequently against Froude had been raised, certainly with less obvious cause, against Lockhart and his biography of Scott; and Carlyle, in his essay on Scott, dealt with the matter at length, and spoke with no uncertain sound as to what was the duty of the biographer. The suggestion made by some, who ought to know better, that Froude was actuated by jealousy, was, of course, preposterous to any one who knew anything of Froude's character or of his relation to Carlyle. It was a falsehood that could not be allowed a moment's currency in any company acquainted with the facts. Carlyle's comment on a similar slander by Lockhart's censors comes in pat: "That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike for Scott, and has done his best, in an underhand, treacherous manner, to dishonor him! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis a word must be said: it can only be an apology for silence—that there are things at which one stands silent, as at the first sight of the Infinite." Whatever else it was, Froude's biographic treatment of Carlyle was a genuine piece of Carlylean hero-worship. For another suggestion, that Froude was before all things an artist, with an eye for Rembrandtesque effect, there was at least more color. Once an artist always an artist, whether the man writes of himself or of his friends—witness Carlyle himself. At all events, thanks to Froude, the lives of the Carlyles—in no way intrinsically eventful or picturesque—have become, ineffaceably, a part of literature. And that is a result to which neither Thomas Carlyle nor Jane Welsh would have been indifferent.

This matter, however, has not been raised here to fight again these thrice-fought personal issues; but rather to pose the general problem of which this, no doubt, was a capital instance. Boswell is at the bottom of the whole difficulty. Boswell originated the new biography just as the contemporary Rosseau gave the modern impulse

to the new autobiography. Both came with the apotheosis of the individual, of which we have lived to see fatal and fantastic fruits. The effects have not been wholly welcome, even in the world of letters. If it is so important to know great men, says the new journalist, why wait till they die? If anecdotes are so vital, why leave them to the chance of finding their Boswell? Hence the interviewer and other amenities of modern life. Yet in the ethics of literature, how can the critic altogether condemn the method which has given the world a book so indubitably good as Boswell's Johnson. Have we not here a cruel crux, a real and insoluble discrepancy between the ethics of literature and the ethics of life? For in the ethics of life, Tennyson's view is as unanswerable as Carlyle's is in the ethics of literature.

### Permanganate—of Fiction

THE TREATMENT OF SOCIAL QUESTIONS...SATURDAY REVIEW

Time was when we looked for women to summon the good apothecary and the ounce of civet to deodorize the air of fiction; but is it not now time for man to call for the permanganate? Indeed, the ladies—always missionaries one way or another—have set out to wash the soiled domestic linen in public with a boldness astonishing and entertaining to gentlemen who see themselves prodded in the soiled-clothes basket, as was Falstaff—prodded, not only in the hallway, but on the doorstep and in the streets; until, to read some novels, namable to the feeblest memory, men have come to see that, in this new crusade of morbidity and suggestiveness—called, so these missionary ladies say, telling the truth about the sexes—they are to be sent to the wash-house with the general domestic linen; and all this in the name of telling the truth!

There is the same lack of proportion in the minds of these ladies in the use of "painful incidents" as there is in the construction of their novels; and in both cases it has the same origin. It is this very lack of "sizing things up," of giving them their proper relations, which is at the bottom of the crusade against man. Zola's detailed, impacted, measured realism, or naturalism, is infinitely preferable to the suggestiveness of novels written in the flash of unhealthy sensationalism to set the world right. To be sure, it is an old game to shoulder off on some missionary scheme emotionalism broken loose. It is no wonder that in this fat civilization of England there should be surplus emotion; but that it should be taken seriously because it inspires a feverish story with a moral is a sweet satire on our noble selves. The real truth is, this craze for writing and reading treatises on the sexes, with accompanying commination services against man as he is, has its origin in ennui. Do these ladies write in the belief that there is nothing beautiful but decay? Let us reason together. Fiction is an art, or at least it is of the art of literature. The real end of art is beauty; the employment of it is, no matter what we say, the highest kind of amusement: if we write good things and noble things, so much the better. But these Deborahs write of man decayed, and of woman whose sorrows really come from ennui.

They write for a purpose? "To reconquer a lost paradise and reconstruct the shattered harmony of creation"? Amiable and large design! And so we get discussions of problems and pronouncements about which there is nothing new at all. And because it is an age of cheap bookmaking, and the air is full of noises re-

garding the rise of woman and the fall of man and his remaking, we are apt to think there is a great to-do in the world. There were George Eliots and Elizabeth Barrett Brownings once, who looked at life in the old-fashioned fashion—who saw, or tried to see, it whole; who were able to leave the band-box, to see the wide life and weigh it. Because there is an unhappy marriage and there is an infidelity, or there are, again, people who are trying to get more out of life than there is in it, and who cannot see that the readjustment of man is no guarantee of happiness—we have the sick air of the boudoir and the irritability of overstrained emotion.

Let us have the essay on regenerated man and crushed woman, but leave us some romance where romance ought to be found. Photography is detail and it is not truth. It is not even an impression. It is a sudden arrest of a phase—a single incident. Real art goes to one central thing, selects and rejects from Nature, has the large, wise, balanced outlook, and does not generalize for the world on the single fact, out of focus through photography. The gloom, the pessimism, the morbidity of these "feminine novels" is neither more nor less than narrowness of view and disproportion. We hear so much about the unhappiness of women and the badness of men: but, after all, each of us is one of this naughty thing called the world and society; and do we find among our friends such gloom of life, such discontent—save among ladies who are the slaves of nerves? Monotony is an evil on one hand; but too much life, too much social and emotional excitement is an evil on the other. But why should monotony, or boredom, or hysteria send ladies to the pen? To be the pioneers in the readjustment of social conditions? Very good; but why should they not be pamphleteers? Why should they take a nice art and turn it into a desk for jeremiads and social doctrine? Purpose? The end of fiction is the telling of a story.

### Arraigning the Romantic Novel

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN....THE FORUM

How unutterably flimsy and juvenile, romantic fiction, such as Stevenson's tales of villainous wreckers and buccaneers, Haggard's chronicles of battle, murder and sudden death, Conan Doyle's accounts of swaggering savagery and sickening atrocities, and S. R. Crockett's sanguinary records of Scotch marauding expeditions, appear to me, compared with Tolstoi's wonderfully vivid and masterly transcripts of the life we all live! It is the feudal sentiment of good Sir Walter and his successors which makes our daughters despise the democracy which their fathers founded, and dream of baronial castles, parks and coronets and a marriage with a British peer as the goal of their ambitions. Half the novels they read glorify these things, and it would be a wonder if the perpetual glorification did not produce its effect. For the idea that literature of amusement is a neutral agency which affects you neither for good nor for ill is a pernicious fallacy. What you read, especially in youth, will enter into your mental substance, and will and must increase or impair your efficiency. Much you will outgrow, no doubt; but there always remains a deposit in the mind which you will never outgrow. It is because the romantic novel tends to unfit you for the prose of life that I condemn it; and it is because the realistic novel opens your eyes to its beauty, its power and its deeper significance that I commend it.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*We Are Unfaithful.....May Riley Smith.....Sometime (Randolph)*

If man could rule, his love of change would mar  
The purple dignity that wraps the hills;  
Pluck out from the blue sky some perfect star,  
And set it elsewhere, as his fancy wills:

Train the gnarled apple-tree more straightly up;  
Lift violet's head, so long and meekly bowed;  
With some new odor fill her purple cup,  
And gild the rosy fringes of a cloud.

For, mark! last year I loved the violet best,  
And tied her tender colors in my hair;  
To-day I wear on my inconstant breast  
A crimson rose, and count her just as fair.

We are unfaithful. Only God is true  
To hold secure the landmarks of the past,  
To paint year after year the harebell blue,  
And in the same sweet mould its shape to cast.

Oh, steadfast Nature, let us learn of thee!  
Thou canst create a new flower at thy will,  
And yet through all the years canst faithful be  
To the sweet pattern of a daffodil.

*Foreboding.....J. Edmund V. Cooke.....A Bunch of Pansies*

I should be so lonely without you, dear.  
Why, even now, if you be not here  
For the shortest day, there's a certain lack  
Which does not vanish till you come back.  
And if you were gone forever, dear,  
The aching throat and the hot, swift tear  
Were a feeble vent, and a futile, due  
To the aching absence, dear, of you.

I should be so lonely without you, dear.  
Kiss me again, so I know you're near.

If I should reach for the old embrace  
And my arms should close on a formless space,  
In the midst of the world and its hollow cheer,  
In the gayest throng, I should thrill with fear—  
The fear of the void which the world would be,  
If you were gone from the earth and me.

I should be so lonely without you, dear,  
Though I still might heed the passing year;  
Though I still might toil from sun to sun,  
What would it be when the work was done?  
You would not see and you could not share  
And who, of the rest, would really care?

And if I were gone and 'twere you were left,  
I know your breast were as much bereft;  
And though God were good and seraphs near,  
If I were away, while you were here,  
I should be so lonely without you, dear.

*Love's Good-Bye....Katrine Trash....Sonnets and Lyrics (Randolph & Co.)*

Look in my eyes, my love, and say good-bye—  
Love is not love save it hath made us strong  
To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng  
For doing. Men may fail, but you and I  
Should be invincible to live, or die;  
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;  
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long,  
For joys withheld, and God to answer why;  
To banish yearning hope if it be vain;  
To say good-bye, if we must parted be.  
Had we but half-loved, then we might complain  
Parting were murdered possibility;  
But loving, O my Love, so perfectly,  
We are beyond the touch of any pain.

*Weaving.....Susan Coolidge.....Poems*

We are weaving every day, as we pass along our way,  
Intent upon our busy work or just as busy play,  
Beneath the casual gaze of men, the angels' steady eyes,  
The Robes of Resurrection in which we shall arise.

When the trumpet's thrilling call upon our ears shall fall,  
And our dust shall throb and quiver, and its vanished life recall,  
When each hurrying atom seeks its own, though distance disallow,  
We shall wear the Resurrection Robes that we are weaving now.

Then the threads we sadly spun, and in darkness one by one  
Wove in the fabric, wishing that the long, hard task was done,  
Shall gleam and glimmer as a mist of lovely rose and blue,  
And the blacker threads of sorrow shall be made lovely too.

The glimmering glints of gold from a patience manifold  
Shall make a pattern sweet and strange, and beauteous to behold;  
And the white of purity shall shine, the tear-spots fade away,  
As we don our Resurrection Robes upon that last great day.

O King of joy and pain, let us not weave in vain!  
Touch Thou the fabric of our lives and maket hem fair amain,  
That, when our task is finished, within the heavenly place,  
Clad in our Robes of Righteousness, we may behold Thy face.

*Shadowland.....P. M. Watkins.....Pall Mall Magazine*

Gray lights athwart the pasture fall;  
Gray shadows from long lines of wall;  
A cold gray haze envelops all  
In shadowland.

Gray when the eyes of morning peep,  
Gray when the twilight faints to sleep,  
But grayest when the heavens weep  
O'er shadowland.

Pale fears the artist-sun dismay,  
His brightest colors fade away,  
God's finger paints all nature gray  
In shadowland.

But when He cheers the weeping eyes,  
And purple-gray the cloud-wrack flies,  
Blue bathed in tears 'neath bluer skies  
Shines shadowland.

White-sailed amain, till lost to view,  
Cloud chases cloud across the blue,  
And shadow-ships the race renew  
In shadowland.

Or when white-robed the earth keeps tryst,  
And stooping low the sun has kissed,  
And scattered dust of amethyst  
O'er shadowland.

What blushes spread from cheek to cheek,  
And flashing lights that lovers seek  
Smile radiant from dale and peak  
O'er shadowland.

Few flowers crouch beneath the grass,  
Few birds—a rook, perchance, may pass;  
For life is hard and drear, alas!  
In shadowland.

And folks are sad, and pleasures few,  
And time seems long; but hearts are true,  
And much is old and little new  
In shadowland.

*Song of Love....Edmund C. Stedman....Because I Love You (Lee & Shepard)*

I know not if moonlight or starlight  
Be soft on the land and the sea,—  
I catch but the near light, the far light,  
Of eyes that are beaming for me;  
The scent of the night, of the roses,  
May burden the air for thee, Sweet—  
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing,  
I know as I lie at thy feet.

*Ebb and Flow.....All the Year Round*

Up at your grave, my darling, where the great tides ebb and flow,  
Where the tall cross faces the wild west wind, and the early snowdrops blow.  
Up at your grave, my darling, the steps grow weak and slow;  
The dim eyes scarcely see the waves where the great tides ebb and flow;  
The ears are dull to the music where the great tides ebb and flow;  
The crash of the rollers lacks the spell they wove me long ago.  
So many hopes have failed me, so many dreams lie low,  
Since I left your rest upon the Head where the great tides ebb and flow.  
Yet one thing never alters, as the great tides ebb and flow:  
As I love you then, I love you now, and in Heaven, my dear, you know.

*Then and Now....A. C. Benson ...Glasgow Weekly Citizen*

We were friends, as the world would say—  
Boys together in April weather;  
Lounged in a reprehensible way  
Under the elm-trees, half the day,  
Seldom serious, under the shade,  
Talking of trifles, rides and rifles,  
Finding each for the other made,  
I the scabbard and you the blade;  
Not that we spoke of it save to joke of it:  
That was the story; nothing new;  
Yet it was strange to me and you.  
You were gladdest and I was saddest,  
You were tender and I was true;—  
So it seems to me now; but then  
I was slave to the king of men.  
Many a year since then has died;  
First we were parted, grew half-hearted,  
Worked and worried, and worse beside;  
Thought with a sigh of the vanished prime.  
Yesterday, on a morn in May,  
As the matin-bells began to chime,  
Who but yourself should cross my door;  
Looking much as you looked before,  
Somewhat grimmer and somewhat dimmer,  
Smiling less than you smiled of yore.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,  
Their touch may be fervent or cold,  
The night bells may toll or be ringing—  
I care not while thee I enfold!

The feast may go on, and the music  
Be scattered in ecstasy round—  
Thy whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"  
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

I think not of time that is flying,  
How short is the hour I have won;  
How near is this living to dying,  
How the shadow still follows the sun;  
There is naught upon earth, no desire  
Worth a thought, though 'twere had by a sign!  
I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher  
Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine.

*Love's Infinite Made Finite...Henry B. Carpenter...Lover's Year Book (Roberts)*

Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years  
When for an instant that which long has lain  
Beyond our reach is on a sudden found  
In things of smallest compass, and we hold  
The unbounded shut in one small minute's space,  
And world's within the hollow of our hand—  
A world of music in one word of love;  
A world of love in one quick, wordless look;  
A world of thought in one translucent phrase;  
A world of memory in one mournful chord;  
A world of sorrow in one little song:  
Such moments are man's holiest—the full-orbed  
And finite form of Love's infinity.

There as we talked the wonder grew;  
Was it my comrade? Was it you?  
You that I sighed for—aye, would have died for?  
Why did you frown ere your tale was told,  
Chide the thrush that piped in the bush,  
Curse the laburnum's hanging gold?

*At Last.....E. A. Kelsey.....Great Thoughts*

Some day or other the cross will be lifted,  
Beneath which the pilgrim has journeyed so long;  
Some day or other the lute that is rifted  
Shall melody make in the chorus of song.

Some day or other the hopes early perished  
Shall rise into beauty undreamed of before;  
Some day or other the hearts fondly cherished,  
The lost and the longed-for, the grave shall restore.

Some day or other the doubts which have haunted  
Shall all be dispelled in the light of His face;  
Some day or other the foes who have daunted [grace,  
All vanquished shall be through the might of His

Some day or other the toil shall be ended,  
The nameless unrest, the vague yearning be past;  
"Thanks unto Him who thus safely hath tended,"  
The ransomed shall cry, "It is Heaven at last!"

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

**Limits of Individual Possibility**

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT....SATURDAY REVIEW

The generalizations of heredity may be pushed to extremes, to an almost fanatical fatalism. There are excellent people who have elevated systematic breeding into a creed, and adorned it with a propaganda. The hereditary tendency plays, in modern romance, the part of the malignant fairy, and its victims drive through life blighted from the very beginning. It often seems to be tacitly assumed that a living thing is at the utmost nothing more than the complete realization of its birth possibilities, and so heredity becomes confused with theological predestination. But, after all, the birth tendencies are only one set of factors in the making of the living creature. We overlook only too often the fact that a living being may also be regarded as raw material, as something plastic, something that may be shaped and altered; that this, possibly, may be added and that eliminated, and the organism as a whole developed far beyond its apparent possibilities.

Now the suggestion this little article would advance is this: that there is in science, and perhaps even more so in history, some sanction for the belief that a living thing might be taken in hand and so molded and modified that at best it would retain scarcely anything of its inherent form and disposition; that the thread of life might be preserved unimpaired while shape and mental superstructure were so extensively recast as even to justify our regarding the result as a new variety of being. This proposition is purposely stated here in its barest and most startling form.

It may be that the facts to be adduced in support of this possibility will strike the reader as being altogether too trivial and familiar for their superstructure. But they are adduced only to establish certain principles, and these principles, which are perfectly established by these small things, have never been shown conclusively to be necessarily limited to these small things. For reasons that it would not be hard to discover, they have in practice been so restricted in the past; but that is the sum of their assured restriction. Now, first, how far may the inherent bodily form of an animal be operated upon? There are several obvious ways; amputation, tongue-cutting, the surgical removal of a squint, and the excision of organs will occur to the mind at once. In many cases excisions result in extensive secondary changes, pigmentary disturbances, increase in the secretion of fatty tissue, and a multitude of correlative changes. Then there is a kind of surgical operation of which the making of a false nose, in cases where that feature has been destroyed, is the most familiar example. A flap of skin is cut from the forehead, turned down on the nose, and heals in the new position. This is a new kind of grafting of part of an animal upon itself in a new position. Grafting of freshly obtained material from another animal is also possible—has been done in the case of teeth, for example. Still more significant are the graftings of skin and bone—cases where the surgeon, despairing of natural healing, places in the middle of the wound pieces of skin snipped from another individual, fragments of bone from a fresh-killed animal. So much for the form.

The physiology, the chemical rhythm of the creature, may also be made to undergo an enduring modification, of which vaccination and other methods of inoculation with living or dead matter are examples. A similar operation is the transfusion of blood, although in this case the results are more dubious. These are all familiar cases. Less familiar and probably far more extensive were the operations of those abominable mediæval practitioners who made dwarfs and show monsters, and some vestiges of whose art still remain in the preliminary manipulation of the young mountebank or contortionist. Victor Hugo gives us an account of them, dark and stormy, after his wont, in *L'Homme qui Rit*. But enough has been said to remind the reader that it is a possible thing to transplant tissue from one part of an animal to another, or from one animal to another, to alter its chemical reactions and methods of growth, to modify the articulation of its limbs, and indeed to change it in its most intimate structure. And yet this has never been sought as an end and systematically by investigators. Some of such things have been hit upon in the last resort of surgery; most of the kindred evidence that will recur to the reader's mind has been demonstrated, as it were by accident—by tyrants, by criminals, by the breeders of horses and dogs, by all kinds of untrained men working for their own immediate ends. It is impossible to believe that the last word, or anything near it, of individual modification has been reached. If we concede the justifications of vivisection, we may imagine as possible in the future, operators, armed with antiseptic surgery and a growing perfection in the knowledge of the laws of growth, taking living creatures and molding them into the most amazing forms; it may be, even reviving the monsters of mythology, realizing the fantasies of the taxidermist, his mermaids and what-not, in flesh and blood.

The thing does not stop at a mere physical metamorphosis. In our growing science of hypnotism we find the promise of a possibility of replacing old inherent instincts by new suggestions; grafting upon or replacing the inherited fixed ideas. Very much indeed of what we call moral education is such an artificial modification and perversion of instinct; pugnacity is trained into courageous self-sacrifice, and suppressed sexuality into pseudo-religious emotion. We have said enough to develop this curious proposition. It may be the set limits of structure and psychical capacity are narrower than is here supposed. But as the case stands, this artistic treatment of living things, this molding of the commonplace individual into the beautiful or the grotesque, certainly seems so far credible as to merit a place in our minds among the things that may some day be.

**Public Opinion**

W. J. YOUMANS....POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

There is nothing more tiresome than the platitudes in which popular orators and journals indulge when, generally for some sinister purpose, they set themselves to extol the wisdom and virtue of "the people." People who have any sense know just how wise and virtuous they are, and quite fail to see the point of the excessive adulation thus bestowed on them. It is difficult indeed

to imagine what class of persons it is that can be gratified by praise of so inordinate and conventional a kind. Why should a lot of people who have chosen representatives of a certain kind care to be told that they are so very much wiser than the men they have chosen? Yet that is the common refrain: the people are so much wiser and better than the politicians. If the people are so much wiser and better than the politicians, why don't they show their wisdom and goodness by bringing better men to the front? The men who are elected to-day may in a short time return to private life and become electors themselves: do they thereupon acquire a sudden increase in wisdom, and do they show their increased wisdom by helping at the first opportunity to elect worse men than themselves? That seems to be the way it is understood to work; the whole thing is fulsome and absurd to the last degree.

The truth, which, if it does not give rise to this kind of talk, occasionally seems to afford a certain justification of it, is that, from time to time, "the people" defeat the expectations of the politicians by refusing to carry out the plans and arrangements which the latter have made; so that a "ticket" which, considering the party organization behind it, might have been supposed sure of victory, meets with ignominious defeat. It is much better to be wise sometimes than to be wise never; but it is not very satisfactory to reflect that an electorate which is capable of exercising wisdom and properly branding political immorality should require the stimulus or shock of some great scandal to bring its virtue to the front. The reason why politicians are encouraged to proceed every now and then to some unusual length in defiance of political principle is that, in general, they can reckon on the partisanship of their followers to support whatever they may propose.

What the public have to do, therefore, when by a tardy or fitful exercise of political conscience they have escaped some disgrace, is not so much to congratulate themselves on a remarkable achievement, as to wonder, with some little humiliation, why the achievement was necessary—why their political leaders ever came to propose to them anything so disgraceful. It is rare that a man is approached with a disgraceful proposition unless he has in some way created the impression that the proposition might be well received; and therefore, mixed with any lofty indignation with which he repels it, should be some heart-searching as to how the whole thing came about. Applying this to a case which is fresh in the recollection of all, how much of moral inertness, how much of blind partisanship, how much of indifference to higher considerations of national welfare must have been shown on many occasions by respectable voters, before the managers of a great party could venture to place on their ticket a name which the most elementary considerations of political or moral principle should have sufficed to exclude from it!

It is, of course, satisfactory to think that there are bounds which cannot be passed—that there is a point at which the better sense of the community rebels—but it is impossible not to think at the same time that this better sense might be kept in more regular exercise. Instead of descending like a "deus ex machina" into the political arena on critical occasions to safeguard the State against some signal danger, why should it not be the daily providence and bulwark of the State? The modern State depends for its prosperity and security on

the faithful performance by citizens of their political duties; and it therefore behooves every citizen to inform himself as to the issues of the day, to consider carefully which side he should take, looking to the greatest interest of the country, and to vote and otherwise shape his course accordingly. If this were done as a rule by all voters capable of forming an intelligent and honest judgment, there would be very little encouragement given to dishonest political machinations; and those elements in the country that count on political corruption in one form or another for liberty to pursue fraudulent and immoral ends, would find their action so circumscribed that all the profits of their several nefarious trades would be gone.

There is reason to hope, we are very glad to say, that the sounder elements in the community are becoming more conscious of their strength and more disposed to use it for the purification of politics. Not one recent election only, but many, have turned more or less on moral issues, and have turned in the right direction. Let there be no pause in the good work; above all, let there be no reaction. The effect upon the administration of the government in any country of a decided expression of public opinion in favor of what is right, rather than of what is expedient in a party sense, cannot but be worthy of consideration. Neither the intelligence nor the zeal of public employees in general comes up to the standard that might be realized if our politics were dominated by higher principles; and not only is a vast burden thus laid on the industry of the country, but many advantages which might be secure to the public are lost.

Let us make the most of any encouragement we have received; but let us not draw the lesson, either that the people at large are very wise and good, or that the forces of evil have been permanently discouraged. The people at large are good enough to do a great deal better than they generally do; that is about as much as can be said on that point. The forces of evil are hard to discourage and very hard to destroy. They watch their opportunity, and are as assiduous as the spider in repairing the party webs which an outraged public sentiment may have torn. Public opinion is something that should be invoked at all times against every form of evil, and every possible means should be used to keep it alive and active and watchful. The adulation so frequently bestowed upon "the people" is a moral narcotic rather than a stimulant, as it suggests that everything must go well in a country where there are such vast reservoirs of wisdom and virtue. The true note to strike is that of responsibility. An honest man does not require to be told he is honest; and a dishonest man is not made better by it. The message to each and all is, that we have public duties and responsibilities commensurate with the great advantages we derive from our membership in a civilized State, and that we cannot neglect these without dishonor and loss.

### The Mercifulness of Death

MRS. LYNN LINTON....ST. JAMES'S BUDGET

Wiser than we who have made Death the grisly King of Terrors, the Greeks pictured him as a fair and gentle youth, with full down-drooping brows—twin-brother of Sleep and beautiful as an adolescent Eros. Yet the Other World, to which he led those whom the Gods loved and those whom they had left long ungarnered, was nothing so very desirable when you reached it.

Even those initiated, who had lived a virtuous life, and who were therefore located nearest to the light which the gods shed on the upper part of the Elysian fields, had not a remarkably good time of it. For the less perfect there was but a dim, dull, twilight kind of existence, where strengthless forms wavered mournfully to and fro in the semi-darkness, and voices were low and sad. For the actively bad the penalties furnished by Hades, though not approaching to our pains of hell, nor including the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched, were yet of a kind to make men prefer an unhappy life on earth among their own to the tender mercies of the Infernal Deities. Nevertheless, though so much was enjoyed here and so little was promised hereafter, death was pictured by the pleasure-loving Greeks as the benign friend of weary man, and those shadowy asphodels and amaranths were held to be as beautiful as the olives and violets of the dear City of the God itself.

We have changed both conditions. We have made for ourselves an Eternal Heaven of unbounded happiness and given to our souls infinitely enlarged powers of enjoyment. And we have figured the death which is to take us to this unspeakable bliss as a ghastly spectre, our conqueror and our foe, our executioner and our tormentor. The whole subject is a mass of contradictions. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" sounds as the triumphant challenge, rather than the dirge, of a brave race, thrilling the soul with that exultant note of unconquerability which defies even the forces of nature to subdue, and is strong in the presence of the Divine—strong and brave and manly and self-respecting. But the fact is very different from the word; and Death to us Christians, with our splendid hopes and glad assurances, is, as we have said, a terror more dreaded than we find among any other religionists, past or present. The virile Stoic and the refined Epicurean, the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, the Brahmin and the Parsee, the Chinaman who can buy a substitute for a small sum, and the Japanese who will commit happy despatch for a mere fleabite—all accept the inevitable with more philosophic composure than do we; though they have but Nirvana or, save with the Mohammedan, a very uncertain kind of Elysium to go to when they die, and we have mapped out a New Jerusalem as solid as and more beautiful than the Violet-crowned in her loveliest days. But human nature would not be what it is were it not inconsistent; and if theory and practice agreed the result would be a race which would rob Heaven of its angels.

But the Greeks were right. Which of them said, "The Gods gave men Death to enable them to bear with life"? How true that is! The knowledge that by time we must come to an end of pain helps us to bear with greater patience than else we could, were life for ever and escape impossible. The knowledge that we ourselves can, at any moment we choose, ring down the curtain and leave the stage gives us increase of dignity while we are on it. For what common-sense is there in bemoaning a state which we can change at will? What we can break from at pleasure surely we ought to bear with patience while we elect to endure; else are we ridiculous in both senses, giving our entrails to be gnawed by the fox and crying out for compassion rather than flinging our torment away. To the wretched Death is the truest friend man can have—if to the

loving and the happy he comes like the shadows of the night which take from the day all the glory of sunshine. Yet, oh! how many silently call on Death to come and lead them gently from their misery! In the peaceful churchyard, with its silent guests and tender memories, we lie at rest and unharmed. No one can hurt us more, and the loss of our dearest is a pain that can never touch us again. No injustice can rasp us, no falseness can break our heart afresh. Turmoil and distress, disaster and regret, are over for us forever; and that kiss of Death which chilled our blood and sucked out our life was the seal of our redemption from sorrow. No grisly spectre, i' faith! is Death to the unhappy! Poppy-crowned and star-girt, he releases and sets free the poor prisoners of life, even as the angel broke the Apostle's chains and set him free. He carries us to the Unknown, which at the worst cannot be worse than what we have had here; and when he seems to have forgotten us we stretch out our hands and call to him from the darkness and beseech him to come and save us from our fellow-men and from ourselves. And then we know how right the Greeks were and how foolish we moderns are.

We make too much account of Death in these days, as if, each time one of us falls through the meshes into the depths below, it were a new experience, and the first time such a catastrophe had happened. We are so tender, too, in our ideas that, for false humanity, we prefer to doom a man to life-long imprisonment—with all the mental torture and bodily pain that this includes—rather than give him the swift grace of Death. Yet Nature is the great executioner of us—the primæval murderer, to whom sooner or later we must all yield. With our three warnings, or with none at all—ripe or immature—steeped to the lips in the richest wine of joy, or out in the desert of despair—we have all to go when called, if not to-day, then to-morrow—if not this year then next. And with this doom, from which is no escape, we hesitate about the death punishment for crimes by which a man has forfeited his right to live among his kind, and prefer instead the long-sustained agony of a life-long imprisonment. In that terrible tragedy that took place the other day, how infinitely more merciful Death would have been rather than that torture of degradation. Between a soldier's death—his face to the foe, be that foe the foreigner or his own—standing with eyes unbandaged, looking steadily at his doom—or the shameful gift of life tossed contemptuously to the felon, who would hesitate? Life is valuable only for what it gives in its power of work, of usefulness, of honor, of enjoyment. Life, "per se"—the mere fact of breathing and sleeping, with no joy and no honor, is a torture to the sensitive and the mere cumbering of the already overstocked ground. Far better to die than to live maimed and useless, or dishonored and disgraced. Some will answer this with the old phrase, "While there is life there is hope." Take the case of a man unjustly accused and unrighteously condemned. To kill him may be more merciful than to imprison him; but if he be killed, then can he never be rehabilitated. He dies in his innocence, and he can never know it if that innocence be at the last established. If imprisoned, his ultimate release is always on the cards, and the future may make amends for the past. But it never can. Years of degradation and the associations and discipline of a prison-life take the heart out of a man, innocent as he may be.

The rehabilitation of his name will be enough, if he were shot or hanged by miscarriage of justice. Lesurques suffered; but Lesurques is now justified, and it was better for him to die conscious of his innocence than to have lived as a felon for all his lusty manhood and then be set free to desolation and strangeness. Like that poor murdered Inez, whose corpse was crowned queen, death often atones for the sins and sorrows of life, and that *De Mortuis* spreads its softening veil over even the evil. At the worst we do not sufficiently realize the force of the *Done With*. Pathetic it may be and simply negative—still, the dead past stands as the Great Tower of Silence in human history. Let us respect that silence, and not batter at the closed doors to force our way into the tomb where the Irrecoverable lies prone. Life is before and about us, and the past is done with.

By this strange shrinking of ours from Death we moderns do incalculable harm to the living. We sedulously keep alive all the hopelessly diseased to endure torments from which they long to be freed, to drain the resources of the family in all ways, to cause anguish to every one concerned. But it would be considered a crime to let Nature act in her own beneficent way, and, hand-in-hand with Death, lead the sufferer gently to eternal rest. Rather than this, all the modern appliances of science are put into requisition to prolong a life that is torture to the individual and infinite sorrow to all around. So with children, who, if they grow up, will propagate disease and vice and misery, and who, if left to Nature and her methods, would die before they had wrought mischief to the world at large and suffered anguish for themselves. We do all we know to keep them alive—disease, crime, poverty, vice notwithstanding; and the sanctity of human life for evil goes far before the mercifulness of death for every one's good. So true is it that extremes meet, and, as now, when our over-sensitiveness with regard to death, our over-humanity and exaggerated pity lead us to practical cruelty far worse than that benign release we prevent when we can, and deplore even when most merciful.

### Is Genius Disease?

A STUDY IN DEVELOPMENT....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

What is commonly termed genius is an extraordinary intellectual activity and power. It is the capacity to form in a moment judgments which ordinary minds would reason out by slow degrees. There is an ability to perceive with clearness and to comprehend with extreme quickness subjects of knowledge which an average intelligence would be able to master only by painful study and prolonged attention. Genius seems to possess some interior source of information independent of the external senses, while ordinary minds first perceive with the senses, and subsequently consider with the intellectual faculties. Genius is always favored with some sort of inspiration or interior illumination, while the common grade of intelligence is forced to labor and delve for the information it gains.

Such definitions of genius are crude and lacking in detail, but they will answer the purposes of a basis for the observations that may be offered here. Naturally, all thinkers who believe in the spiritual as well as the physical organization of man, in studying his mental constitution, will carry their researches into the higher regions of psychology; but the materialists, who recognize only material causes, seek for the sources and

springs of intelligence in the physical frame, and they do not recognize or acknowledge any interior illumination or inspiration in the operation of the mind. It is not strange that this class of investigators should attribute all extreme intellectual activity to physical disease or abnormal bodily development. In their estimation, genius is only one form of brain disorder, just as insanity is another, and idiocy still another.

Genius, they hold, is a state of brain excessively developed in certain parts and unduly excitable or irritable. Its operations are unusually vigorous and rapid, but they are rather the operations of a fever, or of a sort of stimulation, than of a regular and proper brain function. But the brain of genius is born so. Insanity is the disordered state of a brain which was once normal and proper, but has been subjected to injury. The idiots, or weak-minded, possess from infancy a poorly developed brain organization. Thus it appears that genius is considered a state of disease, as are insanity and weak-mindedness. These are, in brief, the views of Prof. Cesare Lombroso, Dr. W. H. Hammond, Prof. Schule and other recent writers on the psychology of mental diseases.

But, after all, the distinguished names mentioned above give no real authority or force to a lot of fine-spun theories. There are no means of discovering the truth of such notions. When a great man dies and his brain is found affected with some lesion or injury, that does not prove that his genius was due to any such disorder, because many very commonplace people suffer from cerebral disease. Caesar, Mahomet, Petrarch, Napoleon, Byron and other eminent men suffered with epilepsy, but so have vast numbers of men of average brain power. Dr. Hammond cites Tasso, Burns, Swift, Mozart, Haydn, Walter Scott, William Blake and Poe as showing symptoms of insanity towards the close of their lives, but the brain disease which caused the symptoms was not necessarily the source of their genius.

No, the simple fact is that all human beings are subject to the same general laws of decay. Some hold out longer than others, while still others succumb at an earlier period of their career, but there is no great difference. Genius, virtue and nobleness of life do not secure one against disease and decay. Probably an overworked brain, as well as an overworked body, is specially sensitive to attack, but there are not a few examples of a powerful and brilliant mind maintaining its sway after the body had yielded to the forces of decay. It is difficult to believe that the intellectual and spiritual elements of human nature are mere manifestations and qualities of matter, and that they die with the death of the body. There is no physical evidence of such death, while there are innumerable hopes, aspirations and spiritual desires which persuade to the contrary, and many analogies of nature that afford a strong basis of reasonable belief in immortality. Matter is immortal. Not an atom is lost. It only changes its forms and combinations. If matter never dies, is never destroyed, why should the spirit and intelligence that animate it be supposed to die. Persons and individuals as to their bodies decay and are dissipated into their elements to be recombined in other existences, but why should an individuality, or a personality, be extinguished or dispersed? There is no proof to the contrary, any more than that there is proof that intellectual mediocrity is health, and brilliance and genius are forms of disease.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

### The New President of France

EX-AITACHÉ.....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

It was in the autumn of 1882 that I made the acquaintance of M. Felix Faure at a déjeuner given by Gambetta in the little house on the Rue St. Didier, to which he had retired at the close of his brief tenure of the Premiership. "Le patron," as we were wont to call France's most popular statesman—more powerful and influential in his retirement than even the President of the Republic—was arrayed, as usual, in a costume which I can only describe as dark-gray flannel pajamas, with a silk handkerchief around his throat. The remainder of us—there were about ten in all—were garbed in the conventional frock-coat, the two most sprucely dressed and carefully groomed guests being my neighbors at table. I was rather curious to know who they were, as they both spoke English as free from foreign accent as myself, had monocles stuck in their eyes, and wore spats, their clothes betraying unmistakable evidence of having been built by a London tailor. Indeed, had it not been for the bit of red ribbon in the buttonhole of their coats, and for the perfection of their French in replying to Gambetta's remarks, I should have set them down as fellow-countrymen. After rising from table I ascertained from old Father Dumangin, Gambetta's confidential secretary, who they were. The shorter of the two, with the blond beard, was Camille Barrere, formerly a colonel of the Commune, and sentenced to death as such by the court-martial at Versailles, but now French Ambassador to Switzerland and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. The other was M. Felix Faure, a member of the Smart-Epetant Club, who had held office in Gambetta's short-lived Cabinet as Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and who, on the defeat of the Commune insurrection, had brought his magnificently trained fire brigade up from Havre, and contributed more than any one else to extinguish the flames which Barrere and his associates had kindled. Yet the two men appeared on excellent terms with each other, just as if the sea of fire and rivers of blood which a few years previously had kept them asunder were mere dreams instead of terrible realities.

French politics, especially since the fall of the empire, is full of surprises of this kind. The foes of yesterday are the bosom friends of to-day, and the man who is now at the foot of the ladder may before twelve months have passed by be at its summit. M. Faure's election to the Presidency is a surprise of this kind; not that he was by any manner of means at the bottom of the ladder, but still none of his friends or acquaintances ever dreamed of his being called upon to transfer his abode from the charming villa which he possesses on the Boulevard Maritime, at Havre, to the Palace of the Elysée. Yet now that he is there every one acquainted with his sterling character must confess that he is the man above all others fitted to assume the Presidency of the Republic at the present juncture. Almost alone of the circle of clever and brilliant men who clustered around Gambetta and formed the nucleus of the Opportunist party, he has never had the slightest insinuation made, even by the most scurrilous gutter-rags of

the Parisian press, against his honesty. His integrity as well as his private life is entirely free from even the very breath of scandal; and although he has maintained amicable and even intimate relations with many of the Opportunist leaders, such as Mr. Raynal, for instance, who has been so terribly compromised in connection with the Railroad Convention affair, no one to my knowledge has ever ventured to suggest he had any finger in administrative and legislative corruption.

This immunity is due not only to his personal character and past record, but also to his wealth. No one can take exception to the latter; for, unlike that of the outgoing President, it has come to him not by inheritance, but by hard work. In the library of his villa at Havre, where is his real home, there hangs on the wall a picture, representing him with rolled-up shirt-sleeves and the big leather apron of a currier apprentice. A tanner by trade, he worked his way up from the bottom until he became the head of the prosperous firm dealing in hides, occupying on the Rue Franklin, at Havre, a somewhat odoriferous warehouse, above the doors of which are the words:

FELIX FAURE ET CIE., CUIRS ET PEAUX.

But it has been as a shipowner and general importer that he has won the larger part of his fortune, and no man stands higher on the Maritime Exchange at Havre, not only as a good, all-round fellow, but also as a first-rate business man. It is for the first time that the destinies of France are intrusted to a merchant and to a man of business; and if he can only manage to administer the affairs of the nation with the same shrewdness, foresight, and integrity that he has manifested in his commercial undertakings, his country may look forward to seven years of unprecedented prosperity at home and respect abroad. Much of his systematic and methodical business habits he owes to the education received in England at a commercial school; and it was in England, too, that he acquired his very pronounced fondness for brierwood pipes, for cold baths, early rising and athletic sports. Every morning he is up by five o'clock, and by eight he has not only smoked innumerable pipes, but also got through the brunt of the business for the day, which leaves him free to devote an hour or so to a canter in the Bois when at Paris; for he is passionately fond of riding, and sits his horse like an Englishman. He is likewise an excellent shot, and loves nothing better during the autumn season than to stroll around the estate of his son-in-law, M. Berge, potting rabbits and shooting woodcock. If he has one hobby more than any other, I should set it down as gymnastics, and it is perhaps this rather than any religious convictions that has led him to give a powerful support to the Young Men's Christian Association, of which his most intimate friend, M. Siegfried, is the moving spirit in France. Indeed, it was by lecturing on history to an evening class at one of the gymnasiums of Havre that he first acquired his gift of speaking in public.

It is impossible to find a more even-tempered, good-humored man or a more loyal friend than France's new President, who produces an infinitely more sympathetic impression upon strangers than any of his predecessors in office. You see nothing but kindness of heart and

contentment in his clear, frank blue eyes; and, without being effusive, his courtesy and manners are entirely free from stiffness and formality. He is very tall, his features are clean-cut, his mustache is still blond, while, from what I hear, his hair has become snow-white. But I understand that he still retains the athletic, well-set-up and elastic figure which I remember.

Mme. Faure, who since her marriage has inherited no less than two fortunes, is a daughter of Senator Guinot, who died last year, and, like her husband, possesses a keen sense of humor and likes to look at life in its rosiest light. While in no sense of the word worldly, and preferring home to society, yet no one received with more perfect grace and charm at the Ministry of Marine than Mme. Faure during her husband's tenure of office as chief of that department. She has two daughters, both of them remarkably pretty women, the eldest being married to a wealthy land-owner, M. Rene Berge, who graduated from the *École Polytechnique* as an engineer, but who is now occupied with the management of his estates; while the other daughter, Mlle. Lucie Faure, without being in any way a bluestocking, is a poetess of no mean order, and besides publishing a volume of pretty verses has acted on several occasions as her father's private secretary and amanuensis. It is difficult to find a more perfectly united family, or one which conveys the idea of being more thoroughly content and happy than that of the Faures, whose popularity among their townspeople at Havre—where every man, woman and child has a good word to say for them, the poor in particular—bodes well for the future.

Like M. Casimir-Perier, President Faure won his cross of the Legion of Honor on the battlefields of 1870, where he distinguished himself by his gallantry as lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of mobiles. He was about thirty years old at the time, and, with the exception of the few weeks which he spent in England in behalf of Gambetta, purchasing Remington rifles for the army organized by the Dictator, he passed the entire period of the conflict in the field. If there is one trait in particular which remains impressed upon my memory in connection with M. Faure, it is his manliness, which, prejudiced as I naturally am in favor of my countrymen, strikes me as more characteristically Anglo-Saxon than Gallic. There is no fear of his giving way to hysterics, like M. Casimir-Perier, and if called names he is far more likely to let out from the shoulder and knock his man down than to give way to the outbursts of almost feminine petulance of his predecessor in office.

#### Dudley Hardy, the English Illustrator

FIN-DE-SIÈCLE ART....NEW YORK WORLD

Dudley Hardy, the illustrator, is in appearance an older man than Phil D. May, but in reality he is two years his junior. He is thick-set and broad-shouldered, with a fierce-looking reddish mustache, and a jovial twinkle in his eye. Like May, he is a sportsman, fond of shooting and yachting, and he is a clever swimmer. A young woman fell into the water from a yacht in Yarmouth harbor, and would have been drowned if Hardy had not jumped and rescued her. She proceeded immediately to fall in love with her savior, but the beautiful episode was inartistically spoiled by Hardy, who refused to fall in love with the lady.

He comes of a family of artists. His father is a marine painter of some note, and two of his sisters are

doing good work at illustrating books. He was born at Sheffield in 1866, went to school until he was fifteen, and then started on his artistic career. His professors at Dusseldorf sent him home at the end of a year on the ground that he had no talent. But he kept on working, and one day a rich American came along, and, seeing some sketches he liked, gave Hardy £40 for them. Then the young artist went back to Germany and studied more, spending also some time at Antwerp.

In Paris he worked in the studios of Colarossi and Dagnan-Bouveret, and later in London, with his father. He soon secured orders from the *Ladies' Pictorial* and from the *Sketch*, and his work is now in demand by all the periodicals. He contributes mostly to the *Pall Mall Budget*, *To-Day*, *St. Paul's*, the *Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*. Hardy also does considerable painting, and he makes posters for advertising that are genuine works of art. The best known of these are the *Gaiety Girl* posters. Hardy is clever at drawing the feminine figure, and seems thoroughly to understand what is "chic." In some respects he follows Cheret, and in others Grevin. There is no doubt that his style is modeled slightly after the French school, although to some one who said so he replied: "This peculiarity which you characterize as French is my own individuality." Several of his paintings have been hung in the Paris salon, notably *Sans Asile*, representing Trafalgar Square, with the homeless sleeping there at early dawn.

#### Baron de Staal: The Russian Chancellor

THE SUCCESSOR OF DE GIERS....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Baron de Staal, who has just been designated by the new Czar to succeed the late M. de Giers as Chancellor of the Muscovite Empire, is the beau-ideal of a foreign diplomat, with his long, flowing white whiskers and his dignified but suave manner, which conveys the impression that if he is as hard and tenacious as his name implies, in his case the steel is sheathed in velvet. No man has more friends, and the fact that, although the representative of Russia at the Court of St. James for the last ten years, he should have succeeded in winning not only the confidence but also the amity of the English, who are always so suspicious with regard to Russia, speaks volumes for his amiability. That is one of the chief ingredients of diplomacy. Diplomatic amiability is not so much the art of giving one's interlocutor an agreeable impression of one's self as to give him a higher idea of himself and to convey to him the conviction that you hold him in very high estimation. Then, from sheer gratitude, he will have a higher idea of you, try to do all you want, "et le tour est joué." It is in this peculiarly Muscovite art that Baron de Staal excels, which is all the more to his credit, since he is a martyr to lumbago.

Born in 1822 at Reval, he is a scion of one of the old German noble families settled since the time of Peter the Great in the Baltic provinces of Russia. He began his diplomatic career at an early age under Prince Gortschakoff, who was first Ambassador at Constantinople on the eve of the Crimean War, and afterward Viceroy of Poland. Like the good apprentice in the fairy-tale, the Baron wedded his chief's daughter, and is by marriage therefore a nephew of Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, who for so many years controlled the foreign relations of Russia as Chancellor of the Empire. He may be said to be allied to the reigning family,

since several of his wife's ancestors ruled as czars, while the founder of her house is that same Grand-duke Ruric to whom the imperial family of Romanoff trace their origin. After his marriage de Staal represented the Czar as Envoy at a number of minor German courts, notably at Darmstadt, where his daughters may be said to have been brought up with the girls of the late Grand-duchess Alice, the youngest of whom is now Czarina of Russia. The latter looks upon M. de Staal as one of the oldest friends of her family, and there is every reason to believe that his appointment to the Chancellorship in preference to Prince Lobanoff, who was regarded as first choice, may be due to her influence.

### Lord Churchill's Life-Work

HIS POLITICAL CAREER....SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Randolph Henry Spencer Churchill was a younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, and was born at Blenheim Palace in 1849. He was a brother of the late Duke of Marlborough, who married the wealthy Mrs. Hammersley, and whose career as Marquis of Blandford created considerable criticism. Lord Randolph Churchill, or "Randy," as he was familiarly known in England, was educated at Eton, and graduated from Merton College, Oxford. He was not a particularly bright student, but managed to hold his own with the average men of his class at the old university. He did not take any particular interest in athletics, though he owned boats and horses, and had been enrolled on the lists of the college boat clubs. He gave evidence of eccentricity early in life, and frequently shocked the faculty and his classmates by his displays of this character at Eton.

On leaving Oxford he travelled on the Continent for a while, and returning to England made his first entrance into political life in 1874, being elected to the House of Commons from the pocket borough of Woodstock. The voters were all tenants of his father, the duke, and there was little opposition to the candidacy of the young lord. His very first speech in the House created a tumult. Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the Conservative party, took offense at some remarks of Lord Randolph concerning the financial policy of Lord Beaconsfield. A motion to close the debate had been made, but the young lord insisted on recognition at the hands of the Speaker. Turning to the Conservative benches angrily, he said: "You may not want to hear me now, but the time will come when you will have to do so." Almost immediately he laid the foundation for an independent party. In this he associated with himself Henry Gorst, Sir Drummond Wolf and George Balfour, creating the Conservative annex known as the Fourth party.

The young lord and Mr. Gladstone, who was then in power, had no love for each other. Lord Randolph carried on a vigorous warfare against the Grand Old Man. Lord Randolph was a brilliant speaker, and whenever he arose to debate a crowd would flock in from the smoking-rooms. He dealt largely in sarcasm, and he did not hesitate to hurl invectives against Mr. Gladstone. On one occasion he called the great Liberal leader "the Moloch of Midlothian." At another time he referred to him as "a plundering cuckoo," and once told the popular Commoner "that he was intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." These verbal onslaughts of the leader of the Fourth party caused the Conservatives to howl with delight; but he

also often proved a thorn in the sides of the Tory leaders, for he would oppose them as cheerfully as he did the Liberals. For years he carried on an independent warfare, owing allegiance to no one party—not even his own "Fourth." Scarcely a measure was introduced into the House upon which he did not speak. He scored heavily in debate, hurling defiance to the leaders, and gained great popularity. His opponents accused him of vacillation for his own personal advancement. Lord Randolph Churchill led the fight against the admission of Charles Bradlaugh to the Commons as the duly elected representative of Northampton.

The new school of conservative politics soon forced recognition at the hands of leaders by its aggressiveness, and when Lord Salisbury succeeded Beaconsfield, Lord Randolph Churchill was practically the leader of the party in the Commons. The momentous questions that came up for consideration in 1884 were advantageous to Lord Randolph Churchill, the Egyptian war largely increasing his popularity. Night after night he taunted Gladstone on a want of definite policy in the campaign. Popular feeling was aroused at the manner in which the Government was acting, and Churchill had many a passage of arms with the aged Premier. When it was known that Churchill would speak, the galleries would always be crowded, and every thrust into the Gladstone armor would be applauded.

On June 9, 1885, the Liberals were defeated on the budget, and Lord Salisbury was intrusted by the Queen to form a cabinet. The aggressive young Churchill was taken into the party council, taking the portfolio of Secretary of State for India. Soon bitter quarrels arose between Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Stafford Northcote. To make peace the latter was sent to the House of Lords, and Churchill became Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was then his policy underwent a violent change, so that Gladstone spoke of him as "a political weathercock." Instead of standing for increased taxation, as formerly, he now called for a reduction. He quarreled with other members of the Cabinet, and in the fall of 1886 suddenly and unexpectedly resigned his portfolio. This act spread consternation in the ranks, and brought down upon him the denunciation of the Conservative press. Gladstone and his followers openly rejoiced at the dispute, and Churchill at once returned to his early tactics of independence.

Lord Randolph Churchill continued a striking figure in British politics until four years ago, when his health failed. There were many rumors as to the cause of his leaving England on a hunting trip in the interior of Africa. He had never lived the life of the average man about town in London, and no one could accuse him of following the footsteps of his brother, the notorious Marquis of Blandford. He simply broke down from overwork, sitting in the House of Commons night after night, often until daylight, and would then assist Lady Randolph Churchill in social functions. These combined taxed him too heavily and nature succumbed.

The bitter fight which he led in the home of Radicalism and Joseph Chamberlain, and succeeded in wresting one of the Birmingham seats for himself in the election, utterly broke him down. Nervous prostration ensued. The trip to Africa proved unavailing. Then came the utter collapse while speaking in the Commons on the royal grants early last year. Friends and enemies alike deplored the termination of the once brilliant career.

## A PERILOUS STAIR: NOËMI, THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER

BY S. BARING-GOULD

A selected reading from *Noëmi*. By S. Baring-Gould. Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Jean del' Peyra was standing scraping a staff to form a lance-shaft. The sun shone hot upon him, and at his feet lay his shadow as a blot.

He was too much engrossed in his work to look about him, till he heard a voice call from somewhere above his head—

"Out of the way, clown!"

Then there crashed down by him a log of wood that rolled to his feet and was followed by another piece.

Now only did Jean look up, and what he saw made him drop his half-finished shaft and forget it. What Jean saw was this: a girl at some distance above him on the face of the rock, swaying a long-handled hammer, with which she was striking at and dislodging the steps by which she had ascended, and by means of which alone could she return.

The cliff was of white limestone, or rather chalk, not such as Dover headlands are composed of, and which have given their name to Albion, but infinitely more compact and hard, though scarcely less white. The appearance of the stone was that of fine-grained white limestone. A modern geologist peering among its fossils would say it was chalk. But the period of this tale far antedates the hatching out of the first geologist.

The cliff was that of La Roque Gageac, that shoots up from the Dordogne to the height of four hundred and sixty feet above the river. The lower portion is, however, not perpendicular; it consists of a series of ledges and rapid inclines, on which stands clustered, clinging to the rock, the town of Gageac. But two-thirds of the height is not merely a sheer precipice—it overhangs. Half-way up this sheer precipice the weather has gnawed into the rock, where was a bed of softer stone, forming a horizontal cavern, open to the wind and rain, with a roof, extending some forty feet, unsupported, above the hard bed that served as floor.

At some time unknown a stair had been contrived in the face of the rock, to reach this terrace a hundred feet above the roofs of the houses below; and then a castle had been built in the cave, consisting of towers and guard-rooms, halls and kitchens; a well had been sunk in the heart of the mountain, and this impregnable fastness had been made into a habitation for man.

It could be reached in but one way, by the stair from below. It could not be reached from above, for the rock overhung the castle walls. But the stair itself was a perilous path, and its construction a work of ingenuity. To make the position—the eagle-nest in the rock—absolutely inaccessible to an enemy, the stair had been contrived so that it could be wrecked by those flying up it, with facility, and that thereby they might cut off possibility of pursuit.

The method adopted was this. Holes had been bored into the rock-face in gradual ascent from the platform at the foot of the rock to the gate-tower of the castle, nestled on the platform in the precipice. In each such hole a balk or billet of wood was planted, sliced away below where it entered, and this end was

then made fast by a wedge driven in under it. From each step, when once secured, that above it could next be made firm. To release the steps a tap from underneath sufficed to loosen the wedge and send it and the balk it supported clattering down.

And now the girl was striking away these steps. What was her purpose? Had she considered what she was doing? To destroy the means of ascent was easy enough; to replace it a labor exacting time and patience. Was she a fool? was she mad? There was some method in her madness, for she had not knocked away a succession of steps, but two only, with one left in position between.

"Ware, fool!" And down the face of the rock and clattering to his feet fell a third.

This was too much. Jean ran to the foot of the stair and hastened up it till he reached the gap. Further he could not proceed—a step had been dislodged; the next remained intact. Then came another break, a second step in place, and then the third break. Above that stood the girl, swinging the long-handled mallet with which she had loosened the wedges and struck down the steps they held up. She was a handsome girl with dusky skin, but warm with blood under it, dark, loose hair, and large, deep-brown eyes. She stood, athletic, graceful, poised on her stage, swaying the hammer, looking defiantly, insolently, at the youth, with lips half open and pouting.

"Do you know what you are about, madcap?" said he.

"Perfectly. Making you keep your distance, fool."

"Keep distance!" said the youth. "I had no thought of you. I was not pursuing you—I did not know you were here!"

"And now I have woke you to see me."

"What of that? You had acted like a mad thing. I cannot help you, I cannot leap to you. Nothing would make me do so."

"Nothing? Not if I said, 'Come, assist me down?'"

"I could not leap the space. See you—if one step only were thrown down I might venture, but not when every alternate one between us is missing. To leap up were to insure my fall at the next gap."

"I do not need your help. I can descend. I can spring from one step to the next over the gaps."

"And risk a fall and a broken neck?"

"Then there is one madcap the less in this world."

"For what have you done this?"

"A prank."

"A prank! Yes; but to replace the steps takes time and pains."

"I shall expend neither on them."

"It will give trouble to others."

"If it amuses me, what care I?" The young man looked at the strange girl with perplexity.

"If every peg of wood were away," said she, "I could yet descend."

"How? Are you a bird—can you fly? Not a cat, not a squirrel could run up or down this rock."

"Fool! I should slip down by the rope. Do you not know that there is a windlass? Do you suppose they

take their kegs of wine, their meat, their bread, their fuel up this spider-stair? I tell you that there is a rope, and at the end of it a bar of wood. They let this down and bring up what they want affixed to the bar. At pleasure, any man may go up or down that way. Do you not see? It must be so. If they were fast and all the ladders were gone, how should they ever descend? Why, they could not mend the stairs from aloft. It must be done step by step from below. Do you see that, fool?"

"I see that perfectly."

"Very well; I have but to run up, make love to the custodian, and he would swing me down. There; it is easy done!"

"You had best cast down the hammer and let me replace the steps."

"I'll come down without them and without a rope. I can leap. If I cannot creep up as a cat, I can spring down like one—aye! and like a squirrel, too, from one lodging-place to another. Stand back and see me!"

"Stay!" said Jean. "Why run the risk when not needed?"

"Because I like the risk—it is pepper and mustard to my meat of life. Stand back, clown, or I will spring and strike you over—and down you go and crack your foolish pate."

"If I go, you go also—do you not see that?"

"Look aloft!" said the girl. "Up in that nest, whenever the English are about, up goes into it the Bishop of Sarlat, and he takes with him all his treasure, his gold cups and patens, his shrines for holy bones all set with gems, and his bags of coin. There he sits like an old gray owl, Towhit! towahoo—towhit! towahoo! and he looks out this way, that—to see where houses are burning and smoke rises, and when at night the whole world is besprent with red fires, as the sky is with stars, where farms and homesteads are burning. And he says, 'Towhit! towahoo! I have my cups and my patens and my coin-bags, and my dear little holy bones, all safe here. Towhit! towahoo! And, best of all, I am safe—my unholy old bones also, whoo! whoo! whoo! Nobody can touch me—whoo! whoo! whoo!'"

"Is he there now?"

"No, he is not. There is no immediate danger. Only a few as guard, that is all. If I were a man, I'd take the place and smoke the old owl out, and rob him of his plunder. I'd keep the shrines, and throw the holy rubbish away!"

"How would you do that?"

"I have been considering. I'd be let down over the edge of the cliff and throw in fireballs, till I had set the castle blazing."

"Then I'd have grappling-irons and crook them to the walls, and swing in under the ledge, and leap on the top of the battlements, and the place would fall. I'd cast the old bishop out if he would not go, and carry off all his cups and shrines and coins."

"It would be sacrilege!"

"Bah! What care I?" Then, after enjoying the astonishment of the lad, she said: "With two or three bold spirits it might be done. Will you join me? Be my mate, and we will divide the plunder." She burst into a merry laugh. "It would be sport to smoke out the old owl and send him flying down through the air, blinking and towhooing, to break his wings, or his neck, or his crown there—on those stones below."

"I'm not English—I'm no brigand!" answered the young man vehemently.

"I'm English!" said the girl.

"What? An English woman or devil?"

"I'm English—I'm Gascon. I'm anything where there is diversion to be got and plunder to be obtained. Oh, but we live in good times! Deliver me from others where there is nothing doing, no sport, no 'chevauchée,'\* no spoil, no fighting."

Then, suddenly, she threw away the hammer and spread her arms as might a bird preparing to fly, bent her lithe form as might a cricket to leap.

"Stand aside! Go back! 'Ware, I am coming!"

The lad hastily beat a retreat down the steps. He could do no other. Each step was but two feet in length from the rock. There was no hand-rail; no two persons could pass on it. Moreover, the impetus of the girl, if she leapt from one foothold to the next, and the next, and then again to the stair where undamaged, would be prodigious; she would require the way clear that she might descend bounding, swinging down the steep flight, two stages at a leap, till she reached the bottom. An obstruction would be fatal to her and fatal to him who stood in her way.

No word of caution, no dissuasion was of avail. In her attitude, in the flash of her eyes, in the tone of her voice, in the thrill that went through her agile frame, Jean saw that the leap was inevitable. He therefore hastened to descend, and when he reached the bottom, turned to see her bound.

He held his breath. The blood in his arteries stood still. He set his teeth, and all the muscles of his body contracted as with the cramp.

He saw her leap.

Once started, nothing could arrest her.

On her left-hand was the smooth face of the rock, without even a blade of grass, a harebell, a tuft of juniper growing out of it. On her right was void. If she tripped, if she missed her perch, if she miscalculated her weight, if she lost confidence for one instant, if her nerve gave way in the slightest, if she was not true of eye, nimble of foot, certain in judging distance, then she would shoot down just as had the logs she had cast below.

As certainly as he saw her fall would Jean spring forward in the vain hope of breaking her fall, as certainly to be struck down and perish with her.

One—a whirl before his eyes. As well calculate her leaps as count the spokes in a wheel as it revolves on the road.

One—two—three—thirty—a thousand—nothing!

"There, clown!"

She was at the bottom, her hands extended, her face flushed with excitement and pleasure.

"You see—what I can dare and do."

There boiled up in the youth's heart a feeling of wrath and indignation against the girl who in sheer wantonness had imperiled her life and had given to him a moment of spasm, of apprehension.

Looking full into her glittering brown eyes, he said—

"You have cast at me ill names. I have been to you but clown and fool; I have done nothing to merit such titles; I should never have thrown a thought away on

\* A "chevauchée" was an expedition to ravage a tract of country. Originally it signified a feudal service due from a vassal to his seigneur in private wars.

you, but have gone on scraping my shaft, had not you done a silly thing—a silly thing. Acted like a fool, and a fool only!"

"You dare not do what I have done."

"If there be a need I will do it. If I do it for a purpose there is no folly in it. That is folly where there is recklessness for no purpose."

"I had a purpose!"

"A purpose!—what? To call my attention to you, to make me admire your daring, all to no end. Or was it in mere inconsiderate prank? A man is not brave merely because he is so stupid that he does not see the consequences before him. A blind man may walk where I should shrink from treading. And stupidity blinds some eyes that they run into danger and neither see nor care for the danger or for the consequences that will ensue on their rashness."

The girl flushed with anger.

"I am not accustomed to be spoken to thus," she said, and stamped her foot on the platform.

"All the better for you that it is spoken at last."

"And who are you that dare say it?"

"I—I am Jean del' Peyra."

The girl laughed contemptuously. "I never heard the name."

"I have told you my name, what is yours?" asked the boy, and he picked up his staff and began once more to point it.

There was indifference in his tone, indifference in the act, that exasperated the girl. "You do not care—I will not say."

"No," he answered, scraping leisurely at the wood.

"I do not greatly care. Why should I? You have shown me to-day that you do not value yourself, and you do not suppose, then, that I can esteem one who does not esteem herself."

"You dare say that!" The girl flared into fury. She stooped to pick up the hammer. Jean put his foot on it.

"No," said he. "You would use that, I suppose, to knock out my brains, because I show you no homage, because I say that you have acted as a fool, that your bravery is that of a fool, that your thoughts—aye, your thoughts of plunder and murder against the Bishop of Sarlat, your old owl—towhit, towhee!—are the thoughts of a fool. No—I do not care for the name of a fool."

"Why did you run up the steps? Why did you cry to me to desist from knocking out the posts? Why concern yourself a mite about me, if you so despise me?" gasped the girl, and it seemed as though the words shot like flames from her lips.

"Because we are of like blood—that is all!" answered Jean, coolly.

"Like blood! Hear him—hear him! He and I—he—he and I of like blood, and he a del' Peyra! And I—I am a Noémi!"

"So—Noémi! That is your name?"

"And I," continued the girl in her raging wrath, "I—learn this—I am the child of Le Gros Guillem. Have you ever heard of the Gros Guillem?" she asked in a tone of triumph, like the blast of a victor's trumpet.

Jean lowered his staff and looked steadily at her. His brows were contracted, his lips were set firm.

"So!" he said, after a pause. "The daughter of Gros Guillem?"

"Aye—have you heard of him?"

"Of course I have heard of him."

"And of the del' Peyras who ever heard?" asked the girl with mockery, and snapped her fingers.

"No—God be thanked!—of the del' Peyras you have never heard as of the Gros Guillem."

"The grapes—the grapes are sour!" scoffed the girl.

"I wonder at nothing you have done," said the boy sternly, "since you have told me whence you come. Of the thorn—thorns; of the nettle—stings; of the thistle—thistles—all after their kind. No! God be praised!" The boy took off his cap and looked up. "The Gros Guillem and my father, Ogier del' Peyra, are not to be spoken of in one sentence here, nor will be from the White Throne on the Day of Doom."

Looking steadily at the girl seething with anger, with mortified pride, and with desire to exasperate him, he said: "I should never have thought you sprang from the Gros Guillem. The likeness must be in the heart; it is not in the face."

"Have you seen my father?" asked the girl.

"I have never seen him, but I have heard of him."

"What have you heard?"

"That he is very tall and spider-like in build; they call him 'le gros' in jest, for he is not stout, but very meagre. He has long hands and feet, and a long head with red hair, and pale face with sunspots, and very faint blue eyes, under thick red brows. That is what I am told Le Gros Guillem is like. But you——"

"Describe me—go on!"

"No!" answered Jean. "There is no need. You see yourself every day in the glass. When there is no glass you look at yourself in the water; when no water, you look at yourself in your nails."

"When there is no water, I look at myself in your eyes, and see a little brown creature there—that is me. Allons!"

She began to laugh. Much of her bad temper had flown; she was a girl of rapidly changing moods.

It was true that she was mirrored in Jean del' Peyra's eyes. He was observing her attentively. Never before had he seen so handsome a girl, with olive, transparent skin, through which the flush of color ran like summer lightning in a summer cloud—such red lips, such rounded cheek and chin; such an easy, graceful figure! The magnificent burnished black hair was loose and flowing over her shoulders; and her eyes!—they had the fire of ten thousand flints lurking in them and flashing out at a word.

"How come you here?" asked Jean, in a voice less hard and in a tone less indifferent than before. "This place, La Roque Gageac, is not one for a daughter of Le Gros Guillem. Here we are French. At Domme they are English, and that is the place for your father."

"Ah!" said the girl in reply, "among us women French or English are all the same. We are both and we are neither. I suppose you are French?"

"Yes, I am French."

"And a Bishop's man?"

"I live on our own land—Del Peyraland, at Ste. Soure."

"And I am with my aunt here. My father considers Domme a little too rough a place for a girl. He has sent me hither. At the gates they did not ask me if I were French or English. They let me through, but not my father's men. They had to ride back to Domme."

"He cannot come and see you here?"

The girl laughed. "If he were to venture here, they would hang him—not give him half an hour to make his peace with heaven!—hang him—hang him as a dog!"

"So!—and you are even proud of such a father!"

"So!—and even I am proud to belong to one whose name is known. I thank my good star I do not belong to a nobody of whom none talk, even as an Ogier del' Peyra."

"You are proud of your father—of Le Gros Guillem!" exclaimed Jean; and now his brow flushed with anger, and his eye sparkled. "Proud of that 'routier' and 'rouffien,'\* who is the scourge, the curse, of the country round! Proud of the man that has desolated our land, has made happy wives into wailing widows, and glad children into despairing orphans; who has wrecked churches, and drunk—blaspheming God at the time—out of the gold chalices; who has driven his sword into the bowels of his own mother country, and has scorched her beautiful face with his firebrands. I know of Le Gros Guillem—who does not?—know of him by the curses that are raised by his ill-deeds, the hatred he has sown, the vows of vengeance that are registered——"

"Which he laughs at," interrupted Noémi.

"Which he laughs at now," pursued the boy angrily, and anger gave fluency to his tongue. "But do you not suppose that a day of reckoning will arrive? Is Heaven deaf to the cries of the sufferers? Is Humanity all-enduring, and never likely to revolt—and, when she does, to exact a terrible revenge? The laborer asks for naught but to plow his land in peace, the merchant nothing but to be allowed to go on his journey unmolested, the priest has no higher desire than to say his mass in tranquillity. And all this might be but for Le Gros Guillem and the like of him. Let the English keep their cities and their provinces; they belong to them by right. But is Le Gros Guillem English? Was Perducat d'Albret English? What of Le petit Mesquin? of the Archpriest? of Cervolle? Were they English? Are those real English faces that we fear and hate? Are they not the faces of our own countrymen, who call themselves English, that they may plunder and murder their fellow-countrymen and soak with blood and blast with fire the soil that reared them?"

Noémi was somewhat awed by his vehemence, but she said:

"Rather something to be talked about than a nothing at all."

"Wrong, utterly wrong!" said Jean. "Rather be the storm that bursts and wrecks all things than be still, beneficent Nature in her order which brings to perfection? Any fool can destroy; it takes a wise man to build up. You—you fair and gay young spirit, tell me, have you ever seen that of which you speak so lightly, of which you jest as if it were a matter of pastime? Have you gone tripping after your father, treading in his bloody footprints, holding up your skirts lest they should touch the festering carcasses on either side the path he has trod?"

"No," answered the girl, and some of the color went out of her face, leaving it the finest, purest olive in tint.

"Then say no more about your wish to have a name

\* A "routier," a brigand who harassed the roads; a "rouffien," a dweller in the rocks, "rouffes."

as a 'routier' and to be the terror of the country-side, till you experience what it is that terrorizes the land."

"One must live," said Noémi.

Then Noémi caught his wrist and drew him aside under an archway. Her quick eye had seen the castellan coming that way; he had not been in the castle in the face of the rock, but in the town; and he was now on his way back. He would find the means of ascent broken, and must repair it before reaching his eyrie.

"Who is the fool now?" said Jean del' Peyra. "You, who were knocking away the steps below you, calculating that if you destroyed that stair you could still descend by the custodian's rope and windlass. See—he was not there. You would have been fast as a prisoner till the ladder was restored; and small bones would have been made of you, Gros Guillem's daughter, for playing such a prank as that!"

Unseen they watched the man storming, swearing, angrily gathering up the pegs and wedges and the hammer, and ascending the riskful flight of steps to replace the missing pieces of wood in their sockets, and peg them firmly and sustainingly with their wedges.

"What you did in your thoughtlessness, that your father and the like of him do in their viciousness, and do on a grander scale," said Jean. "They are knocking away the pegs in the great human ladder, destroying the sower with his harvest, the merchant with his trade, the mason, the carpenter, the weaver with their crafts, the scholar with his learning, the man of God with his lessons of peace and good will. And at last Le Gros Guillem and such as he will be left alone, above a ruined world on the wreckage of which he has mounted, to starve, when there is nothing more to be got, because the honest getters have all been struck down. Who is the fool now?"

"Have done?" said the girl impatiently. "You have moralized enough—you should be a clerk!"

"We are all made moralists when we see honesty trampled under foot. Well for you, Noémi, with your light head and bad heart——"

"My bad heart!"

"Aye, your bad heart. Well for you that you are a harmless girl and not a boy, or you would have followed quick in your father's steps and built yourself up as hateful a name."

"I, a harmless girl?"

"Yes, a harmless girl. Your hands are feeble, and however malicious your heart, you can do none a mischief, save your own self."

"You are sure of that?"

"Mercifully it is so. The will to hurt and ruin may be present, but you are weak and powerless to do the harm you would."

"Is a woman so powerless?"

"Certainly."

She ran up a couple of steps, caught him by the shoulders, stooped, and kissed him on the lips, before he was aware what she was about to do.

"Say that again! A woman is weak! A woman cannot ravage and burn, and madden and wound—not with a sword and a firebrand, but——"

She stooped. The boy was bewildered—his pulses leaping, his eye on fire, his head reeling. She kissed him again.

"These are her weapons!" said Noémi. "Who is the fool now?"

## THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

### Napoleon's Red Spectre

JOHN W. WRIGHT.....ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

That Napoleon I. was a remarkable personage, taken all around, goes without saying. The greatest general of modern or perhaps of any times, yet withal a wonderful combination of strong-mindedness and weak groveling to superstitious fancies. As some writer has said, "He was all star and destiny." This star seems to have been the ruling omen of his entire career. Its twinklings nerved him at the battle of the Pyramids and beckoned him on to the expedition to Moscow; and even though that turned out to be one of the most disastrous moves he ever made, he never lost faith in the omen for a single instant. I shall never forget how absorbed I became in reading Rapp's account of the great general's abstraction when gazing on his star of destiny from his palace window.

"Look there; up there!" said Napoleon.

"I see nothing but the pale, twinkling stars," returned Rapp, quietly.

"What!" exclaimed the Emperor, excitedly, "is it possible that you do not see my star—the fiery red one, almost as large as the moon? It is before you now, and oh, how brilliant!" Then, warming up at the sight, he fairly shrieked as he cried out: "It has never abandoned me for a single instant; I see it on all great occasions; it commands me to go forward; it is my sign of good fortune, and where it leads I will follow." Rapp said that he fairly screamed as he uttered the words, "I will follow," and that his face was livid as he seated himself in confusion and suppressed excitement.

Whether or not the Red Spectre visited Napoleon that night after Rapp retired, we are not informed. It is known, however, that a spirit, dressed in red and shaped like a man, visited him on several occasions when the star was shining with unwonted brightness. The last time this spectral apparition appeared to the Emperor was on January 1, 1814, when he came to the great general's palace and asked admission of the guards. Early in the morning of that day Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet, bidding Count Mole, then Counselor of State and afterward grand judge of the empire, to remain in an adjoining room and to admit no one to the royal presence. Hardly had an hour passed before an individual, fantastically dressed in red trousers, blouse, and cap, appeared in the hallway. He was halted by the guard just as Mole appeared on the scene. When informed that the Emperor was busy and must not be interrupted, the Red Man grew impatient and declared he must see Napoleon, and him alone.

"I must see him. Tell him the Red Man is waiting for an audience." Trembling violently and awed almost to speechlessness at the imperious and commanding tone of the red apparition, Mole again tiptoed to the door of the royal chamber and announced the presence of the Red Man. Napoleon, "the man of iron," blanched as white as a ghost; his arms dropped nerveless to his side, allowing a costly mirror which he was holding in his hands to fall and break into a million of pieces as they did so. Although it was plain that the announcement had completely unnerved him, he managed to give orders for the unwelcome guest to be

admitted. After the door was closed Mole, prompted by curiosity, held his ear to the door and, as he afterward attested on oath, heard the conversation.

"General," said the Red Spectre, "this is the third time I have appeared before you as a man. The first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids; the second, after the battle of Wagram. On the occasion of our meeting at Wagram I granted you four more years in which to terminate the conquest of all Europe or to make a general peace, threatening that if you did not perform one of these two things within the allotted time, I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come for the third and last time to warn you that you have but three short months of power. In three months from this hour the Allies will be invading Paris if you do not take my advice and sue for peace. A general peace must be perfected within ninety days, else otherwise your power will be confined to a small, bleak island of the sea; so remember, all will be over with you if you do not achieve a conquest or accede to peace."

In vain did Napoleon expostulate with this cardinal spectre, who sat with as much ease in the presence of the great emperor as the emperor himself would in the presence of his most common subject. "It will be entirely out of the question to either conquer or make peace on honorable terms in the short space of three months," he said. "Do as you please," returned the Red Man, "but I will not change my resolution. Now I go," he said, as he opened the door and strode down the hall, followed by the Emperor and Mole, who pretended to have been standing on guard at the second door from the room in which the remarkable conversation had been held. His imperial majesty begged of the Red Man to stay, but all to no purpose. "Three months—no longer," shouted the spectre, as he disappeared at the end of the hall.

March 13, 1814, just three months from the time of the red ghost's visit, the Allies were in Paris and Napoleon's abdication followed four days later, when all his possessions were wrested from him, and he, the great Napoleon, made sovereign over the miserable little island of Elba—the same the Red Man had held up to the mind's eye of the great general in the prophetic conversation on January 1. The main points in the remarkable narration as given above are from official documents, signed by both Counselor Mole and the guard, Basil de Migne—the former as one who had heard the prophetic conversation and the latter as one who had attempted, without success, to bar out the Red Spectre when he first applied for admission. The court dignitaries at the French capital have long been acquainted with the story of Napoleon and his famous visits from the Red Spectre, but it has never become the property of the general public.

### An Experience in Dying

DR. WILTSE'S STATEMENT....THE GLASGOW CITIZEN

Dr. Wiltse, of the St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal, when in full possession of all his faculties, appeared to come to the moment of death in the last stage of typhus fever. He discussed with his family the arguments in favor of immortality. His voice failed and his strength weakened, and, as a last effort, he stif-

fened his legs and lay for four hours as dead, the church-bell being rung for his death. A needle was thrust into various portions of his body from the feet to the hips without having any effect. He was pulseless for a long time, and for nearly half an hour he appeared absolutely dead. While his body was lying in this death-like trance his soul was disengaging itself from its tabernacle.

Dr. Wiltse, describing his own experience, says that he woke up out of unconsciousness into a state of conscious existence, and discovered that the soul was in the body but not of it. He says: "With all the interest of a physician, I beheld the wonders of my bodily anatomy, intimately interwoven with which, even tissue for tissue, was I, the living soul of that dead body. I learned that the epidermis was the outside boundary of the ultimate tissues, so to speak, of the soul. I realized my condition, and reasoned calmly thus: I have died, as men term death, and yet I am as much a man as ever. I am about to get out of the body. I watched the interesting process of the separation of soul and body.

"By some power, apparently not my own, the Ego was rocked to and fro, laterally, as a cradle is rocked, by which process its connection with the tissues of the body was broken up. After a little time the lateral motion ceased and along the soles of the feet, beginning at the toes, passing rapidly to the heels, I felt and heard, as it seemed, the snapping of innumerable small cords. When this was accomplished, I began slowly to retreat from the feet toward the head, as a rubber cord shortens. I remember reaching the hips and saying to myself: 'Now there is no life below the hips.' I can recall no memory of passing through the abdomen and chest, but recollect distinctly when my whole self was collected into the head, when I reflected thus: 'I am all in the head now and I shall soon be free.' I passed around the brain as if I were hollow, compressing it and its membranes slightly on all sides toward the centre, and peeped out between the sutures of the skull, emerging like the flattened edges of a bag of membranes. I recollect distinctly how I appeared to myself something like a jelly-fish as regards color and form. As I emerged from the head I floated up and down and laterally like a soap-bubble attached to the bowl of a pipe, until I at last broke loose from the body and fell lightly upon the floor, where I slowly arose and expanded into the full stature of a man. I seemed to be translucent, of a bluish cast, and perfectly naked. With a painful sense of embarrassment I fled toward the partially open door to escape the eyes of the two ladies whom I was facing, as well as others whom I knew were about me; but upon reaching the door I found myself clothed, and, satisfied upon that point, I turned and faced the company.

"As I turned, my left elbow came in contact with the arm of one of two gentlemen who were standing in the door. To my surprise, his arm went through mine without apparent resistance, the severed parts closing again without pain, as air unites. I looked quickly up at his face to see if he had noticed the contact, but he gave me no sign—only stood and gazed upward toward the couch I had just left. I directed my gaze in the direction of his, and saw my own dead body. I saw a number of persons sitting and standing about the body, and particularly noticed two women apparently kneeling by my left side, and I knew that they were weeping. I have since learned that they were my wife and my sister, but I had no conception of individuality.

Wife, sister, or friend were as one to me. I did not remember any conditions of relationship; at least I did not think of any. I could distinguish sex, but nothing further. Not one lifted her eyes from my body.

"I turned and passed out at the open door, inclining my head and watching where I set my feet as I stepped down on to the porch. I crossed the porch, descended the steps, walked down the path, and into the street. There I stopped and looked about me. I never saw that street more distinctly than I saw it then. I took note of the redness of the soil and of the washes the rain had made. I took a rather pathetic look about me, like one who is about to leave his home for a long time. Then I discovered that I had become larger than I was in earth-life, and congratulated myself thereupon. I was somewhat smaller in the body than I just liked to be; but in the next life, I thought, I am to be as I desired. My clothes, I noticed, had accommodated themselves to my increased stature, and I fell to wondering where they came from, and how they got on to me so quickly and without my knowledge. I examined the fabric, and judged it to be some kind of Scotch material—a good suit, I thought, but not handsome; still neat and good enough. The coat fits loosely, too, and that is well for summer. 'How well I feel!' I thought. 'Only a few minutes ago I was horribly sick and distressed. Then came that change called death, which I have so much dreaded. It is past now, and here am I still a man, alive and thinking—yes, thinking as clearly as ever; and how well I feel!'"

He walked on at a swift but pleasant rate of speed until he arrived at a narrow but well-built roadway, inclined upward at an angle of twenty-five degrees. It was about as far above the tree-tops as it was below the clouds. The roadway seemed to have no support, but was built of milky quartz and white sand. Feeling very lonely, he looked for a companion, and, as a man dies every twenty minutes, he thought he ought not to have to wait long. But he could see no one. At last, when he was beginning to feel very miserable, a face full of ineffable love and tenderness appeared to him. Right in front of him he saw three prodigious rocks blocking the road. A voice spoke to him from a thunder-cloud, saying: "This is the road to the Eternal World; once you pass there you can no more return to the body." There were four entrances, one very dark; the other three led into a cool, quiet and beautiful country. He desired to go in, but when he reached the exact centre of the rock he was suddenly stopped. He became unconscious again, and when he awoke he was lying in his bed. He awoke to consciousness and soon recovered. He wrote out this narrative eight weeks after his strange experience, but he told the story to those at the bedside as soon as he revived.

### Surgery and Superstition

FRANK REDE FOWKE.....NATURE

To those unversed in the history of surgery it may come as a surprise that many of the appliances commonly regarded as the inventions of yesterday, are but the perfected forms of implements long in use. It is astonishing to find among the small bronzes of the National Museum at Naples, bistouries, forceps, cupping-vessels, trochars for tapping, bivalvular and trivalvular specula, an elevator for raising depressed portions of the skull, and other instruments of advanced construction which

differ but little from their modern congeners. The invention of such instruments, and the skill displayed in their construction, presupposes a long period of surgical practice. We find, accordingly, that four hundred years before our era, Hippocrates was performing numerous operations bold to the verge of recklessness. Thus he was accustomed to employ the trepan, not only in depression of the skull or for similar accidents, but also in cases of headache and other affections to which, according to our ideas, the process was singularly inapplicable. Strangely enough, the Montenegrins are, or recently were, accustomed to get themselves trepanned for similar trifling ailments, and it is probable that in both instances the procedure was but the surviving custom of primeval ages.

That such operations were then performed Dr. Robert Munro, in an admirable article upon prehistoric trepanning, conclusively shows. His paper records a strange blending of the sciences of medicine and theology in their initial stages; for, while he makes it clear that during the neolithic period a surgical operation was practiced (chiefly on children) which consisted in making an opening through the skull for the treatment of certain internal maladies, he renders it equally evident that the skulls of those individuals who survived the ordeal were considered as possessed of particular mystic properties. And he shows that when such individuals died fragments were often cut from their skulls, which were used as amulets—a preference being given to such as were cut from the margin of the cicatrized opening. The discovery arose as follows: In the year 1873 Dr. Prunières exhibited to the French Association for the Advancement of Science an oval cut from a human parietal bone, which he had discovered in a dolmen near Marvejols, embedded in a skull to which it had not originally belonged. His suggestion that it was an amulet was confirmed on the discovery of similar fragments of bone grooved or perforated to facilitate suspension. When Dr. Prunière's collection was examined by Dr. Paul Broca, he pointed out that that portion of the margin of the bone which had been described as "polished" owed its texture to cicatricial deposits in the living body, and that, where these were wanting, death had ensued before the pathological action was set up, or the operation had been post mortem. These discoveries led to widespread investigation, and to the production of trepanned skulls from Peru, from North America, and from nearly every country of Europe. These were not restricted to any particular race or period, but ranged from the earliest neolithic age to historic times, and included skulls of dolichocephalic and brachycephalic types. The method of conducting the operation appears to have been to gradually scrape the skull with a sharp flint, though there is occasional evidence of its use in a sawing manner, such as obtained when the ruder implement was superseded by one of metal. The process was almost exclusively practiced upon children, probably on account of the facility with which it could then be accomplished, and possibly also as an early precaution against those evils for which it was esteemed a prophylactic. What the dreaded evils were was suggested by Dr. Broca, who, while he believed that the operation was primarily conducted for therapeutic purposes, saw behind these the apprehension of a supernatural or demoniacal influence. Readers of Lenormant's *Chaldean Magic* will remember "the wicked demon

which seizes the body, which disturbs the body," and that "the disease of the forehead proceeds from the infernal regions, it is come from the dwelling of the lord of the abyss." With such an antiquated record before us it is, therefore, by no means an extravagant theory to broach, as Dr. Broca has done, that many of the convulsions of childhood, which disappear in adult life, were regarded as the result of demoniacal possession. This being granted, what more natural than to assist the escape of the imprisoned spirit by boring a hole in the skull which formed his prison. When a patient survived the operation, he became a living witness to the conquest of a fiend, and it is comprehensible that a fragment of his skull, taken after death from the very aperture which had furnished the exit, would constitute a powerful talisman.

Chaldean demons, as we know, fled from representatives of their own hideous forms, and, if they were so sensitive on the score of personal appearance, others may have dreaded with equal keenness the tangible record of a previous defeat. It is certain that to cranial bones medicinal properties were ascribed—a belief in the efficacy of which persisted to the dawn of the eighteenth century; while, in recent years, such osseous relics were worn by aged Italians as charms against epilepsy and other nervous diseases. When once the dogma was promulgated that sanctity and a perforated skull were correlated, fond relatives might bore the heads of the departed to facilitate the exodus of any malignant influence still lingering within, and to ensure them, by the venerated aperture, a satisfactory position in their new existence. For similar reasons the bone amulet was buried with the deceased, and sometimes it was even placed within his skull.

Dr. Munro considers it hard to say for what purpose such an insertion should have been made, but, arguing from his data, the practice does not appear to me difficult of explanation. He has shown that disease was the work of a demon imprisoned in the skull; that this demon was expelled through the trepanned hole; and that its margins were thus sanctified for talismanic purposes. The unclean spirit was gone out of the man, and observation showed that, during the man's earthly existence, he did not return; but what guarantee was there that in the dim unknown region to which the deceased was passing the assaults of the evil one might not be renewed, that he might not return to his house whence he came out, and, with or without other spirits more wicked than himself, enter in and dwell in the swept and garnished abode? Surely, with such a possibility before them, it was the duty of pious mourners to offer all the protection that religion could suggest, and to defend the citadel with that potent amulet which recorded the previous discomfiture of the besieger. The post-mortem trepanning may have been such a pious endeavor to carry sacramental benefits beyond the grave as induced the early Christians to be baptized for the dead, and if there be truth in the deductions which have been made from the evidence, they point not only to a belief in the supernatural and in the existence of a future state, but also to that pathetic struggle of human love to penetrate the kingdom of death, which has persisted from the death of "Cain, the first male child, to him that did but yesterday suspire." The possibility of reasonably making such deductions from a few decayed bones is a remarkable proof of the progress of anthropological science.

## TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

*The Minstrel's Song...Thomas Chatterton...Poems*

O sing unto my roundelay;  
 O drop the briny tear with me;  
 Dance no more at holiday;  
 Like a running river be;  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,  
 White his neck as summer snow,  
 Ruddy his face as the morning light,  
 Cold he lies in the grave below.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,  
 Quick in dance as thought can be;  
 Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;  
 Oh, he lies by the willow-tree!  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
 In the brier'd dell below;  
 Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
 To the nightmares as they go.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow-tree.

See the white moon shines on high;  
 Whiter is my true love's shroud;

Whiter than the morning sky,  
 Whiter than the evening cloud.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow-tree.

*A Lament.....Percy Bysshe Shelley.....Poems*

Swifter far than summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
 Art thou come and gone;  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is sped,  
 As the heart when joy is fled,  
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow summer comes again,  
 The owl night resumes her reign,  
 But the wild swan youth is fain  
 To fly with thee, false as thou.  
 My heart each day desires the morrow;  
 Sleep itself is turn'd to sorrow:  
 Vainly would my winter borrow  
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,  
 Roses for a matron's head,  
 Violets for a maiden dead,  
 Pansies let my flowers be;  
 On the living grave I bear,  
 Scatter them without a tear;  
 Let no friend, however dear,  
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

*Ivry.....Thomas Babington Macaulay.....Poems*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!  
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of day,  
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:  
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
 Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin.  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.  
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;  
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey,  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
And the good Lord of Rosney has ta'en the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.  
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
Ho! Phillip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.  
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;  
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.  
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,  
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave:  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

*Ballad of Jael.....J. B. Greenwood.....Poems*

All day the battle raged by Kishon's stream,  
With varying fortune, but as night drew on  
With broken ranks the foe, who God blaspheme,  
Were backward driven; and the fight was won.

Then Sisera, leaping from his chariot, fled.  
The stars against him in their course had fought:  
Weary and footsore, wounded, hard-bested,  
In Heber's tent a refuge he besought.

And as she saw the fugitive approach  
Jael to greet him sped, with welcome smile;  
Bidding him enter, nor fear to encroach,  
But break bread with them and then rest awhile.

"He asked for water, and she gave him milk,  
She brought him butter in a lordly dish,"  
Then covering him with skins and 'broidered silk,  
Guarded the tent-door at his suppliant wish.

Her little child lay sleeping in its cot,  
Pillowing its head upon its dimpled arm,  
Lulled by the murmuring brooklet, rain begot,  
Ringed round with prayers to compass it from harm.

And trusting to his guest-right and her word,  
Her plighted word, the warrior deeply slept:  
No thought of perfidy his slumbers stirred,  
As, gliding like a snake, she toward him crept,

And taking in her hand the wooden pins  
And mallet that made fast the tent-cords round,  
She paused a moment—but the Tempter wins;  
Then, with fell blow, she nailed him to the ground.

"He bowed at her feet, he fell, he lay!"  
Pierced through the temples "at her feet he fell;  
And where he bowed he fell dead" the prey  
Of ravening vultures, their fierce cry his knell.

\* \* \*

O cruel deed of shame! O treachery base!  
O blighted word that lured him to his death!  
O perjured hostess, to thy sex disgrace!  
A woman, mother, murderess, in a breath!

Her cradled babe lies smiling in his sleep:  
She yearns to press him to her panting breast:  
But nevermore he to her arms will leap,  
The blood-stain on her soul has stained his nest!

She hears the wild carousals of the host:  
She hears her name in songs uplifted high;  
Of all their revels "Jael!" is the toast;  
O poor lost soul that fain would hide and die!

Her innocence is gone—how can she live?  
Her memory is a curse she must endure:  
Her motherhood—her son will scarce forgive;  
Her branded name will hasten to abjure.

What means that agonized, heart-broken cry;  
As of a soul from light and hope exiled:  
She gazes on her rifled nest tear-dry;  
The Lord who gave has taken away her child.

Is there no place of penitence for thee,  
Though, sorrowing, thou seek'st it, weeping sore?  
Yea, God hath means devised that none shall be  
Outcast from Him who, contrite, sin no more.

## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

### The Curse of Militarism

MARY E. LEASE...THE PROBLEM OF CIVILIZATION SOLVED\*

By far the most serious burden resting upon Christendom to-day is Militarism. Europe is one vast armed camp—and that, too, in a time of profound peace. Every article of comfort and luxury is taxed to its utmost to sustain an idle army so prodigious that the hordes of Xerxes, Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon were but clans of poorly-equipped semi-savages by comparison. Rome in her prime never mustered legions comparable in numbers and expense with the French army on its present peace footing. Babylon and Egypt failed in their palmiest times to send forth such swarms of warriors as Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy to-day are prepared to hurry to war equipped with engines of destruction, the cost alone of which might have appalled even diamond-decked Pharaoh of old.

This great burden falls with crushing pressure upon European society, already cursed with the twin evils of over-population and land monopoly. Taxes, amounting to virtual confiscation, are imposed upon the sorely-tried and impoverished poor, on whose shoulders capital adroitly shifts the load, until in self-defense the peasant becomes either an emigrant or an anarchist. To escape military service, or its burdens, the peasant, deeply imbued with anarchism, flees to America—if he can—and thus Europe dumps the product of her vicious system upon our shores to swell our already overflowing reservoir of labor. The riots and strikes, which so often paralyze American industry and commerce, are, therefore, clearly traceable to European causes. In the late Franco-Prussian war, where two millions of the grandest and bravest of mankind engaged in a duel of destruction, the expenditure of wealth and labor, not counting the lives sacrificed, was of such enormous proportion that the whole of Africa might have been prepared at less expense for the homes of twenty millions of European families, its lands colonized by a hundred million Asiatics and its fields planted by them to grain and fruits.

We of the United States often talk in disapproval of the Militarism of Europe, forgetting the fact that our own army of pensioners costs us about one hundred and sixty millions annually, to which must be added forty millions more for our small and very useless standing army, making a total of two hundred millions of annual expense, fully equal to that of the vast armies of France and Germany. But our pension system should not be condemned; it is but an act of justice entailed by a false system: that of warfare and militarism, which more than all else has retarded the development of the human family and fettered its happiness. Yet this burden of ours is a great drain upon the resources of a nation even so young and vigorous as our own, for it absorbs the profits on thirty-two hundred millions of national values. The War of the Rebellion cost this nation a sum so great that we, the richest and most vigorous of all countries, still feel its effects, for it entailed a debt of bonds and pensions aggregating not less than the inconceivable sum of six billion dollars, while the destruction of life and property

cost an additional loss to the nation of not less than two billions more, making the staggering aggregate of eight thousands of millions of dollars—more than a thousand dollars to each family existing in the United States at the close of that war.

Had that prodigious expenditure of wealth, labor, diplomacy and blood been devoted to the betterment of the condition of the masses of this nation, we now should not be laboring in the throes of an "Era of Depression." Men or nations, after spending their best days in a drunken debauch, may with poor grace exclaim: "An Era of Depression," or "A Visitation of Providence." Nations or individuals who indulge in such excesses of passion are only inviting disaster and stern retribution. The hideous anarchist, in all his unspeakable moral deformity, is but an offspring of such wanton conditions of mankind. The prodigal waste of the War of the Rebellion might have secured to the United States the political control of both North and South America. Every acre of land in Latin America might have been bought and divided into estates, with intelligent white men as planters. A hundred and fifty millions of the starving Hindoos and rat-eating denizens of China might have been transported thither as tenants to homes of ease and plenty, while the new markets thus secured in a country destined by nature to non-manufacturing pursuits, would have brought riches, beyond the wealth of Solomon, to the remaining half of our population.

Yet the folly of this mistake is being reaped by our good business man, who dodges the dynamite bomb as best he can, and by the poverty-crushed proletariat who feels justified in committing any crime against society, while riots, lockouts, strikes and outrages multiply in appalling ratio. Meanwhile the alleged statesman of the average Caucasian nation hies away to his cellar, yacht or country-house, and rolling up his eyes to heaven, and raising his white hands in mild protest, exclaims: "Whither are we drifting?" Thus we see what untold evils the one war of our recent history has entailed upon the nation. Ah, well! we were young and impetuous then; but doubtless our finger-burning may teach us the lesson of not meddling with fire in our more mature national life. But poor old Europe, burdened with twenty billions of war debts—menaced by anarchism and Russian aggression—is standing over a volcano, for it seems that nothing short of a general disarmament will avert one of the bloodiest wars of history. She has those triple problems, the Eastern Question, the Nationalization of Races, and the Partition of Asia and Africa to settle, before she can turn the sword into the pruning-hook of blessed peace.

The standing armies of Europe in times of peace aggregate about four millions of men, with an expenditure, including that of the navies, of not less than a billion of dollars annually. Added to this is the loss of labor of the young and vigorous citizens taken from the ranks of the people to become a public burden. This loss sustained by the nations is fully as great as that of maintaining the soldier, which makes a total annual loss to mankind of two thousand millions of dollars. The vast national debts of Europe and America, amounting

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to twenty-seven billions of dollars, with an interest charge of about five per cent., adds another thirteen hundred and fifty millions, making the burden of civilization reach the astounding total of thirty-three hundred and fifty millions annually. This absorbs the profit of a valuation as great as the entire wealth of Great Britain, France and Italy.

How long can the civilized world stand this frightful drain upon its resources? Possibly ten, or at most twenty years longer. Should Europe adjust its differences by arbitration, and thereby settle the Eastern question, the nationalization of races in the Latin Union and the Germanic Confederation, and the partition of the Old World among the four great powers, a general disarmament of the world would speedily ensue. Should this be accomplished, one-half the cost of maintaining those huge and impoverishing equipments would be saved. This vast sum—a billion of dollars annually—could be diverted to the purpose of colonizing Africa with white planters and negro and oriental tenantry. Twenty years would suffice to transport thither one-half of the families of Western Europe and three times as many more from India and China. In this way only can the Goth and Vandal be met and vanquished, for thereby the frontiers of Russia would be permanently delimited, her career of conquest would end for ever, while the anarchist would go to the tropics to become a planter and a maker of new markets for the commercial and manufacturing centres of his mother country.

That we are about to witness the consummation of this blessed result, there is but little doubt; yet the way is beset by grave difficulties and dangers. America must be converted to the wisdom of the course of a federation of the Americas under the leadership of the United States. All the Americas must become a mighty sisterhood of nations under the all-powerful protection of Uncle Sam. Then the valleys of the Amazon, Parana and Orinoco, and the plateaux of Mexico, Guiana and Brazil will be open to settlement by white planters and oriental tillers of the soil. Yet Europe is better prepared to-day for the colonization of Africa than America is for that of Latin America. The rulers of Europe will immediately see the profit and safety of the course, for it will aggrandize their power and glory and will remove the menace of anarchism for ever from their midst. While we of the United States wrangle away the golden hours of opportunity in political strife, Europe, with rare acumen, is extending her sway over all the tropical lands of the Old World, in preparation for the grandest migration of races the world has ever witnessed. Yet the difficulties in Europe in the way of a general disarmament are deep and grave. The nations of the Continent are divided by rivalries and jealousy, sentiments fostered by England in her efforts to maintain the Balance of Power, the latter being a thinly disguised scarecrow by which she hopes to protect India from Russia.

The student of international politics may learn a great secret by close attention to its details. This secret is the key to the science of diplomacy. It will be found that one mighty influence, secret, profound in its cunning or wisdom, with its vast ramifications sways the human family to the remotest confines of our globe. This is the power of British gold. "Anything threatening England's Indian Empire is certain to meet with

antagonism in Europe," is a maxim among diplomats. For fifty years England has been on her guard against her powerful rival of the North, and the Crimean War was waged by the aid of France, Sardinia and Turkey, to arrest the advance of Russia. Louis Napoleon evidently incurred the secret hostility of Britain by his active interest in the Suez Canal, and soon after this he was hurled from power by England's firm friend, the King of Prussia, and to this day "Perfidious Albion" is blamed by France for the active sympathy manifested by England with the conquering German. This spirit at last has led France to conclude a close alliance with that foe of civilization, Russia, to counterbalance the triple alliance, which in fact is but an English institution for the protection of India against Russia.

It is evident to the most casual observer that England strains, by every art of diplomacy and wealth, to maintain the triple alliance; for it is even her boast that she keeps her sentinels on the Rhine, the Danube and the Po. But sagacious Italy, abetted by wily Germany, is growing heartily tired of standing guard over England's treasure-house, and we may be prepared some fine day to hear that William, of Germany, has read the Riot Act to Old England; for the world is discovering that he lacks quite as much of being a fool as either Richelieu, Mazarin or Bismarck. But at such extreme tension are the threads of Peace strained that at this moment one can readily hear the Marseillaise and Wacht am Rhein played thereon by belligerent Teuton and vengeful Gaul, for Europe stands on the tented field of battle. England strives, however, to avert the fatal moment, for she dreads the beginning of a contest which can, in any event, only rebound to her disadvantage; for should France and Russia triumph over the triple alliance, it would but presage her loss of India, or in the event of their defeat, Germany would become her great rival in commerce.

### Wealth and its Uses \*

ANDREW CARNEGIE....NEW YORK SUN

The inventions of to-day lead to concentrating industrial and commercial affairs into huge concerns. You cannot work the Bessemer process successfully without employing thousands of men on one spot. You could not make the armor for ships without first expending seven millions of dollars, as the Bethlehem Company has spent. You cannot make a yard of cotton goods in competition with the world, without having an immense factory and thousands of men and women aiding in the process. The great electric establishment here in your town succeeds, because it has spent millions and is prepared to do its work upon a great scale. Under such conditions it is impossible but that wealth will flow into the hands of a few men in prosperous times beyond their needs. But out of fifty great fortunes which Mr. Blaine had a list made of, he found only one man who was reputed to have made a large fortune in manufacturing. These are made from real estate more than from all other causes combined; next follows transportation, then banking. The whole manufacturing world furnished but one reprobate millionaire.

But assuming that surplus wealth flows into the hands of a few men. What is their duty? How is the struggle for dollars to be lifted from the sordid atmosphere surrounding business and made a noble career? Now, wealth has hitherto been distributed in three ways:

\* From an address delivered at Union College, Schenectady.

The first and chief of which is by willing it at death to the family. Now, beyond bequeathing to those dependent upon one the revenue needful for modest and independent living, is such a use of wealth either right or wise? I ask you to think over the result, as a rule, of millions given over to young men and women, the sons and daughters of the millionaire. You will find that, as a rule, it is not good for the daughters, and this is seen in the character and conduct of the men who marry them. As for the sons, you have their condition as described in the extract which I read you from *The Sun*. Nothing is truer than this, that as a rule the "almighty dollar," bequeathed to sons or daughters by millions, proves an almighty curse. It is not the good of the child the millionaire parent considers when he makes these bequests, it is his own vanity; it is not affection for the child, it is self-glorification for the parent which is at the root of this injurious disposition of wealth. There is only one thing to be said for this mode, it furnishes one of the most efficacious means of rapid distribution of wealth ever known.

There is a second use of wealth, less common than the first, which is not so injurious to the community, but which should bring no credit to the testator. Money is left by millionaires to public institutions when they must relax their grasp upon it. There is no grace, and can be no blessing, in giving what cannot be withheld. It is no gift, because it is not cheerfully given, but only granted at the stern summons of death. The miscarriage of these bequests, the litigation connected with them, and the manner in which they are frittered away seem to prove that the fates do not regard them with a kindly eye. We are never without a lesson that the only mode of producing lasting good by giving large sums of money is for the millionaire to give as close attention to its distribution during his life as he did to its acquisition. We have to-day the noted case of five or six millions of dollars left by a great lawyer to found a public library in New York, an institution needed so greatly that the failure of this bequest is a misfortune. It is years since he died; the will is pronounced invalid through a flaw, although there is no doubt of the intention of the donor. It is a sad commentary upon the folly of men holding the millions which they cannot use until they are unable to put them to the end they desire. Peter Cooper, Pratt of Baltimore, and Pratt of Brooklyn and others are the type of men who should be taken by you as your model; they distributed their surplus during life.

The third use of wealth, and the only noble use of surplus wealth, is this: That it be regarded as a sacred trust, to be administered by its possessor, into whose hands it flows, for the highest good of the people. Man does not live by bread alone, and five or ten cents a day more revenues scattered over thousands would produce little or no good. Accumulated into a great fund and expended as Mr. Cooper expended it for the Cooper Institute, establishes something that will last for generations. It will educate the brain, the spiritual part of man; it furnishes a ladder upon which the aspiring poor may climb, and there is no use whatever, gentlemen, trying to help people who do not help themselves. You cannot push any one up a ladder unless he be willing to climb a little himself. When you stop boosting he falls, to his injury. Therefore I have often said, and I now repeat, that the day is coming, and already

we see its dawn, in which the man who dies possessed of millions of available wealth which was free and in his hands ready to be distributed, will die disgraced. Of course, I do not mean that the man in business may not be stricken down with his capital in the business which cannot be withdrawn, for capital is the tool with which the business man works his wonders and produces more wealth. What I refer to is the man who dies possessed of millions of securities which are held simply for the interest they produce, that he may add to his hoard of miserable dollars. By administering surplus wealth during life, great wealth may become a great blessing to the community, and the occupation of the business man accumulating wealth may be elevated so as to rank with any profession; but by this way may he take rank even with the physician, one of the highest of our professions, because he, too, in a sense, will be a physician, looking after and trying, not to cure, but to prevent the ills of humanity. To those of you who are compelled or who desire to follow a business life and to accumulate wealth, I commend this ideal to you as the only one worthy of young men privileged to call themselves graduates of Union College.

Such is the man whom the future is to honor, while he who dies in old age, retired from business, possessed of millions of available wealth, is to die unwept, unhonored, and unsung. I think I may justly divide you, my friends, into four classes:

First—Those who must work for a living, and set before them as their aim the acquisition of a modest competence. Of course, with a modest but picturesque cottage in the country and one as a companion "who maketh sunshine in a shady place" and is the good angel of his life. The motto of this class, No. 1, might be given as "Give me neither poverty nor riches." "From the anxieties of poverty as from the responsibilities of wealth, good Lord, deliver us."

Class No. 2, comprising those among you who are determined to acquire wealth, whose aim in life is to belong to that much-talked-of and grandly abused class, the millionaire, those who start to labor for the greatest good of the greatest number, but the greatest number always number one, the motto of this class being short and to the point: "Put money in thy purse."

Now the third class comes along. The god they worship is neither wealth nor happiness. They are inflamed with noble ambition, the desire of fame is the controlling element of their lives. Now, while this is not so ignoble as the desire for material wealth, it must be said of it that it betrays more vanity. The shrine of fame has many worshippers. The element of vanity is seen in its fiercest phase among those who come before the public. It is well known, for instance, that musicians, actors, and even painters, all the artistic class, are peculiarly prone and liable to excessive personal vanity. This has often been wondered at; but the reason probably is that the musician and the actor, and even the painter, may be transcendent in his special line without being even highly educated, without having an all-around brain. Some peculiarities, some one element in his character, may give him prominence or fame, so that his love of art, or of use through art, is entirely drowned by a narrow, selfish, personal vanity. But we find this liability in a lesser degree all through the professions, the politician, the lawyer, and, with reverence be it spoken, sometimes the minister; less,

I think, in the physician than in any of the professions, probably because he, more than in any other profession, is called to deal with the sad realities of life face to face. He of all men sees the vanity of vanity. An illustration is well drawn in Hotspur's address:

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,  
Without corral, all her dignities.

Mark, young gentlemen! he cares not for use, he cares not for State, he cares only for himself, and as a vain peacock struts across the stage. Now, gentlemen, it does not seem to me that the love of wealth is the controlling thought, the controlling desire of so many as the love of fame, and this is matter for sincere congratulation, and proves that under the irresistible laws of evolution the race is slowly moving onward and upward. Take the whole range of the artistic world, which gives sweetness and light to life, which refines and adorns, and surely every great composer, painter, pianist, lawyer, judge, statesman, all those in public life care less for millions than for professional reputation in their respective fields of labor. What cared Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, or Grant and Sherman for wealth? Nothing! What cared Harrison or Cleveland, two poor men, not unworthy successors of them? What cared the Judges of our Supreme Court, or even the leading counsel that plead before them? The great preachers, physicians, great teachers, are not concerned about the acquisition of wealth. The treasure they seek is in the reputation acquired through their service to others, and this is certainly a great step from the millionaire class, who struggle to old age, and through old age to the verge of the grave, with no ambition, apparently, except to add to their pile of miserable dollars.

But there is a fourth class, higher than all the preceding, who worship neither at the shrine of wealth nor fame, but at the noblest of all shrines, the shrine of service—service to the race. Self-abnegation is its watchword. Members of this inner and higher circle seek not popular applause, are concerned not with being popular, but with being right. They say with Confucius: "It concerneth me not that I have not high office; what concerns me is to make myself worthy of office." It is not cast down by poverty, neither unduly elated by prosperity. The man belonging to this class simply seeks to do his duty day by day, in such manner as may enable him to honor himself; fearing nothing but his own self-reproach. I have known men and women, not prominently before the public, but who in their lives proved themselves to have reached this ideal stage. Now, I will give you for this class the fitting illustration from the words of a Scotch poet who died altogether too young:

I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
But in the armor of a pure intent.  
Great duties are before me, and great songs,  
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall  
It matters not, so as God's work is done;  
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,  
Not the applauding thunder at its heels  
Which men call fame.

Such are my views, gentlemen, upon wealth and its

duties. It does not matter much what branch of effort your tastes or judgment draw you to; the one great point is that you should be drawn to some one branch. Then perform your whole duty in it and a little more, the "little more" being vastly important.

### The Matrimonial Puzzle

HJALMER HJORTH BOYESEN....NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

If women are the equals of men, they are not entitled to dower in their husbands' estates, any more than husbands are entitled to dower in the estates of their wives. If at the same time they jostle men in their professions and become their competitors in the struggle for existence, the chivalrous sentiments with which they are now regarded will not long survive. They must make their choice with their eyes open. There is no middle way.

It is because they are trying to do this very thing that such a large number of women, at the present time, make such wretched wives. They are the transitional types, which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and therefore fit badly into every position. If they desire equality, independence, and development of individuality (which is surely a legitimate desire), they ought to have the courage to face celibacy and renounce matrimony. For equality in matrimony is an "iridescent dream." Nature herself has done her best to interdict it. And as for independence, it is like the Blue Flower of the German Romanticists, which is always beckoning to you from the distance, whose fragrance intoxicates you, but which vanishes between your fingers if you attempt to pluck it. Surely the last place to look for it would be in matrimony. If the one partner is solar, the other has to consent to be lunar. One or the other must be the satellite. Two suns were never yet known to revolve in the same orbit. It would result in a cosmic cataclysm. It were too much, perhaps, at this late day, to expect an American wife to walk by what Carlyle called the lamp of obedience, which, however inconvenient, is yet a safer guide to happiness than the wayward lamp of independence, which nine dear little damsels out of every ten now keep concealed under their wedding-gowns. "I want to live my own life," you now hear them cry on every hand; and there can be no objection to such a resolution, if they are also competent to make their own living, and have the courage to make it.

"But love," cry my emancipated damsels, "where does love come in in your philosophy? Who cares for Hamlet with the prince left out?" Love, permit me humbly to remonstrate, delights not in self-assertion, but in self-surrender; and all this loud trumpeting of independence will make the shy little god hang his head with shame, if it does not frighten him away altogether. Even though he be present at the wedding, it takes a wise and generous landlord to induce him to remain. Where he is a life tenant, all problems dissolve into roseate vapor. Where he is not present, they bristle with a thousand wounding prickles, like the quills upon the fretful porcupine. I saw him yesterday sit at table between a middle-aged statesman and his wife; and it was beautiful to witness how ignorant they both were that there was anything problematic in the relation between man and woman. It seemed to them as simple, natural, and satisfactory as it must have seemed to Adam before the serpent began to talk philosophy to Eve. It was after that fatal discourse on the higher education that their matrimonial sky darkened and troubles began.

## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

## The Thirty-six Dramatic Situations

WILLIAM ARCHER.....PALL MALL BUDGET

You may possibly remember in Eckermann's Conversations the following remark of Goethe's: "Gozzi maintained that there could not exist more than thirty-six tragic situations. Schiller took a great deal of trouble to find more; but he could not find even as many as Gozzi." It appears—at least, so we are assured by M. Georges Polti, author of *Les Trente-Six Situations Dramatiques*—that there is no record of this inquiry, Gozzi and Schiller being alike silent on the subject. Had Goethe, then, talked with Gozzi, and reported his remark to Schiller? I have not the *Italienisch Reise* at hand, nor can I even ascertain the date of Gozzi's death. Be this as it may, M. Georges Polti, evidently a man of systematic mind, was "tormented" by the observation of the Venetian fantasist. "Let me see," he thought, "whether I can confirm or refute this theory!" Therefore he analyzed and classified the plots of about eight hundred plays and two hundred novels, and (as you may not be altogether surprised to learn) he arrived precisely at Gozzi's result! There are just thirty-six dramatic situations in the universe—rather more than half the number of the elements, according to the latest reckoning. And it follows, as you will at once perceive, that there are only thirty-six emotions in life—which seems a meagre allowance to help us through twice that number of years. We wear out four or five pairs of boots in a year, but if we are to fulfill the Psalmist's span, we must be content (on the average) with half an emotion per annum. Hence, no doubt, the prevalence of suicide.

What are the thirty-six situations, then? They are thus enumerated by M. Polti: 1. Imploring. 2. The rescuer. 3. Vengeance pursuing crime. 4. Avenging kinsman on kinsman. 5. Tracked down. 6. Disaster. 7. Falling a prey. 8. Revolt. 9. Audacious attempt. 10. Abduction. 11. The Enigma. 12. Obtaining. 13. Hatred of kinsfolk. 14. Rivalry of kinsfolk. 15. Murderous adultery. 16. Madness. 17. Fatal imprudence. 18. Involuntary crimes of love. 19. Killing a kinsman unknown. 20. Sacrifice to the ideal. 21. Sacrifice to kinsfolk. 22. Sacrificing everything to passion. 23. Having to sacrifice kinsfolk. 24. Rivalry between unequals. 25. Adultery. 26. Crimes of love. 27. Learning of the dishonor of one beloved. 28. Love impeded. 29. Love for an enemy. 30. Ambition. 31. Struggle against God. 32. Erroneous jealousy. 33. Judicial error. 34. Remorse. 35. Finding again. 36. Losing dear ones. M. Polti admits, however, that there is no cabalistic virtue in this number—that it might be slightly augmented or slightly reduced without putting the universe out of gear. Only, he believes that his system of classification is the most convenient one. Under each of these classes we find numerous, not to say innumerable, variations. For example, the fourth situation, "Avenging kinsman on kinsman," subdivides itself into: A, 1. Avenging your father on your mother (The Choephore of Æschylus, Hamlet, etc.). A, 2. Avenging your mother on your father (Zoe Chien-Chien, by M. Matthey—a drama, I

regret to say, unknown to me). B, Avenging your brothers on your son. (This, says M. Polti, verges on "Imprudence," and he cites, I don't know on what evidence, the lost Atalanta of Æschylus and Meleager of Sophocles.) But the subdivisions of this situation are unusually few, for it appears that dramatists have with deplorable pertinacity stuck almost exclusively to A, 1, and avenged the father on the mother. M. Polti enumerates a few variations which they neglected:

"The avenger may avenge his father upon his own brother; upon his sister; upon his mistress; upon his wife; upon his son; upon his daughter; upon his uncle, his aunt, his grandfather, or his grandmother, in each case, either on the father's or the mother's side; upon his half-brother, upon his half-sister; upon his brother-in-law, or sister-in-law"—and so forth. M. Polti assures us that there are about fifty possible variations in the avenging of a father alone, of which some twenty are pathetic; and as, of course, every kinsman or kinswoman can be avenged on every other, the permutations of the theme are practically endless, and it seems as though playwrights might devote themselves till the crack of doom to working this inexhaustible mine alone. Here is a problem worthy of M. Polti's mathematical genius: Suppose seventy-five playwrights to produce two plays apiece per annum, in what year of what century shall we reach the avenging of a great-grandmother's second cousin three times removed, upon a maternal uncle's wife's half-sister's mother-in-law?

Joking apart, M. Polti's method of classification does not strike one as very satisfactory. His categories seem rather arbitrary and by no means mutually exclusive. For instance, at least half of the other classes might rank as mere subdivisions of "Imprudence" or "Disaster." Then it is hard to see why "Adultery" and "Murderous Adultery" ("a mon avis," says M. Polti, quaintly, "*la seule forme sympathique de l'adultère*") should rank as two situations; or, if they do, why "Ambition" and "Murderous Ambition" should not also be separate situations, or "Madness" and "Homicidal Mania." In short, M. Polti's classification is open to endless criticism. There is scarcely a single class that seems to be quite naturally and inevitably discriminated from the rest; and it is quite evident that, with a little thought, his thirty-six situations could be re-classified in some half-dozen larger groups. The fact is, I think, that M. Polti has set to work at the wrong end of his subject. He has argued from situations to emotions, not from emotions to situations. He has classified situations according to their more or less external accidents, instead of, starting from the psychological side, classifying emotions, and noting to what situations they give rise. Gozzi has led him astray. The prescribed total of thirty-six can be arrived at only by arbitrary and fantastic means. A really scientific classification would give us a much smaller group of genera and a much larger ramification of species.

It is not without regret, however, that one abandons the Gozzi-Polti theory of the three-dozen situations and their corresponding emotions. What a boon it would be to the dramatic critics if M. Polti's treatment of the subject were really exhaustive, and if his book obtained

general currency! Instead of wearying ourselves and our readers with cumbrous plot-narrations, we should simply head our articles somewhat in this fashion: "Haymarket Theatre. John-a-Dreams, by Mr. Haddon Chambers. (Polti, Situation XXVII., Variation B, 4.)" The reader would turn to M. Polti's manual, would find Situation XXVII.: Apprendre le déshonneur d'un être aimé: Variation B, 4: Apprendre que sa maîtresse a été une fille—and there he would have the matter in a nutshell. The very conscientious critic would add: "Complicated by Situation XIV., D, and the reader would look up Situation XIV.: Rivalité de proches. Variation D, Rivalités d'amis. (Or is it not rather Variation C: Rivalité de cousins? I forget whether the heroes of the Oxford Compact were Two Noble Kinsmen.) The convenience of this system is too obvious to call for further comment.

But, alas! M. Polti's manual somehow, fails to cover the whole field. How, for instance, are we to designate The Case of Rebellious Susan? Of course it comes under Situation XXV. (see above), and that in a double sense; not under the more sympathetic Situation XV. It begins with XXV. B, Epouse trahie, and goes on to XXV. C, Mari Trompé; but how are we to classify the particular case of Lady Susan Harabin? Mr. Harabin is not precisely C, 1, a Mari antipathique; he is not C, 2, a Mari cru perdu, and C, 3, Mari quelconque, is too vague to convey any real information as to the case. XXV. C, 4, Mari bon trompé par un rival moindre, does not apply at all; nor C, 5, pour un rival grotesque; nor C, 6, pour un rival odieux; nor C, 8, pour un rival plus laid mais utile. In fact, we should have to invent a quite special variation, something like this: Nuance K, 15. Mari idiot et infidèle trompé pour jeune homme quelconque par une femme qui a lu Francillon, par M. Alexandre Dumas, fils. Even more baffling is The Masqueraders. It begins in Situation XXIV., Rivalité d'inégaux, and ends in Situation XX., Se sacrifier à l'Idéal. But where are we to find the intermediate, the essential situations: Lady put up to Auction and Lady staked at Cards? For these M. Polti provides us with no pigeon-holes.

At the same time, M. Polti's examination of the plots of the world's literature is not without its interesting points. For example, he notes that Situation XIX., Tuer un des siens inconnu, with its variations from A, 1, to G, 2, which was extraordinarily popular with Victor Hugo and the French romantic school, has never once been used by Shakespeare. "Each of the ten dramas of Victor Hugo," he says, "presents it. In two, Hernani and Torquemada, it figures in an accessory fashion; in four, Marion Delorme, Angelo, La Esmeralda, and Ruy Blas, it forms the whole action and furnishes the best episodes; and in the four others, Le Roi s'amuse, Marie Tudor, Lucrece Borgia, and Les Burgraves, it serves for the denouement. Thus we see, he concludes, that there was little spiritual kinship between Shakespeare and the romantic school in France; the English poet, intent on the study of Will, being unattracted by a theme which turns on mere accident.

M. Polti does not confine himself to theory. Having analyzed the plots of the world, he professes himself ready and willing to recombine their elements. "Without the least irony, and quite seriously," he says, "I offer to dramatic authors and managers 10,000 scenarios, totally different from all which have seen the foot-

lights during the past fifty years; and all these scenarios shall be, of course, full of actuality. I will contract to deliver 1,000 in eight days, and am even prepared to retail them by the dozen. My address is 19 Passage de l'Elysée des Beaux-Arts—write, or call between 5 and 9 A. M." (!) Terms, I presume, on application. On another page he somewhat reassures us on the point touched upon at the end of my first paragraph. It appears that though there are only 36 emotions in life, the number of possible surprises is 1,332. How this total is arrived at I do not know. My arithmetic goes the length of discovering that  $1,332 = 36 \times 37$ ; but why we should multiply 36 by 37 I cannot tell.

### Hypnotism and Music

CESAR LOMBROSO'S RESEARCHES....THE NEW YORK PRESS

The recent researches of Cesar Lombroso into hypnotic conditions have startled the scientific world to such a degree that we are continually hearing of new and successful experiments in the hitherto unknown. Thus that grave and learned journal, the Medical News, now offers with authority certain remarkable results proceeding from the influence of music on mesmerism. The experiments in question were undertaken by Alfred S. Warthin, demonstrator of chemical medicine in the University of Michigan. In his extremely interesting article Professor Warthin declares that he was tempted into this investigation by an observation of the effects of German music on its admirers. While he was attending a series of performances of Wagner operas he discovered that certain people in the audience were in a state of self-induced hypnosis. Further study of this condition enabled him to determine that these music-lovers were for the time being so completely absorbed by sounds, that all external relations were removed from them; that they were in a state wherein nothing but music existed, or, in other words, that they were completely under the hypnotic influence of the music-drama.

These conclusions led Dr. Warthin into a series of experiments, the results of which are now presented for our consideration. He could not afford to employ an opera company to hypnotize people. So he did the next best thing, and tried the effect of the music-drama on the people who were already hypnotized. His first subject was a brother physician. This gentleman was placed in a hypnotic state and Wagner's Ride of the Walküre was played at him on a piano. Immediately the subject's face showed great mental excitement, his body twitched with violent emotion, his legs were drawn up in seeming agony, his arms tossed wildly in the air and he broke out in profuse perspiration. On being awakened from his trance the patient declared that he had not perceived the music as sound, but as feeling, and that feeling was the sensation of excitement as if he were riding furiously through the air. Another subject experimented on with the fire music of The Walküre gave every indication that he felt himself in the midst of flames. The Walhalla motive gave a third patient the firm belief that he was climbing a lofty mountain and surveying a landscape of much beauty and grandeur.

One of the most remarkable effects produced during this investigation consisted in suddenly changing the music from that which Wagner wrote to that which Wagner did not write. Extraordinary results ensued. All frenzy immediately ceased. "The subject's face

became ashy pale, the pulse dropped from 120 to 40 beats per minute, and became irregular, soft and small; the respirations were decreased in number and became sighing in character. The whole picture presented one of complete collapse, so that all who saw it were alarmed. On being awakened the subject said he had been oppressed by a horrible fear, because 'everything had suddenly seemed to come to an end.' Although these investigations were conducted by the learned doctor wholly in the interests of medical science, their results have a bearing on the world at large. By the thoughtful and ingenious studies of Cesar Lombroso, carried into this new field of research by his pupil, we may become acquainted with certain matters which have hitherto seemed strange and inscrutable. Professor Warthin's experiments have established two facts beyond peradventure. One of them is that devotees of the music-drama are mesmerized and rendered incapable of independent thought or emotion during the period in which they are possessed by the spirit of Wagner. The value of this discovery cannot be estimated. By it we are enabled to understand why the Germans cannot and will not applaud the Franco-Italian opera. They have been hypnotized by Wagner. His memory exercises the same powerful influence over them that Svengali's photograph had over Trilby, so that long after his death they are still under his sway. They will have nothing to do with Verdi or Gounod; they reject Melba and abhor Tamagno.

### Great Musicians of the Century

R. H. HAWES.....THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

There was something Titanic and indescribable about Rubinstein. As a mere pianist, Bülow was more accurate, Liszt more romantic. Sophie Menter could play quite as fast and nearly as loud. The sensibility of Chopin, the elegance of Mendelssohn, and the earnest and affectionate virtuosity of Madame Schumann, the incomparable arpeggio playing of Thalberg, the bewilderingly high level of present pianoforte playing, all seem somehow to leave Rubinstein apart upon a mountain. It was graceful of Liszt to surrender openly the sceptre of virtuosity to Rubinstein, but it was needless, for from the time that the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century ceased to play in public—just about forty years ago—the sentiment of the whole musical world installed Rubinstein in his seat. The two men were very different—the elder, brilliant, talkative, loving all men and all women and children—the other, far less social, expansive, polished, eloquent or universally well informed. In virtuosity pure and simple, it is possible that Liszt, in his best days, excelled Rubinstein. But both giants were alike in the possession of certain personal qualities, felt, like those of Jenny Lind and Paganini, throughout whole continents, but absolutely defying analysis. Among composers, we at once place in the first class Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner—Mendelssohn o'ertopping the seconds, a little apart, not easy to class—and among the phenomenal virtuosities of the nineteenth century, Paganini, Liszt, Rubinstein (apologies to Sarasate and Paderewski, who can well afford to wait for a final award till at least the year 1900). Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at times; people who held scores through those long programmes could easily find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but he would invent Bach. What he inven-

ted was probably quite as good as what he happened to forget, and always extremely interesting; still it was not note for note, and that is what the dullards gloated over. Bülow was more accurate, but even Bülow forgot or manufactured a bar or two occasionally. But these, if spots, were spots in the sun, and certainly all Rubinstein did or left undone served but to accentuate his individuality and display his genius in new and startling lights. Liszt had the same happy faculty of gilding his errors and adorning his faults.

Rubinstein will not take rank as a composer of the first class. He belongs really to the Mendelssohn epoch, and there was war between the house of Rubinstein and the house of Wagner. This is the more strange, as Rubinstein went as far as Chopin and Schumann, after which he proclaimed in the most arbitrary manner, "*finis musicæ*"—a formula which, it is comforting to remember, has successively done duty for Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, and now, with somewhat more plausibility, is applied to Wagner. Rubinstein's close association and unbounded admiration for Liszt also makes his inability to follow Wagner a little strange. But there seem to be two classes of minds—one indeed (and this is true of by far the greater number of us all)—one stops and stiffens, the other is to a greater or lesser degree receptive and progressive to the end. Goethe read Byron with enthusiasm in his old age, but Bulwer and "Christopher North" (Professor Wilson) and a host of "authorities" failed to discern Tennyson. The experienced Sir George Macfarren and the holy army of Mendelssohnites, not to mention the learned Félix himself, could never really stomach Wagner (but Cipriani Potter, the friend of Beethoven, admired Liszt and Wagner in his old age). Verdi and Sullivan, though both belonging musically the one to the Mendelssohn, the other to the Rossini school and epoch, have been really progressive, and able to read, and to some extent assimilate, the Berlioz and Wagner scores. Nor is it possible to deny that Rubinstein, like Gounod, while denouncing Wagner, was greatly indebted to him. It is, however, to be feared that a little personal feeling may have tinged Rubinstein's over-disparagement of his great rival. Neither Liszt nor Rubinstein deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with Wagner as composers. Liszt knew this, but he could crave, and crave in vain, to be a great composer, without cheapening his mighty friend, Wagner, whom he supported and worshiped. Rubinstein could not do this. It is doubtful whether Liszt failed so completely as did Rubinstein to estimate his own real position in the scale of composers. Liszt was often disappointed, but he never whined about being a misunderstood man, persecuted by jealous rivals; nor did he ever attempt to lift himself by trampling upon others. He more often lifted others and forgot his own personal interests.

Rubinstein obeyed no regular law of development. He stands out in the sea like a rugged, wave-beaten rock, catching wild gleams of beauty in the sunrise, or reveling in the midnight storm, with its cataracts of silver foam; now the cries of the wild birds are about him, and scathing lightning; and now the summer moonbeams and the whisper of the night wind. All moods of nature were his moods, and all symbols were the spells by which he worked, great "cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears." No Æolian harp vibrated

more sensitively to the lightest breath than his soul to the gentlest sigh of human emotion; but the thunder of his passion was as a hurricane, sweeping everything before it—piano, pianist, audience, all seemed to vanish; it was like assisting at a cataclysm of nature.

### New Foot-lights on Woman

I. ZANGWILL.....THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

If the function of the drama be indeed to hold the mirror up to nature and show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure, then has the British drama been a notorious sluggard. The relations of our stage with reality have been limited to the topical irrelevance of the burlesque and the comic opera, wherein the inhabitants of coral strands and palm-groves, clad in pinky tights, criticize the latest enactments of the House of Commons, or denounce in melodic chorus the newest fad of the Sabbatarian Society. But a change has come over the spirit of the scene, and the things and the problems of to-day are beginning to invade the serious stage. This is a welcome sign that the long divorce of the stage from literature is reaching its term; for no stage is really alive that does not vibrate to the multitudinous magnetism of the contemporary. Books have been the only sensitive media in which the waves of thought and emotion have found registration. Not that the topical is the highest form of art; the artist has to express his age, not his day, and it is only when contemporary humors are caught in the amber of style that the humorist has a chance of surviving the humors. Still, in the absence of dramatists who express their age, it is better that dramatists should express their day than express the day before yesterday.

So stereotyped is the tradition of the stage that it takes almost half a century longer for a new type to get into a play than into a book; but the stage is picking up fast, and in exhibiting to us what is called "the new woman," it is only a year or two behind the libraries. Our trinity of playwrights has now the matter in hand. Mr. Pinero's contribution to the subject of the new sex may be dismissed as trifling in every sense of the word. His picture of The Amazons who were attired as men by their masculine mother, but who could not shake off their femininity, was merely intended to divert, even though there was a spice of philosophy to season the fun. More purposeful is Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, devoted, even in title, to The New Woman, while the latest production of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, The Case of Rebellious Susan, tackles the matrimonial problem afresh in the new light, or the new darkness, thrown upon it by the alleged new demand for equality on the part of the so-called "new woman." But it cannot be said that either of these dramatists has dealt fairly by this new type. Both have taken a side, and that side—man's. Theirs is cartoon humor, the one-sided humor of the fighter, not the real humor which is the smile in the eyes of wisdom. Mr. Grundy, in particular, has cultivated the crushing facetiousness of the sledge-hammer: the women who are clamoring for this or that are really in want of husbands; the "new woman" is not new but middle-aged; when a woman collaborates in a work on philosophy with a man, it is not his soul that she desires; a girl, who demands that her suitor shall have worn the white flower of a blameless life, falls into the arms of the first sinful old dotard who offers her marriage; and an energetic professional

woman, who calls for a cigarette, sticks the wrong end into her mouth, and finally shows signs of mal de mer, to tickle the groundlings withal.

This is, perhaps, the most typical stroke of all in its cheap obviousness and in its proof of the dramatist's failure to realize—even when he sets himself to paint his day—that the colors have changed, and that even for a playwright some fresh observation of life is necessary. So many English ladies now smoke cigarettes that the indulgence is not even distinctive of the "new woman." That there is keen wit in Mr. Grundy's satire does not atone for its unveracity. The method of caricature is equally the device of Mr. Jones, though his main plot deals more seriously with the question of equal rights of wrong-doing in marriage. The most amusing thing about his latest comedy is that, after having outraged the proprieties to such an extent as to necessitate a defiant dedication to Mrs. Grundy (printed in the private edition of the play), the impropriety passed unperceived of the critics—with such propriety was it expressed. Mr. Jones's more intentional humor deals with the sorrows of an æsthetic philosopher married to a "new woman" who is reorganizing society. The drollery is delightful, but it is impossible to take it seriously. Satire is a great weapon for the correction of the extravagances of humanity, and it is perhaps necessary for the lords of creation to laugh at the vaporings of the revolted ladies, and to point out, ungently but firmly, that their's is a rebellion less against man than against nature; but the real "new woman" has not yet made her appearance on the boards.

### Symbolism in Art

JOHN MACDONELL.....PUBLIC OPINION

Symbolism has not been treated as fully as it deserved by any writer with the exception of Blake. But it needed a poet, an artist, or a musician to do justice to the task. We found in the "idol" one of the earliest artistic symbols. The positive uncouthness of the figure and the vagueness of its shape added to its usefulness as a means of worship, as it gave the imagination free play. A block of wood represented Artemis, a stone Zeus. Gradually more artistic forms came into use. As art developed, symbolism declined. In early times pictures representing the human figure were not allowed in the churches, only pictures representing the animals figuring in the Bible story. Early art was technical and pedantic, and was hemmed in by such narrow limits as now govern the laws of heraldry. Red meant joy; black, grief; green, happiness; and purple was symbolical of majesty and power. Animals were used both by artists and poets to typify abstract qualities. The lion was a symbol of watchfulness because it slept with its eyes open, of tenderness because it slew openly and only when in hunger. When music and harmony began to be developed the more revolting forms of symbolism died out. There was much of symbolism of one kind or another in music and painting, though it required a musician or an artist to point it out. Michael Angelo was a great symbolical painter, as was also Leonardo da Vinci. The latter had sketched out many subjects for pictures. He could depict pleasure and pain back to back, because they could never be separated. Despair should be upside down, pointing to hell. Spenser, in his Faerie Queen, had many such allegories.

## AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

### Giant Redwoods Turned to Stone

THE EARTH'S EARLIEST TREES....SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

The California big trees, or *Sequoia gigantea*, celebrated as among the wonders of the world, have an interesting geological history and pedigree. They are not only the oldest and largest trees now living, but their history dates back to quite an early period, even as geological time is calculated. They were among the first genuine trees like those of the present time to appear on this planet, for we cannot consider as trees proper the gigantic reeds and mosses of the old Palæozoic periods, the Devonian and Carboniferous. The latter were rather gigantic plants than true trees, despite their height and thickness.

The sequoias make their first appearance in that division of the world's history known as the Mesozoic or "middle-life" epoch, and in that subdivision of it called the cretaceous—a period teeming with extraordinary reptilian life, both on sea and land. The fossil remains of these great trees are found scattered over the northern hemisphere, even beneath the snows of Spitzbergen, Melville Island, and Greenland. They are found in the cretaceous rocks of Canada, Saxony, Bohemia, France, and Belgium. In the succeeding mammalian age they occur in a fossil state on the tertiary rocks all over the world—in Alaska, Sitka, Colorado, the Hebrides, and down through Asia to Italy. Though there are now but two varieties of these trees, and those confined to the Pacific Slope, in those older times there were as many as twenty-six varieties, extending over the northern hemisphere, from latitude 43 degrees to 78 degrees, and even as far south as the tertiary rocks of Australia. These most ancient of living trees are monuments of the great past, "survivals of the fittest," lingering on into the living present. The great reptilian age began with dreary forests of reeds and these tall, dark pines, probably but little frequented by the great lizards, who forsook their dismal shades for the warm, sunny seacoasts. With the tertiary there was a sudden influx of trees similar to those of to-day, coming in like a sudden creation without any marked intermediate forms or "missing links" from which they could have been gradually evolved.

The rocks of Colorado, especially those of the cretaceous and tertiary periods, abound in fossil-wood and fossil-leaf impressions, and from the erosion and breaking up of these rocks are found quantities of fossil wood scattered over the surface of the prairies among the prairie "drift." These woods doubtless represent the remains of trees, such as oak, hickory, and palmetto, whose leaves are still preserved and in place among the unbroken rocks. Last summer, on my way from the mining region of Cripple Creek to South Park, I stopped at Florissant, a locality where there are the remains of a small tertiary lake, celebrated for the great fossil trees found embedded in the sandstones and shales, as well as for the impressions of fossil leaves and insects. Here, right in the heart of the granite hills, upward of 9,000 feet above the sea, are the remains of this lake, which was about fifteen miles long, represented by beds of shale and sandstone composed of volcanic ashes, gathered around the flanks of granite

hills, which must have been islands in the days of the lake, while the same sediments ramifying up little valleys must represent creeks, inlets, and bays. Around the skirts of one of these primeval granite islets, embedded in the shale that was the mud of the lake, are a number of gigantic fossil tree-stumps. Many of them doubtless rose a few feet above the level soil not long ago, but by the work of tourists and erosion they are now reduced to the level of the meadow.

These stumps, varying in diameter from five to fifteen feet, have the wood so wonderfully replaced by a microscopic stony matter that, were it not for taking up in one's hand a chip and feeling its hardness and weight, one might well pass them by as stumps of old pine-trees leveled by the axe of the early settler. The prevailing color of the wood is a gray ashen, precisely like that of an old, dead stump. Sometimes the infiltration of a little iron has almost restored the material to its original redwood color, increasing thereby the illusive resemblance to the modern tree. Not only are the wood and bark thus molecularly replaced by silica, but even the sap-veins are replaced by translucent chalcedony and opal simulating fossil gum. The thick bark is at times but little changed from the original by alteration into a sort of brown lignite. One of the largest of these stumps has been unearthed down to the upper part of its roots, to a depth of twenty feet, by some enterprising individuals, who intended to saw it up in lengths and transport it to the World's Fair; but despite their rough machinery and stone saws, and happily for Colorado, their scheme signally failed. The silica of the tree proved too hard for their stone saws, and the latter are seen still in it as monuments of their failure.

By the grain and general appearance of the wood, a Californian would at once recognize it as his native redwood, turned stone—a presumption which has been satisfactorily proved to be true, thin sections being examined under the microscope and compared with those of the living tree. The diameter of this tree, which stands about twelve feet above the ground, is fifteen feet. In the fine-grained, paper-like shales surrounding the tree numerous remains of fossil insects have been found, a great number of ants, grasshoppers, aquatic flies, and beetles; and some years ago, near the same locality, a perfect butterfly was discovered, so exquisitely preserved that even the pattern of the coloring on its wings was easily recognizable. Very few fossil butterflies have been discovered on the world's crust. Those that have been found were discovered in a somewhat similar deposit in Solenhofen, in Germany. With these were a great variety of leaves, also well preserved, together with branches, twigs, and fruit of the sequoia. Some fresh-water fishes and a bird of the sparrow kind were also found. The history of the lake and its fossil remains is easily pieced together: There was in tertiary times a lake among the hills by the side of which grew the sequoias and many other forest trees, some of them of a semi-tropical character. Fishes inhabited the waters and insects flew over its surface or basked on and drew certain sweet matter from the mud at low water, as insects do to-day. Winds blew leaves from the forests out on to the surface. They sank to the

bottom and were entombed in the mud. Insects in various ways found graves in the waters, and the great sequoias growing by the side died in time, or became waterlogged by the rising waters, and their roots and stumps were embedded in the mud as they grew.

On the shores of the lake were volcanic vents which emitted periodic eruptions of volcanic dust, ashes, and lava. The dust falling into the lake contributed the material entombing the fossil life. Gases from the eruptions may have in some cases helped to kill insects flying over the lake. All the shales and coarser sandstones inclosing their remains are made entirely of comminuted volcanic matter. We noticed distinct evidence in some of the hills of former hot spring and solfataric action which usually follows the dying efforts of volcanic eruptions. This, as at the neighboring Cripple Creek region, whose eruptions were probably contemporaneous, was the last phase of volcanic activity. In the case of Cripple Creek this had much to do with the formation and diffusion of the precious metals. The lake at one time was drained off or dried up. Erosion wore out little valleys or parks in the lake sediment, exposed the buried tree-trunks, and enabled us to explore the fossil treasures of the locality. As to the fossilizing or petrifying process, which is a source of wonder to many: In the case of the tree-stumps, after they became embedded in the mud, being hermetically sealed from the air, immediate decomposition was delayed. They became thoroughly saturated or waterlogged, and with the moisture came a minute siliceous matter permeating every cell of the wood, and as the woody matter of the cells passed away, its place was taken by a molecule of quartz, till the whole stump, in a truly marvelous manner, was replaced by stone. The insects and leaves were not similarly replaced, but have only left their impressions in the layers of the fine mud, as we have sometimes seen patterns of leaves on the drying cement of our sidewalks. The redwood tree, says Charles Howard Shinn, has remarkable vitality, and, even in a forest that has been cut over, the young trees start by millions. Here, as in the Sierras, if sheep are kept out, the worst enemies of all our forests, a very fair second growth begins. Unfortunately, large tracts are carelessly burned out almost every year, and sometimes the smoke of them hangs like a pall over hundreds of square miles for days together. Neither the State nor the general Government has yet enacted and enforced sufficiently stringent laws to protect even the public timber-lands. There was formerly a State Board of Forestry, but it fell into the hands of an ignorant set of politicians, who wasted large sums of money, without collecting reliable statistics, or protecting the forests of California in any particular manner, and was abolished for incompetency.

### Magical Growth of Plants

THE HINDOOS' TRICK EXPLAINED....NEW YORK WORLD

A French scientist, M. Ragonneau, has just discovered how to make a plant grow from the seed in thirty minutes as much as it would under ordinary circumstances in as many days. Heretofore nature has shared this secret with the Yoghis of India alone, and the methods pursued by these clever magicians in performing this trick have been often described. They plant a seed in the earth and cover it with a cloth. In a few moments the cloth begins to be pushed upward by the growing plant, which in a short time attains the height of sev-

eral feet. Various theories have been advanced as to the *modus operandi* of this miracle, one of the latter being that the spectators are all hypnotized.

During his travels in India M. Ragonneau saw this trick performed frequently, and noticed that the Hindoos always imbedded the seed in the soil which they brought with them especially for that purpose. At last he learned that they obtained this earth from the hills. Now, as every one knows who has inadvertently eaten one of these industrious insects, ants contain a large proportion of formic acid, with which in time the soil of their habitation becomes charged. This acid has the power of quickly dissolving the integument surrounding a seed and of greatly stimulating the growth of the germ within. After a little experimenting with this acid, the learned Frenchman was able to duplicate perfectly the Hindoo trick. His further researches have led him to believe that this discovery may be profitably applied to agriculture. By infusing ants in boiling water acid as strong as vinegar may be obtained. M. Ragonneau has achieved the best results and most perfect growth by using earth moistened with a solution of 5,000 parts of water to one of acid.

### A Vegetable Python

JAMES RODWAY....IN THE GUIANA FOREST

Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the *clusia*, or fig. Its seeds being provided with a pulp, which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing, as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, with apparently no more power for evil than so many small streams of pitch, which they resemble in their slowly-flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left. Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and begun to draw sustenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree-trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops. The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete, he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he might succeed. . . . The bark bulges between every interlacing—bulges out, and even tries to overlap; but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide. . . . As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. . . . If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a *clusia*, or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which once stood up in all its majesty on that spot.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

It is said that at this time there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries they once ruled.

One's surprise in the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are the astounding number of 17,592,115,044,415 different sounds. Of these, fourteen direct muscles produce 16,382 and thirty indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, while all in co-operation produce the total given above.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound steel shells have been rent asunder as though made of pottery.

M. Chauchard recently gave over \$200,000 for the picture of Millet that the painter originally traded for a case of wine worth about \$10.

In the man of average stature the height of the body is ten times the length of the face; the face from the chin to the hair is as long as the hand; the arm is four times the length of the face; the sole of the foot is one-sixth the length of the body; six times the thickness of the hand in the thickest place equals the thickness of the body.

As many as 4,061 muscles have been counted in the body of a moth.

The population of London is said to be 5,948,300, and increasing at the rate of 105,000 a year. The city, therefore, has a population of about a million and a half more than Scotland and a million more than Ireland.

According to the Medical Press in Germany, a man who loses both his hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life-insurance money, if he be insured, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. A loss of the right hand reduces the claim to from 70 to 80 per cent. of the total.

Double the time of the sun's rising, and you will have the length of that particular night; double the time of its setting, and you have the length of the day.

The returns of causes for insanity in England, France, Denmark and the United States show that of every 100 cases 24 are hereditary, 24 may be attributed to drink, 12 to business and money troubles, 11 to loss of friends, 10 to sickness, and 19 to various causes.

A Swiss statistician has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 9,760,900, or an average of 25,740 steps a day. Going still farther into details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead, so that many insects are born orphans.

A pulsometer has been invented with which, it is claimed, it is possible to tell to a fraction the exact condition of the heart-beat. An electric pen traces on prepared paper the ongoings, haltings and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of

science the strength or weakness of the tell-tale pulse. This should, if it is considered, be of special advantage to insurance doctors, as well as the profession at large.

There are 48 different materials used in the construction of a piano from no fewer than 16 countries.

The greatest astronomers, speculating upon what there is in space and the distance of external galaxies, calculate that the nearest external universe is so far distant that light from it, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, would take nearly ninety million years to reach us.

Hair-dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company refuses to insure the lives of women who use it.

The Hamburg Fremdenblatt thinks that the new magazine rifles will do away with cavalry in general engagements, because every saddle could be emptied in two minutes in a charge of less than a mile. It says 75 per cent. of cavalry will be converted into infantry, the majority of the rest will become bicyclists.

An instrument known as the "gastograph" has been constructed for the purpose of recording the motions in the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity.

Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not, probably, reveal the lowest stages of animal life.

In the department of Cantal, France, among the mountains of Auvergne, an attempt is to be made to return to the manners of primitive man. M. Gravelle, a painter, has acquired a large tract of land on which five married couples will settle, who will live in the caverns and raise a few animals and simple crops for their food and clothing. He claims that one hectare (two acres and a half) should supply all the needs of a single individual.

The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children, but as age comes on, the bloodvessels in the bones are almost filled with matter.

The carat is a standard used by jewelers to express both weight and fineness. When it is used as a weight it is equal to four grains, or the 120th part of an ounce troy. In determining the fineness of precious metals, 24 carats is considered the highest standard of purity. According to this standard an 18-carat gold ring contains three parts of gold and one of some base metal.

The smallest bird is an East Indian humming-bird. It is a little larger than the common house-fly.

That gold should exist in the ocean is an induction that Dr. Henry Wurtz claims to have presented in 1866, and in 1872 the discovery was announced by E. Sonstadt. A careful computation with the best data obtainable, on the basis of 0.9 grain of gold per ton of sea-water, about the proportion assigned by Sonstadt, shows that the great ocean should contain gold to the amount of over \$80,000,000,000,000,000. The getting of some of this by electrolysis, Dr. Wurtz now predicts, will be one of the problems of the future.

## THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

### The Lie that Tony Told

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN....THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

I had known Jacques de Kéroualles at Fontainebleau years before the war, and when he was brought into my little field-hospital amid the luxuriant vineyards of Marly-sur-Seine, only a few miles from the edge of the great forest, he recognized me at once. It was early morning; indeed, the dawn had scarce come, and the river below us was pearly gray in the growing light, as rivers are before sunrise.

"L'Anglais," he cried joyously, for De Kéroualles was a merry soul. He raised his bloodstained hand in a little gay salute. I make no doubt he had fought bravely and in a manner worthy of the old blood in his veins. He was wet through and covered with dirt. The battle had taken place on the previous afternoon and the wounded were consequently allowed to lie out on the fields the whole night. "Le petit jeune homme," he added, "we meet again."

Then he fainted, with the smile on his lips. It is only in books that men die differently to what they have lived. It did not take me long to look at this gay youth's wound, cutting away his English-made linen, slicing the cloth of his rough uniform of a private soldier of the Army of the Seine—a mere band of volunteers despite their grand name. I knew a seminariste in it—not yet ordained a priest—who fought bravely through it, although he lacked the strength to hold his rifle straight without a support.

I saw at once that the career of Jacques de Kéroualles was nearly over.

Suddenly it all came back to me—Fontainebleau and the happy, careless, reckless life in the old town where the very paving-stones are saturated with history and worn by the tread of those that made it. Jacques de Kéroualles; Tony, Vicomte de Muy; Raoul de Kolles, and half-a-dozen others—harum-scarum fellows who made life one long laugh. So we were nevermore to hear De Kéroualle's nonsense song:

"Trois Grenadiers de la Garde Nationale  
Qui avaient été à Moscou—à Moscou.  
Disaient à la fille du serurier qui a fait la clef  
De la grille de la colonie Vendô-ô-ô-me—  
Ces canons là—  
C'est nous qui les 'ons pris  
Per-rom . . . pom . . . pom . . . !"

How often had we shouted the one-line chorus in the Rue de France as the slow morning crept up the sky behind the palace!

I rose from the wounded man's side and went out to the veranda of the villa converted into a temporary field-hospital. A cavalry officer in the gay blue uniform of his immortal regiment, with a short, fur-trimmed cape thrown carelessly back from the shoulder, stood moodily looking down over the vineyards. He turned at the sound of my footstep and shook hands gravely. I looked hard at him. It was Tony de Muy—a grizzled, hard-faced soldier.

"Well?" he asked. He looked into my face sharply, and made a grimace.

"You need say nothing; I see from your face."

He threw away a half-burnt cigarette and resumed

his attitude of gloomy reflectiveness. I had known him a young man a few years earlier, and, glancing at him, wondered whether I looked as middle-aged as that.

"The devil take all women!" he suddenly exclaimed with his absurd French vivacity, and stamped his spurred heel on the tessellated pavement. "The devil take all women, mon ami."

"He will have as many as he can manage," I suggested, for I was young in those days, and the little wound I still carry had a smart in it yet.

"You remember my sister?" Tony said curtly, and I nodded. We had all been in love with Mademoiselle de Muy, and she had managed in some way to keep us all in hand at once. She was fresh from a convent, where it seems these little arts must be acquired. The "botte" that gave me my own hurt was, by the way, learnt there. So far as Jacques de Kéroualles had been concerned, however, we had always known that it was a serious matter.

"Before the war," Tony de Muy went on, "they were engaged. Then Jacques joined the army. What else could he do? As for me, I had always been in it, as you know. It is for our country, and Jacques was among the first. It is for our poor France that some of us fight for these Napoleons."

He turned and looked into the dim room where the cots were ranged in ranks—head and foot—the length of the floor.

"He thinks that she has kept her word," he said; and I wondered how a few years' service could have hardened him.

"And—?"

"And she is fiancée to some Italian count—some scum of Rome—who doubtless wears high-heeled boots and paints his face, as I have seen them."

In his heat he spoke too loud, and Jacques de Kéroualles, lying in that quiet room, recognized the voice, though he could not possibly have distinguished the words.

"Is that thou, Tony?" called out the cheery voice from within. It was impossible to realize that these were the tones of a dying man. I have seen two die laughing—both Frenchmen.

"Yes," answered the man by my side.

We entered the room together. De Kéroualles smiled when he saw us side by side, Tony de Muy towering above me.

"Ah!" he cried, "it is like old times! Ces canons là—c'est nous qui les 'ons pris—hein?"

I made shift to laugh, but the white look was already about his lips. I wished that I could get away.

"See you—Tony," he said with a sudden change to gravity which had always been characteristic of him. English people—and there are always a few living at Fontainebleau—thought De Kéroualles very French—"See you—the good God wants me. What will you—we must be satisfied."

Tony held his lip with his teeth and made no answer.

"If I could have seen Rénée," murmured the dying man with a wistful look at me. In books men invariably seem to die satisfied. In my experience they have always wanted something I could not give them.

"Le petit jeune homme looks grave," he said. "Ah, yes, I know! We were to have been married, mon ami, that is all."

Then he lay still for a minute or so.

"I wonder if she loves me," he said in a weaker voice, with a calm assurance characteristic of his nation, which has no awkwardness where we are self-conscious and shy.

"Not a doubt of it," answered Rénée's brother steadily.

And the dying man's eyes lighted. If I could tell all that I have seen compassed by a woman's love behind her back I should be disbelieved. The best stories are rarely told.

"At last!" whispered de Kéroualles.

"At last!" was the unflinching reply.

"Tell me," went on the dying man, "did she say so?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

The Vicomte de Muy looked in my face and breathed heavily. As for me, I looked out of the window.

"Did she say she would be content to marry me?"

"But yes—quite content."

"And more—beyond I mean? All of it? I am the last of the De Kéroualles you know."

And I heard the first catch in his breath.

"Yes—all of it," answered De Muy, who had two little sons at home, in the South.

"She wanted that also?"

"Yes—she wanted that also!"

There was a silence. The sun was now rising behind the pine-trees on the other bank of the river. Its golden light showed that on the face of Jacques de Kéroualles which had not hitherto been noticeable. He was dying of an internal bleeding which art was powerless to stop.

He looked at me.

"So—le petit jeune homme," he said with his wonderful gayety, "you see life has been worth the living—after all. To have won that—although it is so soon lost."

Tony de Muy was looking at me across the cot with an expression which reminded me of my first operation.

Jacques de Kéroualles did not speak again and the smile slowly chilled, as it were, on his waxen features. De Muy failed for some time to realize that his friend was dead. Then he suddenly perceived it, and his grim face relaxed.

"God forgive me," he muttered, and pressing my hand he strode out of the room. His horse was awaiting him and I heard him clatter away to the front where the fighting had begun again.

### How Tom Compromised

OPIE REID.....THE CHICAGO MAIL

"There was a hog thief in Kentucky who went by the name of Tom. Nobody ever caught Tom stealing hogs, but there was a firmly settled conviction in the community that all the missing porkers were due to this cunning old rascal. Notwithstanding the general belief that Tom was the thief, and for all the fact that all kinds of schemes were laid to entrap him, the hogs continued year in and year out to disappear, but Tom was never caught.

"A prominent judge and the owner of a fine farm, residing near the town where Tom lived, was out in the yard one morning looking over his stock when he noticed

Tom coming down the road. As he just then chanced to be looking at his hogs the sight of Tom naturally led him to speculate upon the safety of his stock.

"Howdy, Tom; fine lot of hogs, eh?"

"Mawnin', jedge; mawnin'," answered Tom. "Deed an' dey is, jedge, about de fines' lot o' hogs I evah did see, jedge; 'spec you's mighty proud o' dem hogs, jedge."

"Well, Tom, for a fact I do think a heap of these hogs. Now I want to make a bargain with you. I'm not alluding to anything in particular, Tom, but I just want you to take notice of those three shoats over in the corner."

"I see 'em, jedge, an' I 'spec dey is 'bout as fine as any shoats I evah did see," replied Tom, with a grin.

"Well, now, see here, Tom, I am going to give you these three shoats."

"You's gwine ter give me dem three fine shoats, jedge? I mus' say, jedge, dat's monstus kind—"

"Hold on, Tom, there's a condition. I'm going to give them to you if you will promise me for sure that you will leave the rest of the hogs alone. Will you agree?"

"Well, jedge," answered Tom, with a face as sober and solemn as the judge ever wore upon the bench, "you's been a good frien' of mine, an' you's done me a heap of favors, jedge, an' I'se gwine ter agree; but, jedge," and here Tom began scratching his woolly head, "I tell you what: I'se a gwine ter agree, jedge, but I'se gwine ter lose meat."

### Chimmie Fadden's Music Gale

E. W. TOWNSEND.....NEW YORK SUNDAY SUN

"You know little Miss Fannie what's Miss Fannie's girl kid? Well, say, she's a wonder. She's just beginning for t' walk, and Mr. Paul is trainin' her for a six-day match, and she goes sailing acrost de parlor when her nurse fetches her t' show off t' Mr. Paul, like she had bote wings and skates; and when she goes bang! on her mug, she never peeps, but only looks kinder wuzzy till she gets her breat' again, cause Mr. Paul he learnt her dat it's fun t' get hurted, so as she wouldn't holler.

"Dat was de little game he put up, so as he could see more of de kid what he is cranky about. See? When he first uster learnt her t' walk she'd yell murder when she'd jolt her konk. Eh? Don't you cop dat—'jolt her konk'? Why, dat's bump her head. Sure. Say, you otter hire somebody t' learnt you right English.

"Well, as I was tellin' you, when little Miss Fannie would jolt her konk she'd yell murder, and her mudder and her nurse and her gran'fadder and de Duchess and me nibs and de whole gang would chase ourselves t' see what t'ell. Den Miss Fannie she'd take de kid, and fuss, and fetch it away, and Mr. Paul would look like he'd upset a small bot' down a loidy's neck, and Miss Fannie wouldn't let him have de kid no more for a week.

"Den he played a great tinkin' part, and he says t' me one day when we was down-town togedder lookin' for a bull-pup—was I tellin' you 'bout dat bull-pup?—what he was wantin' t' buy for little Miss Fannie, he says 'Chimmie' says he, 'Chimmie, dis woeld is a vale of tears,' says he, and dose is his very langwudge, 'dis woeld is a vale of tears just because mudders makes it so.'

"Den I says, 'What t'ell,' I says, like dat; not bein' on t' what he was coppin' me. 'What t'ell.' See?

" 'Surely,' he says, 'dat's de very point I was goin' t' give to you. What t'ell is de use,' he says, 'of leartint' a kid t' cry when it's hurted? If a kid is learnt t' laugh 'stid of t' cry, de gayety of nations'—dose is his very words, de dude words what Mr. Paul uses when he don't mean nottin'—'de gayety of nations will be enriched by all which now is pain,' says he.

"Of course, a mug can't mean nottin' when he makes a song an' dance like dose langwudge, so I just says, 'What t'ell,' so as t' be sociable, and he goes on stringin' me, like he can, and he says he's goin' t' practise on little Miss Fannie t' prove dat a kid gets just as much satisfaction outter a laugh as outter a cry.

"Say, he done it. Dat's right. De next time he got little Miss Fannie she near cracked her conk 'gainst a chair, and Mr. Paul he begins t' laugh like he'd have a fit, and he grabs up little Miss Fannie, what hadn't got her breat' yet, and he laughs and says how funny it was, and when she got over lookin' fuzzy wid de jolt, she begins t' laugh; but she's lookin' kinder like she didn't know what t'ell, all de same, and from dat time de kid never hollered murder onct when she was hurted, 'cause she tinks it's the right game t' give de laugh. See?

"But listen till I tell you; dat wasn't what I was goin' t' give you a song an' dance 'bout; only when I gits talkin' of little Miss Fannie I never don't know when t' stop. You otter see her wid de bull-pup. Say, you'd die if you'd see de heavenly look on dat bull-pup's mug when little Miss Fannie gets him by bote ears and bangs his conk on de floor. You'd tink everyting had come his way since he was borned. But I'll tell you 'bout dat some odder day.

"What I was goin' t' tell you 'bout was de music gale we had up to our house. I don't know just what t'ell a music gale is, 'cept dat it's when a lot of swell mugs what can't make music has a gale in makin' a front dat dey is makin' music, and dat makes it a music gale, I s'pose.

"Dis one was for de benefit of de hospital where dere is kids wid crooked legs and backs, what Miss Fannie tends to, and every one what got a invite had t' pungle five plunks.

"Well, say, it was de dinkiest music you ever heard, 'cept when Miss Fannie played on de harp, and dat was a peach. Sure. After she had played, t'ings was goin' worse dan a cable-car wid a broke grip; it was what de Duchess called a sugsay de steam, in her for'n langwudge, and Mr. Paul, what was de manager, was havin' a fit, and de Duchess and me, what was behind de curtain wid him, was havin' a fit along wid t'inkin' dat Miss Fannie would be broke up, when all of a sudden Mr. Paul says t' me, he says, 'Chimmie,' says he, 'Chimmie, would you do somet'in' t' make Miss Fannie's music gale a howlin' success?' he says.

" 'Sure!' I says. 'I'll stand on me head or box t'ree rounds wid de butler,' says I, hopin' it would be de butler, for I was dyin' t' do him, along wid him tryin' t' get gay wid de Duchess. 'Sure!' I says.

"Den Mr. Paul says, 'I'd like de scrap wid de butler most, meself, but dis bein' a mixed aud'ence, wid loidies perdomeratin'—which is de first time I ever heard Mr. Paul say a unkind t'ing 'bout de loidies—'wid loidies perdomeratin', I wants you t' sing dat song I heard you singin' t' de Duchess.'

"Say, I taut he was givin' me de dinky-dink. Dat's

a song I made up de words for meself, and I sings dem to a tune his Whiskers plays on de flute. Yes, he plays de flute while Miss Fannie plays de harp, and it's better dan a orchestran. He plays a song what Miss Fannie sings for him, 'bout 'Sweet is de vale where de Mohawk gently glides.' Did you ever hear it? Well, I makes up some words just t' jolly de servants wid, and Mr. Paul he heard me singin' it, but when he tells me t' sing it in front of all dose swell mugs I taut I'd t'row a fit right dere. De Duchess, she says I could sing outter sight of de willy boy what had sung a song a little before what put all de folks t' sleep. So I says, 'Anyt'ing t' make Miss Fannie's music gale a corker, and Mr. Paul he steps in front of de curtain and de folks all gives him a great jolly, 'cause dey knowed dat he had somet'in' t' string dem wid.

"Say, you should heard de game he gives dem. He says he has engage, at de expense of great boodle, a vodyville artis' of great renown from de principal te-aters of Great Britain and London, what would introduce, in character—dose was his words, 'in character'—a new song writ for de occasion by dat Bowery boy, Chames Fadden.

"I was peepin' tru de curtain, and I seed Miss Fannie and his Whiskers and Mr. Burton look at each odder like dey didn't know what t'ell; but Mr. Paul he looked as solemn as if dere wasn't a nodder small bot' on eart'. Den de curtain was histed and I goes out feelin' like I was in a pipe dream, and I sings de song. Dis is de way it starts:

"On de banks of de Bronx where me summer goil hangs  
(She's a doisy and just seventeen), [out  
Oi chases meself when me doiy's work is done,  
And Oi fishes for clams in de stream.

"Say, I was a peach. De folks dey howled like dey'd all picked a winnin' long shot, and de more dey howled de more Bow'ry I got, till pretty soon I taut I was just singin' for de gang at de meetin' of de Roseleaf Social, Outin', and Life-Savin' Club.

"Say, I killed dem dead. Dey made me sing it over till I was dat t'irsty I taut I must be Mr. Paul, and when I couldn't peep a nudder peep Mr. Paul hauled down de curtain, and Miss Fannie comed around behind dere and says, 'Chames,' says she, laughin', 'Chames, you lifted de gloom from de whole music gale.'

"I was feelin' like I was in it den, and Mr. Paul, he drags his jeans for a fiver and gives it to me; but de Duchess, she collars it, sayin' dat I might take cold in me t'roat wid so much long green about me.

"De Duchess is a good goil, but I wisht when I has boodle t' burn she'd lose her mind long enough for me t' start a fire. See?"

### "Fur Shore"

M. QUAD....THE CHICAGO TIMES

Within 200 feet of the crest of Mount Mitchell the rough road winding over the mountain runs close to the edge of a cliff, down which you can drop a plummet for over 100 feet. At the base the waters of a creek dash furiously along toward the Catawba. As you peer over the edge of the cliff you can see the waters boiling and foaming among the rocks far below, and your flesh creeps and your blood runs cold at the mere thought of a fall.

An hour before sunset on a July day I sat on a rock

by the roadside with this cliff at my left. My pipe was scarcely alight when an old woman, walking slowly by the help of a cane, and her calico sunbonnet pulled forward to shade her weak eyes from the bright sun, came slowly down the mountain road. She saw me and peered and hesitated and finally came forward.

"Howdy, stranger?"

"Howdy, grandma; going down the mountain?"

"No further, I reckon. This is the steep place, hain't it?"

"Yes; there is a high cliff here."

"I thought so, but my eyes are very poor. Yes, I'm old and blind and of no use to anybody. I've prayed to the Lawd every day for a year to take me away, but he don't hear me."

"Is your husband dead?"

"Years and years ago, stranger."

"But you have children?"

"Yes, but I'm a burden to them, I'm no good any more. I've been fearful this long while, but it didn't come till this mawnin'. I had my mind made up what I should do, and now I'm goin' to do it."

"What is it, grandma; what has happened?"

"I've been fearful of William and Jane. William is a good boy, but they is pore and don't get along. This mawnin' I heard them talkin'. Jane says I'm too ole to work any more, and I must go to the porehouse. William waits a bit to think it over and then says there is no other way. He says he'll see about it to-morrow."

"But the wants and needs of an old woman like you can't be much of a burden to them," I protested.

"No," she sighed, "but ole folks is in the way of younger ones. I've dun prayed and prayed, but the Lawd won't take me. Mebbe he thinks I ain't fitten to go, but I've tried hard to live clus up to the good book. If I hain't fitten now, I never shall be."

"But it's the duty of a son to care for his old mother."

"I've heard that said, and I reckon I've dun read somethin' like it in Scriptur', but we is all pore critters. What we want to do is our dooty. What we don't want to do kin be left fur somebody else."

"If your son has a home, he can't have the heart to turn you out of it, even if it is a struggle to get along," I said, as the poor old woman held her apron to her face.

"Stranger, do you know 'bout the Lawd's ways?" she asked through her tears.

"I'm afraid I don't—not as much as I ought to."

"Don't He take old folks up thar in heaven when they ain't no mo' use down yere?"

"In His own good time, yes."

"I've bin ready fur this long time," she sobbed, "but mebbe I'm too ole and pore and blind to be sent fur. If I'm fitten to go, the Lawd orter take me."

"How far up the road does your son live?"

"'Bout a mile, I reckon."

"Come, I'll help you along."

"Yo' gwine that way?"

"Yes."

"Then say to William if yo' see him that I shan't trouble him no mo'."

I argued and protested and coaxed, but she refused to move. I cautioned her to remain on the rock and started off up the road, thinking to call at the cabin and send some of the family down for her. A hundred feet away I halted to look back. She had left the rock and

was standing on the brink of the cliff. I ran down to her, but when within twenty feet she called out:

"Stranger, yo've come back, but it's too late! I was troubled because the Lawd had not called me. He has jest dun called!"

"Wait! Hold on! You'll be over!"

"O Lawd! take a pore, lone ole woman who's a burden on her children!" prayed the old woman with hands upraised; and, as I sprang forward and clutched at her dress, the faded calico tore away in my hand and she went down to death.

Not a cry of despair, not a shriek of alarm as she plunged downward. A dull sound came up to me, and when I peered over the edge of the cliff I saw the white waters carrying her mangled body down to the river beyond. At the cabin a mile away I found a man and his wife leaning on the fence in front. I told them what had happened. There was no alarm, no anxiety, no words of sorrow. They did not look at me—not even at each other. There was dead silence for a full minute, and then, with his eyes looking into the forest opposite, the son replied: "Yes, that was mammy fur shore!"

"Fur shore!" echoed the woman as I walked on.

### The Sheik's Venture in Verse

TRUE TEST OF ABILITY.....FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER

The mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the court sage, old Enekazi, as follows: "You are always ready to give sensible advice, O Enekazi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councilors are really sincere."

"A very simple matter," replied the sage, confidently. "I will tell you at once, mighty sheik, how it is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day."

"Stop!" interrupted the sheik. "You forget that I am no poet."

"That's just it, mighty sheik! Go and write at once a long ballad and read to your assembled councilors."

"But, Enekazi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"So much the better! When you have read the long ballad to your courtiers, you will judge of the effect yourself. To-morrow I will come again and learn of your observations."

The next day the wise Enekazi entered, saying:

"Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?"

"Certainly."

"And what happened after you had read your ballad?" inquired the old man, smiling.

"Oh, I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ibu Yemin; another, that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—in a word, they were all in ecstasies, and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies."

"And what about old Henri Adin?" eagerly questioned the sage.

"Ah, he dropped to sleep while I was reading."

"Ha, ha! What did you conclude from that, mighty sheik?" said the old man triumphantly.

"What conclusion could I come to," replied the sheik, with some surprise, "if not the same as all the rest, namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry?" Enekazi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and—held his peace; for he was, in sooth, a wise man.

## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

*Pomp's Defense.....Belle R. Harrison.....Leslie's Weekly*

I stole dem breeches, I 'knowledge de corn,  
But 'twarn't no crime, ez sure ez you er born.  
Ef de motif is right, den whar's de sin?  
I stole dem breeches to be baptiz' in.

Fur my onliest pa'r wuz clean wored out,  
Dey give up de ghos' when I 'gun ter shout,  
But r'ligion is mighty, en mus' pervail,  
Do' it lands er darkey in de county jail.

De chain-gang's got me, an' de coal mines, too,  
But what could a 'fenseless colored man do,  
When de jedge en jury 'lowed it wuz sin  
Ter steal dem breeches ter be baptiz' in?

Tell de folks all howdy en good-bye, too,  
I'll meet 'em in hebben when my wuck is fru,  
Fur my heart is white do my skin is black,  
En I'm gwine ter trabbel de shinin' track.

When de Lawd is jedge, I kno' He gwine say  
Pomp's straight ez er shingle, en fair ez de day.  
He'll shout ter de worl' dat it wa'nt no sin  
Ter steal dem breeches ter be baptiz' in.

*My Mary..James Whitcomb Riley..Armazindy (Bowen-Merrill Co.)*

My Mary, O my Mary!  
The simmer skies are blue.  
The dawnin' brings the dazzle,  
An' the gloamin' brings the dew,—  
The mirk o' nicht the glory  
O' the moon, an' kindles, too,  
The stars that shift aboon the lift,—  
But naething brings me you!

Where is it, O my Mary,  
Ye are biding a' the while?  
I ha' wended by your window,  
I ha' waited by the stile;  
An' up an' down the river  
I ha' won for mony a mile,  
Yet never found, adrift or drown'd,  
Your lang-belated smile.

Is it forgot, my Mary,  
How glad we used to be?—  
The simmer-time when bonny bloomed  
The auld trysting-tree,—  
How there I carved the name for you,  
And you the name for me,  
An' the gloamin' kenned it only  
When we kissed sae tenderly?

Speak ance to me, my Mary!—  
But whisper in my ear  
As light as ony sleeper's breath,  
An' a' my soul will hear;  
My heart shall stap its beating,  
An' the sougning atmosphere  
Be hushed the while I leaning smile  
An' listen to you, dear!

My Mary, O my Mary!  
The blossoms bring the bees;  
The sunshine brings the blossoms  
An' the leaves on a' the trees;  
The simmer brings the sunshine  
An' the fragrance o' the breeze,—  
But, O, wi'out you, Mary,  
I care naething for these!

We were sae happy, Mary!  
O think how ance we said—  
Wad ane o' us gae fickle,  
Or ane o' us lie dead,—  
To feel anither's kisses  
We wad feign the auld instead,  
An' ken the ither's footsteps  
In the green grass owerhead.

My Mary, O my Mary!  
Are ye dochter o' the air,  
That ye vanish aye before me  
As I follow everywhere?  
Or is it ye are only  
But a mortal, wan wi' care?—  
Syne I search through a' the kirkyard  
An' I dinna find ye there.

*A Royal Reiver....Nimmo Christie....Longman's Magazine*

I'll tell ye o' a reiver,  
A rantin' wanton reiver,  
A dauntless Highland reiver  
As ever stood in shoon.  
His hand was o' the fairest,  
His smile was o' the rarest,  
His fate it was the sairest—  
Wha should hae worn a croon.

In mirky caverns lyin',  
Nor dule was his nor sighin',  
Though Geordie's men were spyin'  
To north an' south an' west.  
Though we were wae an' eerie,  
Although our hearts were wearie,  
Our Charlie aye was cheerie,  
The bravest an' the best.

He took wi' happy bearin'  
His puir an' modest sharin'  
O' meal—our scanty farin'—  
Till every grain was gane.  
O then we supped on sorrow,  
We could nor buy nor borrow,  
But Charlie laughed, "To-morrow  
We'll give good-bye to pain."

Hid 'mong the purple heather,  
In misty mornin' weather,  
Red-coats an' kye together  
We saw like ghosts gae by.  
The beef was young an' dainty,  
The soldiers ane an' twenty;  
"We're five," said Charlie; "plenty,  
My lads, to lift the kye."

So when the skies were weepin',  
An' horse an' men were sleepin',  
Through whins an' bracken creepin',  
We forced our stealthy way.  
We feasted at the daw'in',  
An' stayed our hunger gnawin',  
Nor ever paid the lawin'  
For stirkies led astray!

There ne'er was Prince like Charlie;  
Our hearts were wi' him fairly.  
O wae's me late an' airly!  
He lost his land an' croon.  
We loved our royal reiver,  
Our rantin' wanton reiver—  
As bold a Highland reiver  
As ever stepped in shoon.

## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

### Flying Ten Miles Above the Earth

HENRY A. HAZEN.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

The exploration and study of a region yet unapproached and by many thought inaccessible to man is one of the most remarkable achievements in this evening of the nineteenth century, full as it is of new inventions and wonderful discoveries for his benefit. We can only comprehend with difficulty this enormous altitude. The Washington Monument, towering 550 feet above the plain, is impressive in its solidity and height; and yet, using this as a measuring-rod, we must apply its length vertically nearly one hundred times to reach ten miles. The highest mountain in America reaches but a little more than one-quarter of this height. The highest cirrus clouds, floating in all their beauty apparently at almost illimitable distances, are really but one-third of this height. Finally, place side by side with these the greatest height to which the condor, with its majestic spread of wings, can attain; then earth's masterpiece, the sublime, perpetually snow-capped Ganrisankar, the highest peak of the Himalayas; and still again, the highest point ever reached by man in a balloon, and only in an unconscious condition; and each and all of these altitudes are but little more than one-half this stupendous height.

Not only are the conditions which confront us as we enter this region of discovery remarkable, but the difficulties attendant upon its exploration are so considerable in point of expense, that only the largest private munificence or the resources of a great government are capable of furnishing the means for such an expedition. When it is frankly admitted by scientists of such standing as Dr. Wild, of St. Petersburg, that "without exact and satisfactory data meteorology cannot develop as a science, but will be, as heretofore, mainly a tumbling-ground for vague speculations and dilettante investigation," no apology need be offered to the public for undertaking this unique expedition, the necessity for which is self-evident, leaving the methods for its accomplishment alone to be explained. How is it possible for us to travel ten miles above the earth? That well-known property of the atmosphere by which any gas lighter than itself rises to its limitations, and when imprisoned in an envelope becomes that wonderful instrument of science, the balloon, forms a basis of our operations. Aside from its employment in military affairs and its casual appearances in the field of science, this great agent of discovery has remained essentially the philosophical toy which it was when it first came from the hands of the Montgolfiers over a century ago.

But it is now proposed in our up-to-date excursion that the balloon shall be transformed into a modernized aeronautic cruiser, a safe and useful agent of exploration, profiting by all the discoveries which its hitherto desultory employment have developed, and adding to it the incomparably superior methods of mechanical construction used in the machine-shops of to-day. What is this construction to be? This is the interesting question to which the projectors of this enterprise are now for the first time prepared to give a practical answer. The peculiarity of hydrogen and other light gases by which their carrying-power increases as the

cube of their diameter, while the weight of the balloon which they lift increases only as the square of its diameter, affords us the first principle for our guidance in the construction of this aeronautic monster. A little calculation on the simple principle stated soon shows us that the capacity of the great envelope, which is to lift us through this vast ocean of air, at whose bottom we live, must be 100,000 cubic feet. This immense volume of gas would be capable, under the most favorable circumstances, of rising about fifteen miles above the earth, and under the conditions which we shall impose upon it, it will easily carry us to the height of ten miles, at which our excursion begins. To properly imprison the gas which is to accomplish this is a matter of the first importance. The envelope of the balloon will be constructed of gold-beater's skin, the lightest and toughest substance obtainable for the purpose. All of the ropes controlling the balloon-valve, rip-cord, etc., will be operated instantaneously by electrical devices in the cabinet, so that our aerial monster will at all times be under perfect control.

The next important problem is the construction of our air-tight steel car or cabin, which is to entirely replace the open "basket" at present in use. Some people have expressed the idea that aluminum, being but one-quarter the weight of steel, would be the proper material; but it has been demonstrated to our satisfaction that, strength for strength, a thin tool-steel is much lighter and better for our purpose than aluminum. From selected steel plates, therefore, the large car or cabin of our aeronautic giant is to be built, being of a slightly oblong, rectangular shape, with all the joints hermetically sealed, and the entire structure being so powerfully braced throughout as to successfully resist the greatest pressure to which it may be subjected in its adventurous voyages. The door affording entrance to the car also closes with air-tight joints. In the walls of the car are windows protected with exceedingly heavy plate glass, through which observations of the sun will be made and light admitted for reading the instruments. The car will be carefully ballasted, and constructed in such a manner that, in the event of its descending upon any great body of water, it can be freed, if desired, from the balloon above, and left to float upon the waters quite as safely as it did in the air.

The walls of the cabin will be fitted with air-cushions to avoid injury of the occupants through any violent wrenchings of the balloon; all weightier objects carried inside will be securely attached to walls and floor; and the batteries, chemical and other receptacles having dangerous contents, will be tightly closed whenever it is unnecessary to open them for use. This will avert the otherwise possible catastrophe of the imprisoned scientists being scalded by burning acids in the event of a sudden accident overturning the car. The balloon will be provided with an especially devised parachute, carried beneath the cabin and affording perfect safety of descent, in case of the loss of the upper envelope from explosion or other unforeseen causes. The cabin will be abundantly lighted by electricity from small, powerful storage batteries, this feature of its equipment forming an important adjunct to the conducting of

scientific observations after the balloon may be overtaken by unexpected darkness or by nightfall. The particular importance of this will be better appreciated when it is remembered that the sunlight of the highest atmospheres is by no means the brilliant sunlight which we have here below, owing to the almost entire absence of the great reflection and intensification of light resulting from its passage through our denser air.

The most important adjunct to the success of the voyages made by this cruiser will, perhaps, be the unique arrangements contained within the hermetic car by which a practically illimitable amount of gas can be generated and passed upward through direct tube connections into the balloon above, any time it is desired by the navigators to replace gas which may have escaped or have been drawn out from the envelope of the balloon incident to a temporary descent. This arrangement will enable the prosecution of much more extended voyages in the air than have been hitherto possible. The cabin will be well supplied with water and food in concentrated form for the use of the voyagers, so that in the event of a trip being more prolonged than anticipated, as the result of unforeseen occurrences, its occupants shall not suffer from hunger or thirst. The scientists occupying the car will be supplied with renovated air from high-pressure reservoirs of pure oxygen, a very little of which will last a long while and enable the storage to be much more compact than would be possible in the case of mere compressed atmospheric air. The tube connections supplying the oxygen to the occupants of the car, and the valvular exits for the escape of polluted air from the steel chamber, will all be mechanically perfect, so that no mishap can threaten the lives of the explorers through cutting off their respiration.

As scientific opinion differs widely concerning the temperature which will be experienced at these great heights, much care will be taken to avert fatality to the voyagers from extreme degrees of cold. There will be contained in the air-tight car means for producing either heat or cold as emergency arises. As it is expected that the occupants of the car will doubtless meet with a most intense degree of cold, however, they will be warmly clad in the heaviest furs. In our "protected steel cruiser" of the air, we will carry all of the fine meteorological instruments now in use on the earth, which could not be done were we intending to conduct this exploration in the open car hitherto employed, where the efficacy of this sensitive registering apparatus would be seriously impaired by exposure to the intense rays of the sun and other peculiar physical conditions found at these vast heights. Among our instruments will be the ventilated psychrometer, aneroid barometer, solar thermometer, pyrheliometer, and the mercurial barometer, whose column of mercury drops about one inch for each one thousand feet of our ascent, and many delicate electrical appliances. Many of the instruments will have to be attached to the outside of the air-tight car, controlled by proper connections from the inside, and "read" through glass-protected openings in the walls.

The conditions under which this expedition into the great atmospheric ocean will be conducted are as different from any which have been previously experienced in such scientific work as are the means which will be employed to meet them. The scientists, warmly clad in

their arctic costumes, will first enter the car, the door will be closed tightly behind them and the hermetic cabin will then be exhausted of its air to a point which will cause the average pressure sustained by its walls to not exceed eight pounds per square inch through the journey. The start will be made at early daybreak, in order to afford sufficient time for a long, eventful exploration; the terrestrial observers will be carefully instructed in their duties, awaiting in readiness to record the transit of the balloon, whose velocity will be accurately determined by noting the intervals between its appearance over the various stations. It is proposed that by making the ascent from a large railroad centre, arrangements can be made for a group of scientists to follow the great balloon upon a fast locomotive, as soon as its direction is apparent; but, should its velocity prove to be 100 or 150 miles per hour, its course would have to be followed by sending out telegrams to the observers along its indicated path. The name of our "cruiser," as yet unselected, will be one befitting its usefulness to mankind. The deep interest in these expeditions is manifested by the importunities of those ambitious to accompany us. It has been decided, however, that but one layman—a correspondent—will be allowed to occupy the cabin with our busy scientists; and the time and place of our first ascent will probably be known only to those preparing for it until it occurs.

Now, what is the world of science to learn from this exploration? The answer to the first great problem, the direction of the air-currents, will be easily told by the simple direction of the balloon, determined by those watching its progress from the earth, as above explained. No country could be more appropriately made the field of this exploration than the United States, where the variety of meteorologic conditions in immediately adjacent areas of the atmosphere is greater and exhibits more rapid changes than probably over any other portion of the globe; and since the greatest discoveries in aeronautic meteorology have heretofore been made in Europe, the uniformity of whose atmospheric conditions is remarkable, more important results to science can be expected from this one expedition over the United States than from all previous explorations of the atmosphere combined. Even the discoveries resulting from automatic registrations made in the little open-carred, empty balloon "Cirrus" (8,760 cubic feet), liberated at Berlin on July 7, of last year, were so numerous as to give significant promise to the results to be obtained by our party in their comfortable hermetic car with every convenience for rapid work.

Of the many important alterations in our present ideas of natural philosophy, and especially of meteorology, which will probably result from this expedition, none are more interesting than those affecting temperature. To illustrate how widely at variance are the opinions of our leading scientific minds on this subject, it may be stated that the temperature anticipated by various authorities at the height of ten miles ranges from 100 to 250 degrees below zero; and that many scientists dispute the probability of the upper strata of the atmosphere having lower temperature during our "cold waves" than during our "hot waves." It is also important to observe that the color of the sun, which is now absolutely unknown, will probably be definitely ascertained during this exploration; that our present idea that the sun first heats the surface of the earth, which in turn warms the atmos-

phere by radiation, may very probably be shown by the results of this expedition to be the precise reverse of what occurs; and, finally, that our knowledge of the extent and importance of electric influences upon temperature and the movement of storm-areas, now virtually guesswork, will be brought from the realm of mysteries to that of practical science. Our explorers will be well equipped for the rapid observation and record of all these fundamental discoveries in science during the progress through the highest region ever traversed by man.

### Keeping Track of Locomotives

INGENIOUS RAILROAD METHODS....CHICAGO LAMP

To many persons one of the most interesting places in New York City is the lower bridge spanning the network of tracks running out of the Grand Central station. To stand there and watch for hours the huge locomotives dashing in and out has for them a fascination that is strong and permanent. To them the locomotive is the very incarnation of strength and power, of resistless and remorseless energy. Beyond the æsthetic view of the machine the minds of few observers carry them. They may see a locomotive with its train disappear in the distance and wonder where it is going and when it is coming back; but they do not wonder how the managers keep track of the hundreds of locomotives always on the move, in division and out of division, so that they shall not get mixed up or go astray.

The man who keeps track of the locomotives on the New York Central is the superintendent of motive-power and machinery. He keeps a record not only of the movement of each locomotive, but also of its dimensions, equipments, class and state of efficiency. The simplest way to look after a locomotive would be to see that it receives proper care from its engineer and fireman, and that it is repaired when they report the necessity. But this would not bring the locomotive to the standard of efficiency demanded to-day. On the walls of the office of the superintendent of motive-power and machinery there are a series of large, dark wood tablets, each about five feet square, in which large metal pegs with heads bearing letters and numbers and patches of colors are stuck. The explanation of the boards and pegs brings one to the starting-point in the life of a locomotive. Each board covers a division of the road, and gives not only the location and work of the locomotives represented by the metal pegs, but also a general idea of the characteristics and condition of each locomotive.

When a locomotive first comes out of the shop, it gets a number and is assigned to a division of the road. This number is stamped on the head of a metal peg, which is placed in one of the holes of the proper division board. As it sometimes happens that an excess of work in one division necessitates the temporary transfer to it of locomotives belonging to another division, an awkward mixing up of the engines of the two divisions would sooner or later be the result if it was not prevented by the simple device of giving to each division a distinguishing color for its locomotive pegs. This is done by painting a segment of the head of the peg with the color of its division. On the New York Central the pegs for the Hudson River division are painted red; West Albany, white; Syracuse, blue; Buffalo, yellow; and Harlem, black. When a transfer of a locomotive from one division to another is ordered, its peg is trans-

ferred to the board of that division, and it is returned to its proper board when the locomotive is ordered back to its original division. If a yellow peg is in the Syracuse board, it is seen instantly that a Buffalo locomotive is working in the Syracuse division. As the movements and condition of locomotives are telegraphed to New York every day, the pegs representing them are moved to consistent positions on the boards. A series of smaller supplementary boards are kept, which show the particular work each locomotive is doing in small districts.

In addition to tracing the locomotives, the pegs are made to give in a concise form some information which is very valuable and is principally made use of in operating the special locomotive service from headquarters. A glance at a peg in the board shows nothing more than the color and the figures on its head, but if a peg is taken out it is seen that figures are also stamped on its shank and end. The end figures give the diameter in inches of the driving-wheel, and the figures on the shank the dimensions of the cylinder. The figures on the head of the peg are the number of the locomotive, and the letter denotes its class—P meaning a passenger and F a freight locomotive. The little stars on either side of the letter also convey information.

They tell to what degree the locomotive is provided with that essential accident-preventing appliance, the brake. On most pegs only one star appears, and its position gives two pieces of information: If it is placed to the right of the letter, it denotes that the engine has steam-brakes on its driving-wheels; if placed to the left, that it has air-brakes affixed in the ordinary way and place. Two stars denote that the locomotive has the two sets of brakes.

While the boards thus give the superintendent a satisfactory knowledge of the condition and capacity of the locomotives, they are but a small part of a system of tracing and examination whereby the smallest characteristics and greatest capabilities of each locomotive become thoroughly and systematically recorded. This additional information consists of locomotive reports sent in by engineers and others. These enable the superintendent to determine the expense of each locomotive for oil, waste, tallow, wages and repairs in material and labor; the number of miles run to one pint of oil or one pound of tallow or ton of coal; the average cost per mile run of fuel, oil, waste, tallow, wages, repairs, material and labor, and finally the total cost per mile.

### Protection against Robbery

STEAM AS A MEANS OF DEFENSE....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

A United States patent has been issued to William H. Reeve, one of the oldest tugboatmen in this city, for a simple but ingenious invention designed for the use of steam for repelling train-robbers, protecting banks and their officers against thieves and defending armories, arsenals, forts, etc., against assailants. The inventor says that his attention was attracted to the subject by the frequent and daring "holding-up" and robbing of railroad trains about two years ago. His plan was so simple that he did not make any active effort to carry it out till about eighteen months ago, when he made experiments with it on a tugboat fitted up for the purpose, and found it to be even more effective as a means of defense than he had supposed. In conversing with the writer about the invention, the patentee said in

part: "Some railroad locomotives use a steam-jet to scare cows and other animals from the tracks, but none has ever adopted a device for using steam to protect life and property against train-robbers. My plan provides for the running of steam-pipes along the boiler, one on each side, from the cab forward. These pipes, which are not large nor unsightly, have at their outer ends small nozzles through which jets of steam can be projected from fifty to sixty feet, making it impossible for any person to approach nearer than that distance. Other similar pipes run backward underneath the train and have connections by which steam is blown through nozzles on the platforms of mail, express or baggage cars, making it absolutely impossible for any one to get on board the train. Other pipes may be placed at the car doors, and still others, which are flexible and held in the hand, can carry the steam in any desired direction.

"Every locomotive generates its own ammunition, and so long as a good head of steam is kept up, it is absolutely impossible for a train to be 'held up.' The robbers might shoot at random through the blinding steam, but would not be likely to hit any of the train-hands, who could not be seen. For protecting banks, which are generally heated by steam, the steam generated by the heating apparatus could be used. Small pipes for conveying the steam can be laid where they cannot be seen, leading to any part of the bank. At the windows of the tellers there might be small, concealed nozzles of minute bore, so arranged on each side that cross-jets of steam could be projected into the faces of the robbers. These pipes could be operated by hidden levers close to the hands of the tellers. Similar jets could be attached to the desks of the president and cashier, or other officers, to be secretly operated by treadles underneath the desks. For the defense of armories or arsenals there can be large jets at doors and windows, and the steam can also be carried through hose. Every fort could have jets. No fort properly protected in this manner could possibly be carried by assault, no matter how numerous the enemy might be, so long as a good head of steam was kept up and the jets skillfully operated."

### Electroplating the Hulls of Iron Ships

FIGHTING BARNACLES....THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Paints and compositions innumerable have been tried to prevent marine growths from forming upon iron and steel vessels below the water-line. Mr. Theodore D. Wilson, late chief naval constructor, says: "Thousands of dollars have been expended in the testing of protective and anti-fouling paints and compounds, with very little encouragement to further experiments." The process of Mr. Thomas S. Crane, of East Orange, N. J., patented May 30, 1893, has just been put to a practical test in coating the iron hull of an ocean tug ninety-eight feet long with copper to the thickness of one-twentieth of an inch. The tug is being treated in a dry dock in Jersey City, but it is expected to coat new ships before they are launched, to save the expense of docking and loss of time.

The destructive effect of barnacles on the hulls of the ocean liners and war vessels is well known. Some idea of the saving in cost by using the new process may be gained from the statement of Philip Hichborn, the United States naval constructor, in his report to Con-

gress, in which he says that to dry dock, clean, and paint the cruiser Chicago in any port would cost about \$12,000, and that on the average it would be necessary to do this three times a year, making \$100,000 for a three years' cruise. Only a short time ago one of our war ships burned 1,000 tons more of coal on her homeward trip from Rio than on her journey there, and her speed was two or three knots less per hour because of a foul bottom. From the hulls of the Alert and Atlanta twenty-five tons of barnacles and incrustations were removed. Some of the foreign navies resort to the cumbersome method of covering the vessels with planking, which is in turn sheathed with copper. A coating of copper will keep barnacles off the hulls, and will also prevent the pitting and corrosion to which iron and steel vessels are now subjected. By the new process the copper is electrically deposited in sections upon the surface of the vessel in successive rows, and the joints of the sections are overlapped during the electro-deposition in such a manner as to perfectly unite the whole coating of the vessel. The entire surface below the water-line, including the riveted laps of the steel sheets, the keel, the stern and rudder-post, are thus protected by an unbroken metallic sheet of copper.

The method is a triple one. The bath, which in size is about five feet square, is securely placed in position, and after being shored up against the vessel's bottom, is calked around the edges with cotton and oakum till it is water-tight. Then it is filled with strong acid solution for twenty-four hours, which cleans the plates. The acid bath is removed, the spot washed thoroughly; then the wooden bath is filled with a solution of copper cyanide, and a current of six volts and 900 amperes is applied. The action of the cyanide solution is twofold: it assists in cleansing the plates and also causes a firm film of copper to adhere in the next stage of the process. The cyanide bath is removed after having been allowed to act for twenty-four hours, and a solution of copper sulphate is substituted. Large copper plates are used as anodes; the current is reduced to three volts, and the amperage remains the same. The deposition of copper takes place immediately, and the process continues until copper has been deposited to the thickness of one-twentieth to one-sixteenth of an inch; the current is then stopped and the bath removed. The deposition of the copper usually requires about four days. The coating is closely adherent, and cannot be removed except by chipping with a cold-chisel, in which case a portion of the iron usually comes away with it. The lapping of the coatings has already been described. There is no chance for galvanic action to set in except by a blow or grinding upon a rock which might cut through the film. But after such a blow the vessel would undoubtedly have to be docked for repairs, and a small bath could be applied to re-copper the defective spot. The plating of propellers will be of particular value, as the least bit of corrosion interferes seriously with their efficiency. Of course, in practice, a large number of tanks or baths would be in use, and it is expected that an ocean steamer of the largest size (600 feet long) could be easily and completely plated in four weeks. Experiments have been made on the copper coating, using sea-water which has been brought from ten miles out at sea; it is found that this water has no effect on the coating. To Mr. Henry Bergfels, the plater of the tug, much credit is due in overcoming many difficulties.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

### At a Formal Tea in Japan

IN THE MIKADO'S REALM.....THE PITTSBURG BULLETIN

Directly on arrival of the guests, who are expected to appear on such occasions in full dress, they are seated in the teahouse within the tea-garden, and the beverage served to each one separately. The fixtures of the room and surroundings generally are always the same. There is a platform, which is called the "tokonomo" or "place to hang the picture." This platform is also decorated with flowers. The bamboo dipper in which tea is served very properly is attached to the lid of the teapot. Above a large porcelain vessel containing a charcoal fire is placed the kettle. Cute little lacquered caddies are used for holding powdered tea, and a crêpe or silk cloth called the "fukusa" is held in the hostess's hand for the purpose of removing flecks of scattered tea dust. When the water has reached the proper degree of heat the lady deftly pours the powdered tea from the caddy and the water from the kettle simultaneously into the bamboo dipper, and proceeds to stir it carefully with a "chasen," a sort of "feather brush" made of bamboo, one end of which is chopped into fine shreds. Right here are the two operations upon which depend the success of powdered tea-making. A novice will spoil it by improperly mixing the water and tea together or through inexperience in stirring. The latter operation requires deftness and long practice, while the other is nothing more nor less than a piece of legerdemain. When ready, the draught of tea in the dipper is served by the hostess or her maid, accompanied by an elaborate bow. In serving, the maid holds the vessel containing the tea high up, even with her head, and after bowing and serving it in a sitting posture, she arises and returns to her place, walking backward.

### Oyster Culture

ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS...G.E.W...NEW YORK POST

Most people, if asked to name the greatest fishing industries of the country in their relative order, would probably say the cod, herring, and whaling fisheries, if they were from the Atlantic seaboard, and salmon, herring and sturgeon, if from the Pacific coast. In both instances they would fail to mention the most valuable and extensive fishing industry, not only in this country but in the world, and one that has been engaged in for at least 2,000 years, and by all nationalities—the oyster fishery. The excuse might be made by some that they did not take into consideration shell-fish. The bivalves which thus stand out in such prominence in our fishing industries are natural to the waters of nearly every part of the globe, and there are published records which give a vague idea of the methods and extent of cultivating oysters many centuries ago. But, making due allowances for the degeneration of ancient beds, it may be safely claimed that the oyster-beds of the United States are by far the greatest that the world has ever seen, and that the production here to-day exceeds the combined output of all other countries. The beds in the United States are largely natural, but many artificial ones have been made in recent years. The enormous crop has been gathered almost entirely from the natural beds, and oyster culture is only of very recent practical value in

this country. Many of the old and most extensive beds showed signs of degeneration until they were threatened with entire destruction, and then the States as well as private owners took such effective steps to protect and cultivate the oysters that a new lease of life was given to the great industry.

We have Pliny's word for it that the first person who made artificial oyster-beds was one Sergius Orata, and that the beds at Baiæ brought him in a large income. This was in the time of Augustus; but about the seventh century oyster culture became a recognized industry in Italy. The seed were not natural to the bays and lagoons along the Italian coast, but were brought from Britain, where they had long been enjoyed by the natives, and afterward by the wealthy Romans, who could afford to buy the imported bivalves. Many artificial oyster-beds were formed in Lake Avernus (now Lake Fusaro), and in nearly all of the salt-water lagoons and lakes along the coast. The Romans were very fond of the new luxury, and the wealthy classes paid fabulous prices for them before their culture at home reduced the cost. The Roman system of breeding oysters followed the essential principles of our modern methods. Piles of rocks were formed on the muddy bottoms of the lagoons or lakes, and circles of stakes were arranged around these, to which were attached bundles of twigs. The seed oysters were placed on the piles of rocks, and the multitude of young ones would gradually fasten themselves to the twigs, stakes, and rocks in countless numbers and grow there until gathered for the market. Since then the Romans have improved upon their early system by forming floors of plank, over which they spread the half-grown oysters to increase in size and fullness. Oysters will generally attach themselves to any rough surface that presents itself, and the French system of culture is to cover the floor of a shallow bay with rough cement, so that the oysters will have something to grow upon. This is called the tile system, and is really only a modern improvement over the Roman method of plank floors. The oysters placed on these beds are generally nearly full-grown ones, and they fill out and fatten rapidly in their new homes. The Maryland and Long Island oystermen have enormous wooden floats, where they place the oysters after they have been dredged from the beds, and as the bottom of these floats are covered with water, the bivalves can be kept for months growing and fattening in their new surroundings.

The culture of oysters in this country and in Europe differs very little, except that many natural beds are still in existence here, while they have all been practically destroyed in Europe. There is not a country in Europe possessing a mile of seacoast that does not have its oyster fisheries, but probably not more than six or seven per cent. of the whole output comes direct from natural beds. The seed are planted in the parks until they are ready to be "laid down" in some shoal waters off the coast for the purpose of giving them a more delicious flavor. Nearly fifty per cent. of the product in this country, however, comes direct from enormous natural beds. A glance at some of the European methods of controlling oyster-beds may be of value. In France nearly all of the oyster-beds are under direct govern-

ment control, and rigid laws are in force to prevent overworking. In Schleswig-Holstein the State owns many thousands of acres of good oyster-beds, and these are leased at a good round sum to a company whose interest it is to keep the beds productive. But State inspectors have a nominal charge over the beds at the same time, to see that the oyster regulations are not infringed by the company or its employees. Denmark owns all of the Danish oyster-beds, and as government property they are watched carefully.

In Great Britain most of the large oyster-beds are government property, and a series of laws have recently been enacted to protect and foster the industry. Until within the last half-dozen years, however, the oyster laws of Great Britain were far more lax than those of any other European country. In the United States the oyster-beds in the past were free to every one who cared to dredge them over, and a lucky fisherman who happened to discover a bed could gather enough oysters to make himself tolerably well-off. By staking out the new bed, most State laws gave him the exclusive right to all the oysters under the water, and trespassers could be ordered off at will. It was a misdemeanor for any one else to venture upon the grounds. The nominal owner of the bed could then do as he pleased. Every oyster could be dredged up and the bed be completely destroyed if he so desired. These extremely lax methods have been changed in most States. A few of the Southern States have not yet passed adequate oyster laws, but as the industry increases in value, more stringent legislation must be enacted.

The greatest oyster-beds of this country are located along the Chesapeake Bay, and in the wide, shallow rivers and sounds emptying into that body of water. Oyster planting and oyster protection by State laws have reached the highest perfection in Maryland, and the industry is one of the most important that the State enjoys. A large police force is employed by the State to patrol the waters from the Potomac to the Susquehanna, and the laws are rigorously enforced in all cases. The oyster commissioners of the State make regular reports to the Legislature every year concerning the industry, and their recommendations are generally approved by the law-making assembly. In their report three years ago, the oyster commissioners stated that the oyster-beds of Maryland are almost absolutely undeveloped, and that the wealth which is within the reach of the people of the State is beyond expression. The area of the beds was then given approximately at 578,224,000 square yards, or 123,520 acres, about 193 square miles. But this immense territory includes only that which is already used for oyster farming or occupied by natural beds. The total area that could be made valuable for cultivating oysters is estimated by the commissioners at 640,000 acres. When this whole valuable territory has been thoroughly developed, it will yield to the citizens of Maryland an annual income of over \$60,000,000. But the actual state of the oyster production of those waters is at present far below the estimate, for oyster farming is little more than in its infancy. The Maryland oyster crop averages about 10,000,000 bushels, and its actual value to the fishermen is only about \$2,000,000, about 3 per cent. of the possible value. There are thousands of acres of salt marshes that could be readily converted into permanent

and profitable planting grounds for oysters. To-day about 50,000 people in Maryland are supported by the industry, but if the natural advantages were availed of, it is estimated that fully 500,000 people could find steady employment nearly the whole year round. The supply of oysters will never outstrip the demand, for the population of the United States is increasing faster in proportion than the annual output of oysters, while Europe is looking toward this country for a supply.

Long Island Sound is another great natural oyster-bed, and farming is rapidly extending along the Connecticut and Long Island shores. Over 50,000 acres of entirely barren ground in Long Island Sound have been planted with oysters, and are now yielding annual productions that are one hundred times as great as the yield of natural-bed oysters. The Connecticut River has long been celebrated for the fine seed-oysters that are annually raised there and sold along the coast. Fifty years ago the oysters from the East River near New York City were beyond comparison, and the beds by good cultivation continue to yield a fair harvest even to-day. Shrewsbury River, Rockaway, and Blue Point oysters are all well-known to epicures. Rhode Island has valuable oyster-beds that through wise legislation have increased the annual yield nearly fifty-fold. They cover an immense territory, but the starfish and other destructive enemies interfere with the industry, making it more precarious than in Chesapeake Bay. In the waters bordering on our Southern States oysters are quite plentiful, but they lack the flavor which distinguishes those cultivated farther north. Among the mangrove forests of southern Florida, oysters abound in great numbers, and they have been said to present the novel sight of growing on trees. Many of the seeds attach themselves to the branches of the mangrove trees, and as the latter grow up out of the water, the oysters are suspended in mid-air on the branches, making it literally true that "oysters grow on trees." The States of Washington and Oregon have valuable bodies of water that stand pre-eminent on the Pacific Coast for oyster-planting. Many natural beds of oysters abound off the coast and in the bays, rivers, and harbors. Oyster-farming has not been adopted in these waters at all, but the possible value of the beds is estimated at a tremendous figure when the whole available ground is developed. But there will be little need of this expense until the vast natural beds have been partly depleted.

There are three distinct sources of the oyster supply known to the culturists in this country, and their chronological order is as follows: (1) From natural beds; (2) from oyster-planting; (3) from oyster-farming.

The first is the source from which this country has drawn heavily in the past. Even to-day an occasional new oyster-bed is discovered, located in thirty or fifty fathoms of water, but as a rule these natural spots have either been ruined or staked in as the possession of some discoverer or purchaser. Oysters, when planted on the old beds, thrive and multiply rapidly, but there must be some labor to make them productive.

Oyster-planting is the second stage in the development of the industry, and it is so simple that oystermen drifted into the work naturally when the beds began to limit seriously their annual yield. A few of the abandoned beds have been returned to after ten or twelve years, and their yield from natural increase has proved almost as valuable as when first discovered. But it was

much simpler and quicker to purchase seed oysters from some oyster farmer and spread them over the old bed. Then in a few years the young oysters would be marketable. Planting oysters proved profitable, and instead of spending their time in searching for new natural beds, the oystermen adopted the system of purchasing seed every year. It was found, also, that many thousands of acres never before used for oyster-growing could be made to yield abundant supplies if the seed were scattered over them. The oysters do not multiply in numbers in such places. They simply grow in size and quality. Only on the natural oyster-beds can they be made to multiply, and in such spots the seed must be raised.

True oyster-farming is the rearing of oysters from the egg, and it corresponds to the work performed by our fish commissioners in their efforts to fill our bays and rivers with fish by rearing them from the spawn. Each female oyster is able to produce millions of young every year, and as the profits of the industry must hereafter depend upon the cheapness of the seed oysters for planting, the real value of oyster-farming can readily be appreciated. There are many oyster farms where seed are reared from the eggs to supply planters with their annual crop. The method most successful is to deposit clean oyster-shells upon the bottom of some clear bay where oysters naturally thrive, and then, just before the spawning season, to scatter a number of mature oysters around to furnish eggs and young. Hundreds of thousands of young oysters attach themselves to the loose shells, and when they have attained some size they are distributed evenly over the bottom. They are watched and tended with great care. The enemies of the oysters are rigidly excluded from these seed-beds, and daily inspections of the waters are made to make sure that the young shellfish are growing. It is estimated by oyster farmers that twenty bushels of shells should produce one hundred bushels of young oysters, and in very favorable locations the oysters grow so rapidly that they are ready for the table in from one to three years, according to the surroundings. As a rule oysters that are sent to market are manipulated by the shippers in such a way as to increase their size and general appearance. This practice is called "floating," and by some oystermen "fattening." A recent report of the Connecticut Fishery Commissioners states that the "floating" results in cleaning out and freshening the oysters, and in increasing their bulk. When brought from their beds they are deposited in shallow tide rivers, where the water is more or less brackish, and are left there from one to four days. Oysters are supposed to take two "good drinks" before they are ready for market. Good, fat oysters yield about five quarts of solid meat to the bushel, but after floating two tides they will measure six quarts. They are then taken from the shell, washed in cold water, and packed for market. Their weight is increased by absorbing the water, although some oystermen believe that the floating fattens them. Water thickens the natural juices that adhere to the surface of the oysters and make them slimy. Those that have been floated always stand transportation in the shell much better than those taken direct from their original beds.

Oysters once played an important part in English history. One of the objections of George I. to the throne of England was that he could not find in all England oysters to his liking. He grumbled at their queer taste

and want of flavor, and threatened to return to Hanover. As the departure of the king might lead to the return of the Stuarts, his ministers devoted themselves to finding out which sort of oysters the monarch liked. On discovering that he was fond of stale oysters, no time was lost in procuring some with a strong rankness about them. The king smacked his lips and consented to remain.

### Old Dutch Drinking Customs

GARGANTUAN DRAUGHTS....SATURDAY REVIEW

In early times, when plain drinking-horns were used, it was customary to remove the stopper from the small end and blow a triumphant blast, to show that the horn was really empty and the drinker still sober. But when the horns became much ornamented, a separate one, usually of green glass, was provided. Many of these glass horns still survive, but the purpose for which they were made has perished from general remembrance. An advance on this simple plan was to place at the end of the horn a removable flute, which the drinker had to play, or, at least, to sound. And this is the reason why certain long Dutch wine-glasses were called flutes.

On festive occasions, such as marriages or christenings, the host used to place on the table a large silver cup, having a dice behind a glass plate in its foot; it was then filled with Rhine wine and handed to the opposite guest, who drained it and set it face downwards on the table; then, whatever number the dice showed, so many times in succession was it his duty to empty the cup. After the dice-cup had gone its rounds, the mill-tankard appeared, and each guest, before drinking, blew through a little pipe, and the sails of a tiny windmill began to turn on their pivot. Behind the pivot was an indicator, which, as soon as the sails ceased to turn, stood fixed on a number-plate, and the number indicated showed how many times the tankard was to be emptied. Then came the tocsin, a cup of silver or glass, under which hung a little silver bell, and as many times as the clapper struck, so many times was this final cup to be drained.

Among great drinkers the Frisian nobles had a notable reputation, and they were accustomed to cause the records of their Gargantuan draughts to be engraved on their tankards. Thus, a half-gallon cup belonging to Jonker Sisinga Stortebecket, who was beheaded for piracy in 1374, bore the following inscription:

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Ik Jonker Sisinga | I, Jonker Sisinga,  |
| Van Gruninga,     | Of Groningen,       |
| Sla deze hensa,   | Poured this flagon, |
| In eene flensa,   | In one draught,     |
| Door mijne kraga  | Through my collar,  |
| In mijn maga.     | Into my stomach.    |

It will be noticed that he refers to the large collar worn by the Frisian nobles, to which reference is also made in the current saying respecting a drunken man, "Hij heeft een stuk in zijn kraag" (he has a bit in his collar). The Frisian monks, too, were apparently hearty drinkers, for when Abbot Zardus forbade the monks of Marienhof to drink more than three cups of wine at dinner, one to the honor of each person of the Trinity, they were so angry that they rose from table without saying grace. The matter was brought before that excellent wine-bibber Boniface VIII., who confirmed the Abbot's injunction, but granted an additional cup to all who said their grace. Hence came the saying:

|                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Een glacie na de glacie   | A glass after grace     |
| Naar de les van Boniface. | By the law of Boniface. |

## SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

### The Reincarnation Theory of Genius\*

J. EMERY McLEAN....THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

The truth with regard to so-called prodigies, among either infants or adults, is that the phenomenon is only apparent. The display of genius is but the effect of a law as natural, inviolable, and unchangeable as that of gravitation itself. That law is reincarnation. The fact that our lives are given expression on this plane once denotes the possibility of our living here a hundred or a thousand times; and the modicum of knowledge we gain in only one life implies its necessity, if we are to become thoroughly rounded out and intelligent beings.

While the materials which compose our bodies are found on analysis to contain nothing of a permanent or enduring nature, and in fact are entirely renewed every few years, yet in our possession of minds there is evidence that we are something more than gross matter. Mind is a unique substance in that it does not change into other forms. The proof of this lies in the fact of memory. Were it not so, we could remember nothing more remote than seven years back at the farthest. That non-physical "something" is what occult students recognize as soul, the ego—the real man; and in transcending the limitations of matter, it reveals its eternal and immortal character—a revelation of Deity, its Creator.

Creation implies knowledge as well as power; and the consensus of human testimony is that the only sure way to acquire knowledge is through experience. In threescore years and ten, a human being can undergo a wide diversity of joys and sorrows; but how much actual knowledge has he gained? With second childhood he seems to have arrived almost at his starting-point, when the change called death takes place. What, then, becomes of the deathless soul? It returns to its native spiritual habitat to assimilate the experiences through which it has just passed. This act has its fitting counterpart on the material plane. As the stomach digests the food it receives, and as the mind digests the ideas it conceives, so the soul digests the experience it gains. As the result of the physical function is bodily strength, and that of the mental process is knowledge, so also the fruit of the spiritual operation is wisdom.

To acquire wisdom, then, is manifestly the primary purpose of human existence, and this means perfect knowledge. To what degree of perfection can man attain during one period of life on earth? Plainly infinitesimal, even along a single line. Hence, in a succession of embodiments lies his only opportunity to progress. This scale has an infinity of divisions; and, like all spheres, it contains an infinite number of circles. When the soul has passed once around the line of a single one of them, it has reached the culmination of a series of related experiences; though it may have required thousands of years and scores of incarnations to effect the result—perfection. Still, humanity is so vast that almost every year marks the completion of such a cycle in the life of one or more persons. These individuals, when the ultimate is reached coincidentally with the soul's final embodiment in that series of expressions, we are accustomed to call prodigies; but the term is a

\* Extract from an article on Psychic Views of Infant Prodigies.

misnomer. They are simply reapers of what they have sown in accordance with natural law, whether the reaper be a Raphael or a Rubinstein, a Patti or a Pericles, a Swedenborg or a Shakespeare, a Cicero or a Christ.

But it sometimes happens that the "infant prodigy" ceases to be a marvel on attaining manhood; i.e., he reaches the culmination of one line of endeavor and begins an entirely new series during the same embodiment. The question of recalling previous incarnations is often perplexing to students of this occult law. Metaphysical philosophy recognizes mind as soul expressed; and though memory is undoubtedly a faculty of the mind, it is not always conscious. It has subconscious and superconscious phases, and it is naturally in the former that the records of past experiences are stored. When science ceases to consider the material body as the man, and the gray tissue of the brain as the mind, it will acknowledge soul as the ego, and the possessor of a memory which is eternally conscious, though not always accessible to the phase of mind embodied in the flesh at any given time. It is not literally true that man's advancement is due to his improvement on the work of those who have gone before him, but rather to the augmentation of his own previous labors. The startling and often depressing diversity which exists in the conditions surrounding different members of the race, and which gives rise to so much pessimistic oratory and literature, in the philosophy of reincarnation is justifiable and explainable: The beneficiaries of fortune have heretofore changed places with the victims of adversity, or they will do so hereafter. Fate is no respecter of persons. The "infant prodigy" is but a graduate from the spiritual College of Experience.

### The Wonders of Hearing

ERNST MACH....POPULAR SCIENTIFIC LECTURES†

Look at this model of the ear. Even at that familiar part by whose extent we measure the quantity of people's intelligence, even at the external ear, the problem begins. You see here a succession of helixes, or spiral windings, at times very pretty, whose significance we cannot accurately state, yet for which there must certainly be some reason. The shell, or concha, of the ear conducts the sound into the curved auditory passage, which is terminated by a thin membrane, the so-called tympanic membrane. This membrane is set in motion by the sound, and in its turn sets in motion a series of little bones of very peculiar formation. At the end of all this is the labyrinth. The labyrinth consists of a group of cavities filled with a liquid, in which the innumerable fibres of the nerve of hearing are imbedded. By the vibration of the chain of bones the liquid of the labyrinth is shaken, and the auditory nerve excited. Here the process of hearing begins. So much is certain. But the details of the process are one and all unanswered questions. To these old puzzles the Marchese Corti, as late as 1851, added a new enigma; and, strange to say, it is this last enigma which, perhaps, has first received its correct solution. This will be the subject of our remarks to-day.

† Published by the Open Court Publishing Co.

Corti found in the cochlea, or snail-shell of the labyrinth, a large number of microscopic fibres placed side by side in geometrically graduated order. According to Kolliker, their number is three thousand. They were also the subject of investigation at the hands of Max Schultz and Deiters. A description of the details of this organ would only weary you, besides not rendering the matter much clearer. I prefer, therefore, to state briefly what, in the opinion of prominent investigators like Helmholtz and Fechner, is the peculiar function of Corti's fibres. The cochlea, it seems, contains a large number of elastic fibres of graduated lengths, to which the branches of the auditory nerve are attached. These fibres, called the fibres, pillars, or rods of Corti, being of unequal length, must also be of unequal elasticity, and, consequently, pitched to different notes. The cochlea, therefore, is a species of pianoforte. What, now, may be the office of this structure, which is found in no other organ of sense? May it not be connected with some special property of the ear? It is quite probable, for the ear possesses a very singular power. You know that it is possible to follow the individual voices of a symphony. Indeed, the feat is possible even in a fugue of Bach, where it is certainly no inconsiderable achievement. The ear can pick out the single constituent tonal parts, not only of a harmony, but of the wildest clash of music imaginable. The eye does not possess this ability. Who, for example, could tell from the mere sight of white, without a previous experimental knowledge of the fact, that white is composed of a mixture of other colors? Could it be, now, that these two facts, the property of the ear just mentioned and the structure discovered by Corti, are really connected? It is very probable. The enigma is solved if we assume that every note of definite pitch has its special string in this pianoforte of Corti, and, therefore, its special branch of the auditory nerve attached to that string. But before I can make this point perfectly plain to you, I must ask you to follow me a few steps into the dry domain of physics.

Look at this pendulum. Forced from its position of equilibrium by an impulse, it begins to swing with a definite time of oscillation dependent upon its length. Longer pendulums swing more slowly, shorter ones more quickly. We will suppose our pendulum to execute one to-and-fro movement in a second. This pendulum, now, can be thrown into violent vibration in two ways—either by a single heavy impulse, or by a number of properly communicated slight impulses. For example, we impart to the pendulum, while at rest in its position of equilibrium, a very slight impulse. It will execute a very small vibration. As it passes a third time its position of equilibrium, a second having elapsed, we impart to it again a slight shock in the same direction with the first. Again, after the lapse of a second, on its fifth passage through the position of equilibrium, we strike it again in the same manner; and so continue. You see, by this process the shocks imparted augment continually the motion of the pendulum. After each slight impulse the pendulum reaches out a little further in its swing, and finally acquires a considerable motion.

But this is not the case under all circumstances. It is possible only when the impulses imparted synchronize with the swings of the pendulum. If we should communicate the second impulse at the end of half a second and in the same direction with the first, its effects would

counteract the motion of the pendulum. It is easily seen that our little impulses help the motion of the pendulum more and more, according as their time accords with the time of the pendulum. If we strike the pendulum in any other time than in that of its vibration, in some instances, it is true, we shall augment its vibration, but in others, again, we shall obstruct it. Our impulses will be less effective the more the motion of our own hand departs from the motion of the pendulum.

What is true of the pendulum holds true of every vibrating body. A tuning-fork, when it sounds, also vibrates. It vibrates more rapidly when the sound is higher; more slowly when it is deeper. The standard A of our musical scale is produced by about four hundred and fifty vibrations in a second. I place by the side of each other two tuning-forks, exactly alike, resting on resonant cases. I strike the first one a sharp blow, so that it emits a loud note, and immediately grasp it again with my hand to quench its note. Nevertheless, you still hear the note distinctly sounded, and by feeling it you may convince yourselves that the other fork, which was not struck, now vibrates. I now attach a small bit of wax to one of the forks. It is thrown thus out of tune, its note is made a little deeper. I now repeat the same experiment with the two forks, now of unequal pitch, by striking one of them and again grasping it with my hand; but in the present case the note ceases the very instant I touch the fork.

What has happened here in these two experiments? Simply this: The vibrating fork imparts to the air and to the table four hundred and fifty shocks a second, which are carried over to the other fork. If the other fork is pitched to the same note, that is to say, if it vibrates when struck in the same time with the first, then the shocks first emitted, no matter how slight they may be, are sufficient to throw the second fork into rapid sympathetic vibration. But when the time of vibration of the two forks is slightly different, this does not take place. We may strike as many forks as we will, the fork tuned to A is perfectly indifferent to their notes; is deaf, in fact, to all except its own; and if you strike three, or four, or five, or any number whatsoever, of forks, all at the same time, so as to make the shocks which come from them ever so great, the A fork will not join in with their vibrations unless another fork A is found in the collection struck. It picks out, in other words, from all the notes sounded, that which accords with it.

The same is true of all bodies which can yield notes. Tumblers resound when a piano is played, on the striking of certain notes, and so do window-panes. Nor is the phenomenon without analogy in other provinces. Take a dog that answers to the name "Nero." He lies under your table. You speak of Domitian, Vespasian, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, you call upon all the names of the Roman Emperors that occur to you, but the dog does not stir, although a slight tremor of his ear tells you of a faint response of his consciousness. But the moment you call "Nero," he jumps joyfully towards you. The tuning-fork is like your dog. It answers to the name A. You smile, ladies. You shake your heads. The simile does not catch your fancy. But I have another, which is very near to you, and for punishment you shall hear it. You, too, are like tuning-forks. Many are the hearts that throb with ardor for you, of which you take no notice, but are cold. Yet what does it profit you? Soon the heart will come that

beats in just the proper rhythm, and then your knell, too, will beat in unison, whether you will or no.

The law of sympathetic vibration, here propounded for sounding bodies, suffers some modifications for bodies incompetent to yield notes. Bodies of this kind vibrate to almost every note. A high silk hat, we know, will not sound; but if you will hold your hat in your hand when attending your next concert, you will not only hear the pieces played, but also feel them with your fingers. It is exactly so with men. People who are themselves able to give tone to their surroundings, bother little about the prattle of others. But the person without character tarries everywhere; in the temperance hall, and at the bar of the public-house—everywhere where a committee is formed. The high silk hat is among bells what the weakling is among men of conviction. A sonorous body, therefore, always sounds when its special note, either alone or in company with others, is struck. We may now go a step further. What will be the behavior of a group of sonorous bodies which in the pitch of their notes form a scale? Let us picture to ourselves a series of rods or strings pitched to the notes C D E F G. On a musical instrument the accord C E G is struck. Every one of the rods will see if its special note is contained in the accord, and if it finds it, it will respond. The rod C will give at once the note C, the rod E the note E, the rod G the note G. All the other rods will remain at rest, will not sound. We need not look about us long for such an instrument. Every piano is an instrument of this kind, with which the experiment mentioned may be executed with splendid success. Two pianos stand here by the side of each other, both tuned alike. We will employ the first for exciting the notes, while we will allow the second to respond, after having first pressed upon the loud pedal, so as to render all the strings capable of motion.

Every harmony struck with vigor on the first piano is distinctly repeated on the second. To prove that it is the same strings that are sounded in both pianos, we repeat the experiment in a slightly changed form. We let go the loud pedal of the second piano, and, pressing on the keys C E G of that instrument, vigorously strike the harmony C E G on the first piano. The harmony C E G is now also sounded on the second piano. But if we press only on one key G, of one piano, while we strike C E G on the other, only G will be sounded on the second. It is thus always the like strings of the two pianos that excite each other. The piano can reproduce any sound that is composed of its musical notes. It will reproduce, for example, very distinctly, a vowel sound that is sung into it. And in truth, physics has proved that the vowels may be regarded as composed of simple musical notes.

You see that by the exciting of definite tones in the air quite definite motions are set up with mechanical necessity in the piano. The idea might be made use of for the performance of some pretty pieces of wizardry. Imagine a box in which is a stretched string of definite pitch. This is thrown into motion as often as its note is sung or whistled. Now it would not be a very difficult task for a skillful mechanic to so construct the box that the vibrating cord would close a galvanic circuit and open the lock. And it would not be a much more difficult task to construct a box which would open at the whistling of a certain melody. Sesame! and the bolts fall. Truly, we should have here a veritable puzzle-lock. Still another fragment rescued from that old kingdom

of fables, of which our day has realized so much, that world of fairy-stories to which the latest contributions are Casselli's telegraph, by which one can write at a distance in one's own hand and Prof. Elisha Gray's telautograph. What would the good old Herodotus have said to these things, who even in Egypt shook his head at much that he saw?—just as simple-heartedly as when he heard of the circumnavigation of Africa?

A new puzzle-lock! But why invent one? Are not we human beings ourselves puzzle-locks? Think of the stupendous groups of thoughts, feelings, and emotions that can be aroused in us by a word! Are there not moments in all our lives when a mere name drives the blood to our hearts? Who that has attended a large mass-meeting has not experienced what tremendous quantities of energy and motion can be evolved by the innocent words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But let us return to the subject proper of our discourse. Let us look again at our piano, or what will do just as well, at some other contrivance of the same character. What does this instrument do? Plainly, it decomposes, it analyzes every agglomeration of sound set up in the air into its individual component parts, each tone being taken up by a different string; it performs a real spectral analysis of sound. A person completely deaf, with the help of a piano, simply by touching the strings or examining their vibrations with a microscope, might investigate the sonorous motion of the air, and pick out the separate tones excited in it.

The ear has the same capacity as this piano. The ear performs for the mind what the piano performs for a person who is deaf. But a deaf person, with the piano, does hear after a fashion, though much less vividly, and more clumsily, than with the ear. The ear, thus, alone decomposes sound into its component tonal parts. I shall not now be deceived, I think, if I assume that you already have a presentiment of what the function of Corti's fibres is. We can make the matter very plain to ourselves. We will use the one piano for exciting the sounds, and we shall imagine the second one in the ear of the observer in the place of Corti's fibres, which is a model of such an instrument. To every string of the piano in the ear we will suppose a special fibre of the auditory nerve attached, so that this fibre, and this alone, is irritated when the string is thrown into vibration. If we strike now an accord on the external piano, for every tone of that accord a definite string of the internal piano will sound and as many different nervous fibres will be irritated as there are notes in the accord. The simultaneous sense-impressions due to different notes can thus be preserved unmingled and be separated by the attention. It is the same as with the five fingers of the hand. With each finger I can touch something different. Now the ear has three thousand such fingers, and each one is designed for the touching of a different tone. Our ear is a puzzle-lock of the kind mentioned. It opens at the magic melody of a sound. But it is a stupendously ingenious lock. Not only one tone, but every tone makes it open; but each one differently. To each it replies with a different sensation.

More than once it has happened in the history of science that a phenomenon predicted by theory has not been brought within the range of actual observation until long afterwards. Leverrier predicted the existence and the place of the planet Neptune, but it was not until some time later that Galle actually found the planet at

the predicted spot. Hamilton unfolded theoretically the phenomenon of the so-called conical refraction of light; but it was reserved for Lloyd some time subsequently to observe the fact. The fortunes of Helmholtz's theory of Corti's fibres have been somewhat similar.

### Images in Dead Eyes

ELLERSLIE WALLACE.....NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The art of photography has done much to aid in suppressing crime and in detecting counterfeits of various kinds, but it cannot yet do all which an enthusiastic but not well informed public ascribe to it. A statement has very recently gone the rounds of the newspapers of the country, that the image of a man, presumably the murderer, had been found in the eyes of a woman lying dead, and who had unquestionably thus met her fate. The eyes, after careful removal from the body, were hurried off to the nearest photographer's, and an attempt made to secure the portrait of the murderer by photographing them, or their retinae, which in this case amounts to the same thing. The newspaper accounts, however differing about all the rest of the affair, are perfectly unanimous in saying that the photographic efforts were not crowned with success. It has long been the habit of scientists to draw comparisons between the human eye and the photographic camera as optical instruments, and they may be thus stated: The light enters through an aperture of varying size (pupil of the eye, diaphragm of the photographic lens) standing in front of a lens which forms the image. This image is received on a suitable medium at the back of the instrument (the retina in the eye, the sensitive plate in the camera); and this is all. No further parallelisms can be drawn between them as optical instruments.

What a pity it is for enthusiasts in science, for persons fond of the horrible, and for those who conduct medico-legal investigations in such murder cases as we are speaking of, that we cannot go a step further in the above parallelism. If we could only say that the "visual purple" or rhodopsin in the retina is the sensitive medium that is quick to catch and preserve the scowling lineaments of the godless villain as he withdraws his bloody hand after the fatal blow; if we could only say that the microscope, the solar camera, and the developer were ready and waiting to put his abhorred features into visible form to show to the jury! But we can not say so, and the reasons are quite simple. In the first place, there is no sensitive material like photographic preparations on the retina that can seize and retain such an image as that of a man in an ordinary room. An experiment was once made which indeed points in the desired direction, but stops far short of what is necessary. A man, sentenced to be hanged, was kept in darkness a short time before being led out to the scaffold. He then looked fixedly at a certain building until the black cap shut out all light. The drop was sprung, and when the man was dead a microscopical examination was made of the eyes. In each of them was found an image of the building, inverted, of course, and uncertain in formation, because of the irregularity of the retina on which the image was impressed.

The "retaining power" of the retina has long been known. Such toys as those in which, for instance, the figure of a man sawing wood is drawn in parts, so that when rapidly revolved, the figure seems to perform the act, are based upon this principle. Modern photography

has given us some wonderful things of the kind. But the power in question is a very limited one. It will be seen in the above experiment that the object was well defined and brightly illuminated, and that the eyes were fixed upon it for a considerable time. No such thing ever could take place at the time of a murder. The "visual purple" is not an exquisitely sensitive substance like photographic bromide of silver. If it were, we should be blind from the retained images of numerous objects all confused and mixed up on the retina. And again, even granting the absurdity of the murderer's image being actually there in visible form on the retina, how could it be photographed? I have struggled with many a difficult subject in practical photography, but I should not like to grapple with one like this.

### Marvels in Photography

STUDIES IN RECENT PROGRESS....CHICAGO TIMES

A short time ago a Frenchman brought himself to the notice of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red Sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, he assumed a diver's costume to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusca impossible to cultivate in aquaria. He was struck with the wonderful beauty of submarine landscapes, and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would savor too much of an overvivid imagination. At first he worked in shallow water with a water-tight apparatus, and the clearness of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitize the plates. But proportionately as the depth increased clearness diminished and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs. Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilizing magnesium in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus consists essentially of a barrel filled with oxygen, and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp. On the flame of the lamp, by the means of a mechanical contrivance powdered magnesium is thrown, flaring as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea-water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. Beautiful submarine photographs, taken on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur-Mer, near the Spanish border, have been produced in this way.

Hardly a day passes now but new and important photographs are produced by cameras of ever-increasing power. New stars have been revealed that were heretofore obscured from man. It is difficult to realize how far these worlds are from us. One of the most popular and eminent lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who used simple and graphic illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, 186,000 miles a second—it would take seventy-eight years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A. D. 1—that is to say, 1,894 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

## IN THE LIGHTHOUSE: THE KEEPER'S SECRET\*

"My man, do you want a berth?" said he.

"Aye, aye, cappen," said I. "I want one badly. I'm half-starved and half-frozen."

He made no answer but just a sign to follow him, and he stalked away and I pegged after him. He kept close along the shore as we walked, and for a while he said nothing. At last he turned and pointed seaward.

He indicated a lighthouse on a lonely rock. "I'm the keeper," said he. "I want you to cook my meals and keep my bachelor's hall for me. Now and then I shall want you to row in and buy provisions. The work won't be hard. I think the pay will suit you. Do you know why I chose you?"

"No, cappen," said I.

"Because I saw that hope was at an end with you," he said. "It's only a man who had come to that who could live with me in a lighthouse."

I'd been in a lighthouse before; it was no new thing to me, but after I'd been there a few hours I wondered what my master hired me for. It was like being pensioned off; there was nothing to do. But, mark ye, when it came night, and the wind began to moan about the lighthouse, and the lamps were lit and all outside was black as pitch, and all the sound we heard was the swash, swash, swash of the waves, my master mixed some grog and called me to sit along with him. That looked sociable, but I can't say he did. He sat glowering over his glass for a while, and opening his mouth as if to speak, and shutting it again. Then said he:

"What's your name?"

"Ben Dare," said I.

"Would you mind calling yourself Brace?"

"I've no reason to be ashamed of my name," said I.

"Look here," said he, "I am a gentleman born and bred. I never came to earning my bread before. I'm ashamed of it. This is what I mean: If any strangers come out here and ask for William Brace, why, you can say you are the man. You claim to be lighthouse keeper. It's easy. I don't suppose much company will call, but I choose not to see them if they do. That's what I hired you for."

"Oh," said I.

"You see," said he, "I got this place through a rich man who had influence. Those who gave it to me never saw me. If I die some day, why, here you are in the place. If I go off, and I may, here you are still."

"Well, it's shamming," said I, "but, after all, what does any one care what my name is; and what shall I call you?"

"Call me nothing," said he. "Call me Captain."

Gentleman or no, he wasn't lazy. He didn't care how he worked. The lamps were as bright as jewels. There wasn't a speck of dirt in the whole tower. But let any boat come nigh us, away he went and hid himself, and came out with a white, scared face and a shaking hand. At night he was afraid to go up to the lamps alone, and he'd look over his shoulder and turn white as we stood together. At last he took a new turn. He stood staring for awhile. Then he spoke to me in a low voice: "Brace, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I hadn't considered the question," I answered.

\* From the Boston Globe.

"Well," said he, softer than before, "look into that corner," and he pointed. I looked.

"Don't you see anything?" he asked.

"No," said I; "no, Cappen."

But that wasn't nothing to what happened the very next night. We slept in two bunks nigh each other, and naturally when he woke up with a yell I woke too. He was shrieking and shaking and wringing his hands.

"The woman! the woman!" he said. "She stood here just now, all red with blood. It dripped down the white ruffles. It dripped on her hands. Stop her! She has gone to call them. Stop her! stop her!"

"Where did she go?" I asked.

He stared at me with his wide-open eyes.

"She couldn't have been here," said he. "It was a dream." So we went asleep. But I heard of the woman so often after that that I grew used to her. The Cappen, as I called him, got to be worse and worse every day. I wanted to go ashore and fetch the doctor, but he would not hear to it.

At last there came a hot, hot night in June. It was burning hot all day, and a dead calm at night. About dark the Cappen went to sleep, and I went and sat where I could see the water and the lights ashore. It was so clear that I could hear the sailors in a Spanish ship moored not far away singing in their foreign lingo. And I was sort of quiet and dreamy-like, when something happened that waked me mighty wide and sudden. Something was standing on the steps below me, something white. Something came toward me.

It was a little, slender figure, with long hair all about its shoulders. I couldn't see its face. I don't think I really saw it plainly at all. But it went past me softly while I looked, and I knew it was a woman in a white, ruffled gown, and that she had gone to the room where my master lay. I shook too hard for a moment to move; but as soon as I could I started up to go to him. Just then a voice cried: "Lighthouse, ahoy!"

I answered, "Aye, aye," and stopped a bit.

A boat lay at the foot of the steps, and four men jumped out of it.

"We want William Brace, keeper of this lighthouse," said one, a big man in a linen overcoat.

"I'm one that answers to the name," says I. He swung a lantern over my head.

"Search the place, my men," said he.

"I've got a sick friend aloft," says I. "Don't disturb him. I'm afraid the woman will skeer him, anyhow, he's so low."

"No woman came with us," he snarled.

"Stand aside. Men, do your duty."

They went upstairs. I followed. I saw them walk into the Cappen's room. I heard them cry out and stand still. When I got to the door they stood in a row looking down on the bed. I looked, too. Man nor woman couldn't frighten the Cappen more. He was dead.

"What had he done?" I asked the officer.

"Killed his wife," said he, "that's all. No doubt she deserved it; but it's not allowed by law when they do."

"God help him," said I.

## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

### Novel Cure for Indigestion

THE COLD TREATMENT.....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

Our readers are fairly familiar with the name and latest theories of that eminent physicist, M. Raoul Pictet. He has, however, just discovered a remedy for indigestion which we hope may prove to be all he claims for it. He states that all heat-rays corresponding to temperatures below  $-65^{\circ}$  or  $-67^{\circ}$  C. traverse bodies just as rays of light traverse glass. Thus the cold rays pass through a rug, blanket, or a plank in the same way as a luminous ray passes through a pane of glass. Animals are never here below exposed to a lower temperature than  $-45^{\circ}$  to  $-50^{\circ}$ , and their natural coats afford them sufficient protection; but supposing a dog is enveloped with the warmest of blankets or eider-down, and is then placed in a frigorific well maintained at a temperature of  $-100^{\circ}$  or  $-110^{\circ}$ , what happens? The rays between  $-65^{\circ}$  and  $+37.5^{\circ}$  (the dog's normal temperature) will be absorbed by the coverings, whence the total suppression of the sensation of cold at the cutaneous surface. The dog's body will experience a loss of heat, due to the rays comprised between  $-110^{\circ}$  and  $-65^{\circ}$  which traverse the thick coverings to be absorbed by the body. The entire body will thus cool down without the sensation of cold at the periphery, warning the animal of the danger he incurs.

Under these conditions, realized for the first time by M. Pictet in his own person, the experimenter states that the digestive functions are so powerfully stimulated that in a few minutes an intense hunger is experienced, together with increased energy of the circulation. M. Pictet had for six years suffered from painful dyspepsia, rendering the prospect of a meal a cause of anticipatory suffering, and he had forgotten what a good appetite was. After a few sojourns in the "puits frigorifique" he avers that his digestion became quite good, rapid and painless. Eight applications of this singular method, lasting from eight to ten minutes each, brought about a perfect and permanent cure. Should M. Pictet's results be confirmed by further and more extended essays, we must expect soon to witness the inauguration of "puits frigorifiques" wherein we shall see our familiar friends, the dyspeptics, sitting enveloped in ulsters, rugs, and blankets, and emerging from this hyper-arctic medium suffering, not from indigestion, but from ravenous hunger.

### The Habit of Nail-biting

BÉRILLON'S RESEARCHES....NEW YORK EVENING POST

There has just been issued from the Paris press a brochure which is creating a large amount of interest in French medical circles, both on account of its originality and the experimental results which it embodies. It is from the pen of Dr. Edgar Bérillon, so well known in the surgical world by reason of his prominent connection with the dead Charcot in the latter's hypnotic experiments, and at present secrétaire général de la Société d'Hypnologie et de Psychologie of Paris, and medical inspector of the State lunatic asylums. The work is a scientific treatise on onychophagie, or finger-nail-biting, and contains the results of a series of observations in the public and private schools of France, and extending through a period of more than seven years. At the Congress of the French Association for

the Advancement of Sciences, held at Nancy in 1886, Bérillon first announced his observations on the habit of nail-biting, and since that time has been in almost continuous experiment.

In his thoroughly scientific treatment of what the world has never before considered worthy of prolonged or special study, Bérillon has arrived at results really remarkable. His experiments lead him to pronounce the habit far more widespread and pernicious than others promptly treated, and force him to conclude that, if not a disease itself, it is an unfailing mark of incipient degeneration of the nervous system, which, unrecognized, may be productive of the most evil results. The following will show the nature of the observations made in the schools. In a mixed school of the Department of l'Yonne, the reports showed the following results:

|             | Number<br>examined. | Nail-<br>biters. |
|-------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Boys .....  | 29                  | 6                |
| Girls ..... | 21                  | 11               |
| Total ..... | 50                  | 17               |

The proportion of nail-biters here was for boys 20 per cent., and for girls 52 per cent. In a boys' school at Seine-et-Marne, the pupils were examined with respect to age, with the following result:

|                              | Number<br>examined. | Nail-<br>biters. |
|------------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Twelve to fourteen years..   | 13                  | 7                |
| Thirteen to fifteen years... | 16                  | 6                |
| Fifteen to seventeen years.  | 18                  | 3                |
| Total .....                  | 47                  | 16               |

From twelve to fourteen seems, from this, to be the age most susceptible to this habit. A like experiment with girls shows them even more susceptible at this age.

In all the schools where the children have been the objects of careful and attentive observation, the reports have agreed in pronouncing that pupils observed to have the habit are universally the poorest students; that if boys, they are inclined to effeminacy, and if girls, to slackness. In many there are marked defects of character, and less sustained attention. The reports of writing-masters, also, show their writing to be, while sometimes well-formed, universally less legible, and less regular, and the instructors in the Parisian schools for manual training have pronounced habitual nail-biters hardest of all to teach, and often unfit for technical education. Among such pupils, some have shown brilliant intellectual traits. Some are possessed of an astonishing memory or show exceptional adaptability to certain arts or special studies. Of these "infant prodigies" a large proportion are found to be nail-biters. In such cases the exceptional brilliancy was of unnatural and ephemeral growth, and in every case vanished at the age of puberty. The extraordinary development had compromised the normal evolution of the nervous system. In schools for children from six to eight years old, those pupils cited by the matrons as most incorrigible, and upon whom fell the most constant discipline, were found, almost without exception, to be possessed of the habit. In general, the nail-biters were found to be of decided inferiority, both from

a point of view of intellectual development and from that of moral sensibility.

Having thus convinced himself of the extreme commonness of the nail-biting habit, and finding it constantly associated with evil characteristics in the child, Bérillon started an exhaustive series of observations upon its nature and consequences. Fenssagrives, who, in his *Dictionnaire de la Santé*, was the first to recognize the pernicious effects of nail-biting in the young, referred it to the instinct of the infant, which impels it to carry all objects with which it comes in contact to its mouth. The habit of sucking the thumb or fingers, he argued, was merely the continuation, by simple habit, of an impulse primitive and instinctive, and the after-transformation of this impulse into an act automatic and unconscious. Cases are known, it is true, where this habit has lasted even till maturity, when it had become a mania, resulting in complete deformation of the mouth and the fingers. In most cases, however, the habit lingers with the child in the form of nail-biting.

Bérillon's late experiments have carried him farther than Fenssagrives. He finds the number of children who have acquired the habit only after arriving at a reasoning age to be fully as great as, if not greater than, those in whom the habit has been observed since infancy. Its origin in them, therefore, must be explained by other hypotheses than those of continuation of primitive impulse. In many cases the sudden appearance of the habit may be clearly traced to imitation. Bérillon finds many cases of children from seven to ten years of age who have never had the habit, but, placed in a new school, have been observed at the end of a month to have contracted it. In every case several of the child's comrades were nail-biters, and the one contracting the habit was delicate and easily influenced. There has remained, however, in all his experiments, a large proportion of cases which show a late contraction of the habit, and one which cannot be traced to imitation. It is to these cases that most of Bérillon's study has been directed.

Most curiously he has established the fact that nail-biting is, in many cases, hereditary. This conclusion was reached after an inquiry into the antecedents of hundreds of cases examined. It is extremely rare, he says, to find a child in whom the habit is pronounced, whose antecedents, direct or collateral, have not been themselves nail-biters. This odd fact was of such constant recurrence that it led him to a more careful study of the conditions of his cases, and brought him to the conviction that nail-biting is, in almost all cases, not to be looked at as merely a child's habit, unpleasant and punishable, but as a direct and positive indication of hereditary physical degeneration. So marked is this that the experimenter has found no families in which nail-biting has been observed to be general, whose head has not been either an alcoholic, an unbridled gambler, a convulsive, a feeble-minded person, a lunatic, a criminal, or a consumptive. This is without counting the suicides, of whom were found a large number.

In such families the hereditary degeneration is to be observed, unhappily, in more than nail-biting. Often the heads of such children present species of deformation such as "microcephalis" (small head), bony crests, and protuberances on different parts of the head, while the face reveals crossed eyes, near-sightedness, irregular teeth, or displacement of features. At this

point, reversing his inquiry, Bérillon gave his attention to those thus afflicted in the Paris hospitals, and found that a very large proportion of the children of these show the habit of nail-biting, with other signs of physical degeneration. In his clinical treatises of last year—the last and most serious work of his life—the great Charcot, it will be remembered, first proved conclusively the presence of signs of physical degeneration in the Jewish race. In support of this, Bérillon calls to attention the well-known commonness of the habit of nail-biting in Hebrew children. Bérillon's experiments prove, then, that nail-biting, as a habit in children, has its source deeper than mere imitation or childish idiosyncrasy. He shows it to be no willful habit, to be cured by ordinary petty punishment, but an indication of an incipient degeneration of the nervous system, which, once observed, may be treated understandingly in its very beginning.

Bérillon then, by a series of experiments in which he isolates the habit of nail-biting from other signs of degeneration, seeks to determine the reflex effect of the habit upon the nervous system of the child in whom it is allowed to exist. One of the most remarkable properties of the nervous system is a tendency to automatic activity. The performance of an act and its repetition increase the tendency to do it again, and in time, if yielded to, it grows irresistible. This act is often unconscious, as is proved by the fact that it is more frequent when the attention is engaged and there is no will to resist the automatic action. "Thus children," says Bérillon, "bite their nails while learning their lessons, or even while asleep." The tendency to automatic repetition has long been recognized to be an indication of physical degeneration. Upon this ground, a long series of experiments upon men whose occupation or employment has been such as to consist in great part of such automatic action, and the constant existence in them of physical degeneration, points to the fact that this degeneration is increased and hastened to a great degree by this automatic repetition. This is true, however, of all nervous diseases. Hysteria, for example, increases in exact proportion to the number of crises of paroxysms of the patient; and when these are decreased through mere effort of the patient's will, or by hypnotic suggestion, as is now employed in the French hospitals, the disease decreases in the same measure. It follows, then, that the nail-biting habit, so far from being harmless in the child, is most pernicious, and productive of most evil results.

Not only in France have been recognized the commonness and the evil effects of the habit. In English schools it has been noted in a great number of cases. Instances are cited where, in classes of thirty children of parents in good circumstances, an average of 50 per cent. were observed to be nail-biters. In England, indeed, the habit is considered so harmful that in certain schools the hands of the pupils are the objects of frequent inspections, and the nail-biters are severely and publicly reprimanded. But always, in England as well as in France, such punishments do not seem to have the effect of curing the habit or of decreasing the proportion of those addicted to it. In France the usual treatment has been to rub the extremities of the fingers with aloes, bitter almonds, sulphate of quinine, macerated quassia, etc. Some physicians counsel constant wearing of gloves, or advise putting them on at night.

As to the cure of this peculiar disease Bérillon has much to say. He advocates strongly the grouping in classes of children of the lycées who manifest the habit, where they may be submitted to special discipline and hygienic treatment, on the order of that which is employed in the English system of reformatory schools. He is opposed to the isolation of pupils who have the habit, as practiced in England, on the ground that cure by this means is only transient. Regarding the habit as an indication of nervous degeneration, he would, in all cases, begin by a careful study of food and exercise, and try by every means to fortify the nervous system of the child. For curing the after-habit, which continues when the cause has been removed, he employs his own treatment, which is as follows: (1) To create a counter-automatic impulse; (2) to transform, by outward excitation, the unconscious act into a conscious one; (3) to strengthen the resolution of the child. He adds to these treatment by suggestion during hypnotic sleep.

### Nervous Diseases

DR. DAREMBERG....JOURNAL DES DÉBATS

It is already beginning to be asked whether the delirium of insanity is not due, as that of typhoid fever, to blood-poisoning, to a cerebral intoxication by infectious products, or by the waste of insufficient or vitiated assimilation. It is certain that poisons act in a very powerful manner on the nervous system: lead, mercury and alcohol often produce paralysis among painters, gilders and those engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. Poison produced by the microbe of diphtheria often causes paralysis, as do the poisons secreted by other bacilli. So, the more eminent specialists study nervous and mental maladies, the more they approach the conclusions of Pasteur, that these diseases have some connection with infectious microbes, and the more also they apply to their specialty the ingenious ideas of M. Bouchard on the troubles caused by a bad digestion of alimentary products. The nervous system is inclosed in a bony case composed of the bones of the head and the vertebræ; the encephalos is contained in the cranial cavity; the spinal marrow in the spinal canal. The marrow and the brain do not completely fill these cavities, and the interstices are filled with a liquid, which prevents shocks and compressions.

A sensation brought to the brain by a sensitive nerve generally provokes a motion, a contraction. In such cases the brain is a centre, in which the impression is transformed into action. But very often the impression is not followed by any action; the nervous system then becomes a central storehouse for impressions. M. Brissaud very aptly compares the brain to a photographic plate, which retains the image and only yields it under the influence of a developing body. The brain, particularly in infancy, stores up numerous sensations, which later cause actions. The cerebral centre retains these images—that is, these lasting remembrances of outward excitations. The gray substance which forms the outside covering of the brain is a sensitive plate on which images of the outer world are impressed. The nerves conduct the electric, heat, light and sound-waves to this cerebral covering, where they are impressed as on the cylinder of a phonograph. The impression is more or less exact according to the nature of the cerebral instrument; it is more or less profound according to the breadth or the number of vibrations of the waves. The

impression thus formed becomes a recollection; it tends to become effaced with age; it submits to alterations according to modifications of the impressed surface. These images may remain unused in the brain for a long time, as the photographic plates in their box.

The association of ideas often causes an association of movements, called automatic. A little girl, for instance, learns to knit. At first she is very awkward, but gradually she progresses and the work almost does itself, until finally she walks, talks and learns her lessons while knitting. The different automatic centres occupy localized regions in the brain. The most celebrated is the centre of language, localized about 1825 by Bouillaud in the front lobe of the brain. When any injury whatever, rupture of a bloodvessel, softening of the brain tissue, etc., attacks this lobe, the faculty of language disappears and the patient is stricken with aphasia. There are several aspects of this disease. Sometimes the patient cannot speak, but is able to express his thought in writing: this is aphasia of articulation; others are able to speak, but cannot even write their own names: this is graphic aphasia; others, though not at all deaf, have no idea that the name they hear pronounced is their own name, although they may be able to speak it, read it, or write it: this is auditive aphasia; others, finally, without being blind, have lost the faculty of reading, although they can still write: this is visual aphasia. Right-handed aphasics, unable to speak, have suffered some injury of the third left frontal circumvolution, and left-handed ones, of the corresponding right one. Those who cannot write have some injury to the second frontal circumvolution. Those who have lost the faculty of hearing have a wound in the first left frontal circumvolution, and those who cannot see writing, one of the second parietal left circumvolution. Charcot has said, and M. Brissaud repeats: "In studying cerebral affections the nature of the injury is almost a matter of indifference; the localization is everything." One may become aphasic in consequence of an attack of apoplexy, a blow or shock which causes an abscess of the brain, or a cancer which presses on that organ. It can even be produced by tuberculosis.

### Vaccination as a Panacea

THE VENOM OF VIPERS....PALL MALL GAZETTE

Vaccination threatens to become a universal panacea in the ingenious hands of Continental savants. Inoculation against snake-bite is the latest production in this field, brought forward by Messrs. Phisalix and Bertrand at a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences. These gentlemen claim that by treating viper's venom with heat they have succeeded in converting it into a vaccine, the injection of which enabled guinea-pigs successfully to defy the enemy whose touch was instant death to them. What the effect of heating is seems still to be uncertain; but the authors of the experiments have decided that viper's venom consists of two separate ingredients—one which they call echidnase, having an inflammatory action, like certain ferments or diastases; and the other a substance which acts on the nerve system and causes disorder of the vasomotor apparatus, which they call echidnotoxine. The latter it is which causes death. A comparative immunity may be obtained by small cumulative injections of the real venom, but not as effectively as by use of the vaccine. The untreated poison always causes a lowering of temperature, whereas the vaccine raises it.

## MADAME SANS-GÈNE: A DEBT OF GRATITUDE

By VICTORIEN SARDOU

From *Madame Sans-Gêne*. By Victorien Sardou. In this reading Catherine Lefebvre (later Madame Sans-Gêne), a cantiniere in the French army, has come to the Laveline chateau on an errand concerning Henriot, the child of Blanche de Laveline. Blanche's father is about to force her to marry the Baron Lowendaal. To circumvent him and to allow herself time to escape, Blanche persuades Catherine to take her place at the altar. The father of Henriot is Count de Neipperg, an Austrian, whom Catherine aided to escape from the French years before.

Lowendaal, having seen that all was ready in the chapel, returned, satisfied, to look for M. de Laveline, and to give, in passing, some orders to the grooms about the journey.

Catherine had wrapped herself quickly in Blanche's cloak. The latter, covering herself with the cape provided, had silently embraced the energetic cantiniere and followed La Violette, who was proud of his new part, as helper to a wandering damsel.

Catherine followed them anxiously, till they were lost in the gloom. They were beyond the limits of the park. Blanche was beyond the Baron de Lowendaal's violence. She would soon see her boy.

"Poor little Henriot! Shall I return to him?" thought Catherine sadly; "and Lefebvre; shall I never see him again? Bah! I must not think of that! I must try to play well my new part, as a fiancée," she added, with her habitual good-humor.

She went bravely toward the lighted hall, where, supper over, the servants joked. She stood in the doorway, and said, briefly, "Let one of you go and tell monsieur the baron that Mademoiselle de Laveline awaits him in the chapel."

As she was about to enter the chapel, she heard voices near her. The baron spoke.

"Then you have the password and orders, Leonard?"

"Yes, sir, I was able to get it. I lured to the kitchen a courier under the pretext of giving him refreshments. I gave him some drink, and he was evidently very thirsty, and sleepy, too, for he's asleep now."

"What does this mean?" thought Catherine. "What orders were they? Ours, perhaps?"

She wondered what she should do. Ought she not flee to the French camp and give an alarm?

But she had promised Blanche to stay and deceive her persecutors by personating her in the chapel. First of all, she must keep her promise; after that she might have time to get to the camp and warn Lefebvre.

She entered the chapel resolutely, waiting impatiently for the baron's entry, that she might escape and give the alarm to her husband's soldiers.

"If they should be surprised in their sleep," she thought anxiously. "No, the 13th sleeps with one eye open, and they will let no 'Kaiserlicks,' even with a stolen password, arrive within gunshot without showing them how we defy traitors."

And, somewhat calmed, she sat down in one of the armchairs prepared for the couple before the altar.

The priest knelt, praying devoutly in a corner.

"B-r-r-r! this were a better place for masses for the dead, than for a marriage service," murmured Catherine, impressed by the solemnity of the religious edifice.

Suddenly the chapel door opened loudly. A noise of feet and a clink of swords resounded.

Catherine, to preserve her disguise as long as possible, had wrapped herself completely in Blanche's cloak, and knelt, avoiding turning round.

The priest had risen slowly, and, after bowing twice, had approached the altar. He had begun rapidly and in a low voice to read the ritual.

The Baron de Lowendaal, meantime, reaching her he thought his fiancée, took his hat in his hand, knelt and said gallantly, smiling the while, "I had hoped, mademoiselle, to have the honor and the great pleasure of accompanying you myself to this sacred spot, with your father, who is as happy as I am at your consent. I understand your timidity and pardon it. Now, may I take my place by your side?"

Catherine neither spoke nor stirred.

"I am glad, daughter," said the marquis, who now came to her; "I congratulate you on becoming reasonable at last." Aloud, he added: "But, Blanche, take off that travelling-cloak. It is not well to marry thus—and besides, it is necessary to do honor to our guests, your witnesses, and those of your husband—General Clerfayt's officers. Show them at least your face! smile a little; it is meet on such a day!"

Catherine, hearing the Austrian officers named, made a quick movement. She threw aside her cloak, and showed her tricolored skirt.

The marquis caught the cloak quickly, and drew it away altogether. "This is not my daughter," cried the marquis, astounded.

"Who are you?" said the equally astonished baron.

The preacher, turning aside toward the cross, held out his arms, saying, "Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus! Dominus vobiscum."

He waited for the answer—

But the fright was too general for any one to follow the service. The Austrian officers had drawn near.

"A Frenchwoman! a cantiniere," said he who appeared to be the chief, with comical affright.

"Well! Yes, a Frenchwoman! Catherine Lefebvre, cantiniere of the 13th! Really, that turns your stomachs, my lads," cried Madame Sans-Gêne, freeing herself of her long cloak, and ready to laugh in the face of the discomfited bridegroom, to bandy words with the furious marquis, and to snap her fingers at the uneasy Austrian officers, wondering if the soldiers of the 13th, whose number Catherine had fearlessly hurled at them, like a trumpet-call or a battle-cry, were about to come out of the confessional, and surge from out the church under the protection of the God of armies.

The first moment of surprise past, one of the officers laid his hand upon Catherine's shoulder.

"You are my prisoner, madame," he said gravely.

"Why then," said Catherine, "I am not fighting! I came on a visit, privately—"

"Do not jest! You have introduced yourself into this chateau, possession of which I have taken in the name of the Emperor of Austria. You are French, and in Austrian territory; I shall guard you."

"So you're arresting women? That is not gallant."

"You are a cantiniere."

"Cantiniere are not soldiers."

"You are not taken as a soldier, but as a spy," said the officer; and making a sign behind him, he ordered: "Let some one get four men to guard this woman until she has been tried and her fate decided."

The Baron de Lowendaal, who had rushed away to Blanche's room, now returned.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a half-strangled voice, "that woman is the accomplice of a flight; she has helped my fiancée, Mademoiselle de Laveline, to get away. Where is Mademoiselle de Laveline?" he asked, turning furiously on Catherine.

The latter began to laugh. "If you want to see Mademoiselle de Laveline again," she said to him, "you must leave these Austrian gentlemen, and get to the French camp. She is waiting there."

"In the French camp! What business has she there?"

The marquis whispered to the baron, "Let that fact make you easy. She cannot, among the French, be with that Neipperg of whom you were jealous."

He tried to calm thus the discomfited fiancé.

"It is possible," said the baron, "but, once more, what can she be doing in the French camp?"

"She went there to get her child," said Catherine.

"Her child?" cried the baron and the marquis, both equally astonished.

"Why, yes; little Henriot, a lovely little cherub, fairer than any child of yours could ever be, baron!" cried Catherine, familiarly, to the sorry bridegroom.

But Lowendaal moved aside, too much mystified, too much stunned, to answer her mockery.

The officer who had arrested Catherine said, shortly, "We must get through. Baron, have you any observations to make? any question to ask of the prisoner?"

"No, no! Take her away! Guard her! Shoot her!" cried he desperately; "or, better," he added in comical despair, "question her; find out what she knows as to the whereabouts of Mademoiselle de Laveline; maybe she will tell what she knows about the child she spoke of."

The officer answered quietly, "We are going to imprison her in one of the rooms of the chateau—to-morrow she will be called upon to answer."

"To-morrow the soldiers of the Republic will be here, and we will not speak together, for you will all be dead or captured," said Catherine proudly.

"Take her," said the officer, coldly, turning toward his men. And he added: "Put down your guns, and carry that woman, after tying her, if she resists."

The four men leaned their guns against the rail of the chancel, and advanced, ready to execute the order.

"Do not dare to come near me," cried Catherine.

"The first man who moves is dead!" And, drawing her two pistols, she presented them at the soldiers.

"Advance! Advance!" roared the officer, "are you afraid of a woman?"

The four men were about to attempt to execute the order, when, through the silence of the night, close to the chapel, sounded the roll of the drum.

It was the onset of battle. "The French! The French!" cried the terrified baron. And a sudden, irresistible panic ensued.

The soldiers, forgetting their guns, ran in disorder. On their tracks sprang the officers, to rally them.

The chapel was deserted. The priest at the altar, indifferent to all that passed, continued to pray.

On the threshold of the chapel, Catherine, surprised and happy, saw appearing, still beating his drum, the tall, spare form of La Violette.

"You here!" she cried. "What for? Where is the regiment?"

"In the camp. By heaven!" said La Violette, stopping, "I came just in time, Madame Lefebvre. Say, if we close the doors will we be more alone?"

And he closed the doors, and adjusted the bolt.

Then he explained to Catherine how he had conducted Blanche to the camp, but that midway they had met a French patrol, commanded by Lefebvre.

He had given Madame de Laveline in charge of two reliable men, and she was now, surely, safe with her little Henriot, in Dumouriez's lines.

Then he had hurried back to the chateau, fearing for the safety of the 13th's brave cantiniere. Surprised by the noise in the chapel, he had gone thither, and, raising himself up to a window, had seen the danger of his captain's wife.

Suddenly an idea struck him. He would use his drum to frighten off the "Kaiserlicks."

"And so, Madame Lefebvre, I found a good use for the chappie's drum. Wouldn't I make a fine drummer? But I'm too tall." Thus ended the brave boy's recital.

"Where did you leave my husband?" asked Catherine, anxiously.

"Two hundred yards from here, ready to run with his men, if I give the signal."

"What signal?"

"A shot."

"Listen! I think some one is coming. Do you not hear it—that noise—like the tramp of horses?"

The steps of men and a trampling of horses indicated the arrival of a great troop, with cavalry.

"Shall I shoot, Madame Lefebvre?" said La Violette, taking hold of his gun. And he added, seeing the forgotten Austrian guns, "We can give with these four good signals."

"Do not shoot," she said quickly.

A rude knock came on the door, and a voice cried: "Open! or we'll force the door."

Catherine told La Violette to draw the bolt. The door was opened, and cavaliers and soldiers entered. Their dark mass was shown by glittering swords and casques and helmets, in the dark.

Catherine and La Violette had taken refuge beside the altar.

They saw there a great black shadow.

It was the priest, who, having finished his mass, was muttering prayers, perhaps for those engaged in war.

The soldiers had invaded the chapel. Everywhere gleamed swords and guns.

The officer who had wanted to arrest Catherine reappeared, humiliated by having run before a woman, and anxious to take his revenge.

He turned to a personage enveloped in an embroidered cloak, who seemed to be a superior officer.

"Colonel," said he, "we should shoot this soldier and this woman——"

"The woman, too?" asked the man he called colonel, coldly.

"They are spies—our orders are such——"

"Ask them who they are—their names—what they wanted here—then we will decide," said the colonel.

Catherine had listened.

"I demand," she said firmly, "that we be treated as prisoners of war——"

"The battle has not begun," said the officer.

"Yes—by us. I was the advance-guard, and here is the first column," said she, pointing to *La Violette*. "You have no right to shoot us, since we give ourselves up. Take care! If you permit any wrong, it shall be avenged—expect no mercy from the soldiers of the 13th! They are not far off! They will not be slow in getting here! Remember the mill at Valmy! Your prisoners will pay for us both! My husband, who is a captain, will avenge us, as surely as my name is Catherine Lefebvre!"

The officer in the cloak, who had been called colonel, moved in surprise.

He came forward a few steps, trying to discern, in the shadow, her who spoke thus.

"Are you, madame," he said politely, "related to a Captain Lefebvre, who served in the Guards at Paris, and who married a washerwoman, called *Sans-Gêne*?"

"That washerwoman, *Sans-Gêne*, am I! Lefebvre, Captain Lefebvre, is my husband!"

The colonel, greatly moved, made a few steps toward Catherine, then throwing back his cloak and looking in her face, said: "Do you not recognize me?"

Catherine stepped back, saying:

"Your voice—your features, Colonel, seem to me—oh, it is as if I had seen you dimly!"

"That dimness was the smoke of cannon! Have you forgotten the 10th of August?"

"The 10th of August? Ah! are you the wounded man? The Austrian officer?" cried Catherine.

"Yes, I am he, the Count de Neipperg, whom you rescued, and who has ever been grateful. Ah, let me embrace you, to whom I owe my life." And he advanced with open arms to draw her toward him.

But Catherine said quickly, "I thank you, Colonel, for having remembered so well. What I did for you that day was inspired by humanity; you were pursued, unarmed, and wounded; I protected you, not stopping to ask under what flag you received that wound—why you fled. To-day I find you wearing the uniform of the enemies of the nation, commanding soldiers to invade my native land; therefore, I desire to forget what happened at Paris—my friends, the soldiers of my regiment, my husband—the brave boy who stands, a prisoner, by my side—all these patriots to reproach me for saving the life of an aristocrat, an Austrian, a colonel who would shoot people who give themselves up. Sir Count, speak no more of the 10th of August! Let me forget I preserved such an enemy!"

Neipperg was silent. Catherine's energetic words seemed to produce in him an unusual emotion. Finally he said, in a tone of perfect sincerity:

"Catherine, my preserver, do not reproach me, that I serve my country as you serve yours. As your valiant husband defends his standard, so must I fight for mine. Destiny has made our birthplaces wide apart, under different skies, and seems to bring us together only in moments of imminent peril. Do not hate me. If you will forget the 10th of August, I shall ever remember it; and as the colonel of the staff of the imperial army, victorious——"

"Not yet victorious," said Catherine dryly.

"It will be so to-morrow," said Neipperg. And he added: "The colonel of the empire, who commands

here, has not forgotten that he owes a debt contracted by the soldier of the Tuileries, the wounded man of the laundry at Saint-Roche. Catherine Lefebvre, you are free!"

"Thanks," said she, simply; "but—and—*La Violette*?" she said, pointing to her assistant, who held his tall form proudly erect, desirous of showing to the best advantage before the enemy.

"That man is a soldier; he came here by a ruse. I cannot keep from him the treatment given to spies."

"Then you must shoot me with him," said Catherine, simply. "It shall not be said at the camp that I, Catherine Lefebvre, cantiniere of the 13th, left a brave lad to die who, but for me, had never been taken by the Austrians. So, Colonel, give your orders, and let them be quick, for I don't want to wait. It is not amusing to think of taking a dozen shots into one's body, when one is young and loves one's husband. Poor Lefebvre, he will miss me. But such is war!"

"Pardon me, Colonel," said *La Violette*, in his childish voice, "I beg you will shoot only me. I deserve it. I cannot deny it. Each for himself, and woe unto him who is captured! I have nothing to say to avert my execution. But Madame Lefebvre has done nothing. It was I who kept her here."

"You—for what? What does she here with you?"

"I made her come—to bring a child where one is not expected; and I am, at best, no famous nurse."

"What child? My God!" cried Neipperg, rushing to Catherine, "You were to bring a child? It was——"

"Yours, Count. I had promised Mademoiselle de Laveline to bring her boy here to Jemmapes."

"And risked it? Oh, brave heart! Where is my child?"

"In security in the French camp, with his mother."

"Mademoiselle de Laveline no longer here! What do you tell me?"

"She fled at the moment when her father wanted to force her to marry the Baron de Lowendaal."

"But for you, I should have been too late?"

"Without *La Violette*; he did it all."

"Ah, I see I must set *La Violette* at liberty, too," said Neipperg, smiling. "Catherine, you are free, I tell you again. Take your comrade with you. I shall send two men to accompany you beyond the outposts."

Then, having given the necessary orders, Neipperg said to Catherine: "You will see Blanche; tell her I love her ever, and will wait for her, after the battle, on the road to Paris."

"Or on the road to Brussels," said Catherine, saucily.

Neipperg did not answer this.

He saluted with his hand raised to his hat, and said to Catherine, "Use the last hours of night to regain your camp. Believe, my dear Madame Lefebvre, that I do not consider my debt paid. I am ever under obligations to you. Perhaps the chances of war may give me an opportunity to prove to you that the Count de Neipperg is not ungrateful!"

"Pshaw," said Catherine. "We are quits, Count, for that affair of the 10th of August; but I owe you something for this lad," pointing to *La Violette*.

Both passed proudly before the Austrian soldiers. *La Violette* did not seem to lose a jot of his height, and Catherine, her hands upon her hips, her cocked hat with its tricolored cockade on one side, went out with her laugh of defiance on her lips.

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

**Bees in the Messenger Service**

TAGNAC'S EXPERIMENTS....CHICAGO EVENING LAMP

In France the suggestion has been made that bees might be used as messengers in war—not as substitutes for the carrier-pigeon, but only when pigeons are not to be had or cannot be used. The diminutive size of the bee is its chief recommendation. At first sight the project seems unrealizable, because the bees cannot be handled as readily as pigeons, because they are so affected by the velocity of the wind and other disturbing influences.

M. Tagnac, a well-known apiculturist, has conducted experiments on this line with such results that the subject, to say the least, is worth considering. It was shown that bees find their way back to their hives from distances of about four miles, and that they fly with a velocity of about thirteen miles an hour. On the strength of these facts M. Tagnac began his experiments. He constructed a portable bee-hive and took it to a friend about four miles distant. After a few days, when the bees had become familiar with their new surroundings, some of them were removed to a peculiarly constructed receiver. From this receiver M. Tagnac let a few fly out into a room, and soon the bees settled on a plate of honey. While the bees were eating it he fastened his dispatches on them. As was shown to the writer the dispatch is magnified six times. They were fastened with fine lines, and great care was taken not to put any line on the bee's head or wings. When liberated in the open air the bees immediately flew home. Arriving at the home hive they found they could not enter it, because the entrance had been made so small that the paper on their back prevented them. M. Tagnac has also made experiments with the *Bombus hortorum*, and is well pleased with the results.

**At an Ostrich Auction**

WHO SWALLOWED THE DIAMOND?....NEW YORK PRESS

A party of old circus hands were sitting about the stove at the winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn.

"A few months ago I saw five ostriches auctioned off on the deck of a steamer, and the first sold for \$900 and the last for \$1,500. Just ordinary ostriches, too."

"That's ridiculous," exclaimed another.

"No, it is not, because one of the ostriches swallowed a diamond, and nobody knew which one; so it was a gamble to pick him out. The victim was a man named Sir Mohini Padishah, a howling swell, who dressed in gorgeous fashion and wore a turban upon which had sparkled this diamond. The blessed bird came, saw and pecked at the gem, and when the chap made a fuss it realized it had done wrong, I suppose, and went and mixed itself with the others to preserve its incog.

"It all happened in a minute. I was among the first on the scene. Here was this heathen going over his gods, and two sailors and the man who had charge of the birds laughing themselves into fits. The man didn't know which bird it was. I felt only half sorry, to tell the truth, for the beggar had been swaggering over his blessed diamond ever since he came aboard.

"A thing like that goes over a ship in no time. Every one was talking about it. Padishah went down below

to hide his feelings. At dinner he talked excitedly into my ear. He would not buy the birds; he would have his diamond. He demanded his rights as a British subject. His diamond must be found. The man in charge of the birds was one of those wooden-headed chaps proof against new ideas. He refused any proposal to interfere with the bird's digestion by giving all five an emetic. His instructions were to feed them so and so, and he was going to follow orders. Padishah had wanted a stomach-pump; though you can't do that to an ostrich, you know. The Padishah was full of bad law, and talked of having a lien on the birds. But an old boy, who said his son was a London lawyer, argued that what a bird swallowed became ipso facto part of the bird, and that Padishah's only remedy lay in an action for damages, and even then it might be possible to show contributory negligence. That upset Padishah, especially as most of us said this was the reasonable view. At last he went privately to the man in charge, and made an offer for all five ostriches.

"The man hadn't any authority to sell. He told Padishah that an American named Potter had already made an offer by wire from Aden to London to the owner of the birds, and when we got to Suez the owner might be awaiting us. It was—Potter's offer was accepted.

"Padishah gave way to tears—actual, wet tears—when Potter became the owner of the birds, and offered him a thousand dollars right off for the five; that was more than two hundred per cent. profit. Potter said he'd be hanged if he'd part with a feather of them; that he meant to kill them off one by one and find the diamond. He was a gambling sort of chap, and this kind of prize-packet business suited him exactly. Anyhow, he offered, for a lark, to sell the birds separately to separate people by auction at a starting price of \$400 for a bird. But one of them, he said, he meant to keep for luck.

"You must understand this diamond was a valuable one. A diamond merchant, who was with us, put it at \$10,000. So this idea of an ostrich-gamble caught on.

"Now, it happened that I'd been having a few talks on general subjects with the man who looked after these ostriches, and quite incidentally he said one of the birds was ailing, and he fancied it had indigestion. It had one feather in its tail almost all white, by which I knew it; and so when, next day, the auction started, I capped Padishah's \$400 by \$450. I fancy I was a bit too sure and eager with my bid, for the Padishah went for that particular bird like an irresponsible lunatic. At last the diamond merchant got it for \$900, and Padishah said \$1,000 just after the hammer came down—so Potter declared. At any rate, the merchant secured it, and then and there he got a gun and shot it. Potter made a fuss, because he said it would injure the sale of the other three, and Padishah, of course, behaved like an idiot; but all of us were very much excited. I can tell you I was precious glad when that dissection was over, and no diamond had turned up—precious glad. I'd gone six hundred on that particular bird myself.

"Prices ruled high at the next sale. The blessed birds averaged \$1,200, and, oddly enough, this Padishah didn't secure one of them—not one. He made

too much shindy, and when he ought to have been bidding he was talking about liens, and, besides, Potter was a bit down on him. One fell to a quiet little officer chap, another to the diamond merchant, and the third was syndicated by ten speculative passengers. And then Potter seemed suddenly sorry for having sold them, and said he'd flung away a clear \$5,000, and that very likely he'd drawn a blank, and that he always had been a fool; but when I went and had a bit of talk to him, with the idea of getting him to hedge on his last chance, I found he'd already sold the bird he'd reserved to a political chap that was on board—a chap who'd been studying Indian morals and social questions in his vacation. That was the \$1,500 bird.

"Where did the diamond go?"

"Well, they landed three of the creatures at Brindisi, though the old gentleman said it was a breach of the customs regulations, and Potter and Padishah landed, too. The Hindoo seemed half mad as he saw his blessed diamond going this way and that, so to speak. He kept on saying he'd get an injunction—he had an injunction on the brain—and gave his name and address to the chaps who'd bought the birds, so that they'd know where to send the diamond. None of them wanted his name and address, and none of them would give their own. It was a fine row, I can tell you, on the platform. They all went off by different trains. The last of the birds I saw as I came ashore was the one the engineers bought, and it was standing up near the bridge, in a kind of crate, and looking as leggy and silly a setting for a valuable diamond as ever you saw—if it was a setting for a valuable diamond.

"How did it end? Well, there's one more thing that might throw light on the conclusion. A week or so after landing I was down on the Rue Rivoli, and whom should I see, arm-in-arm, and having a crimson time of it, but Padishah and Potter. If you come to think of it——

"Yes, I've thought that. Only, you see, there's no doubt the diamond was real. And Padishah was an eminent Hindoo. I've seen his name in the papers often. But whether the bird swallowed the diamond certainly is another matter, as you say."

### A Rabbit of the World

GRANT ALLEN....ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

A Literary Lady, sentimental as was the wont of literary ladies before the incarnation of the New Woman, went once to call on a Great Poet, who pervaded these regions. But the Great Poet was coy, says the legend, and listened not to the voice of the Literary Lady, charmed she never so wisely. He refused to be drawn by her cunning blandishments, but smoked on in peace, glaring gruffly from his chimney-corner. So at last the Great Poet's wife, feeling that the situation grew slightly strained, endeavored to create a diversion by saying: "My dear, won't you take Mrs. Gusherville to see the garden?" The Great Poet, thus checkmated, rose unwillingly from his seat, and strode three paces ahead through the shrubby paths, followed, "longo intervallo," by the panting Mrs. Gusherville. Never a word did he say as he paced the lawn with his heavy tread; but at last, as he approached one garden border, he turned toward his visitor. Speech trembled on his lips; Mrs. Gusherville leant forward to catch the immortal accents. The Poet spoke. "D—n those rabbits!"

he said; and then relapsed into silence. That was all Mrs. Gusherville got out of her interview.

I am reminded of this episode, which, if not true to fact, is at any rate true to human nature, by the short, sharp barking of Fan, my neighbor's spaniel, resounding from the heather in the direction of the *Frying-Pan*. Each bark is an eager, impatient snap, and its burden is—"Rabbits!" Now, I sympathize with every living thing that breathes; yet if it were not for a constitutional objection to unnecessary vigor of language, I could almost back Fan, and echo the Great Poet's indignant exclamation. For whatever we try to plant among the heather, by way of beautifying our patch of moorland, those unscrupulous rodents immediately proceed to treat as their private property. Not one of our white brooms has survived their attacks; and the way they have devoured our periwinkles and our St. John's wort is a credit to their appetites, and a testimonial to the magnificent air of this healthy neighborhood. The lad who attends to my garden (we call it a garden by courtesy, not to hurt its feelings) is always saying to me: "Let me set a trap for 'em, sir." But, grave as their misdemeanors are, I can't bear to trap them. I remember that, after all, they were the earliest inhabitants. They dwelt here before me; and when I plumped down my cottage in the midst of their moor, I seriously interfered with their domestic economy. "There's a horrid house built," said the mother rabbit; "I suspect a dog will follow, and perhaps a gun, too." "Never mind," said the father, who was a rabbit of the world; "they'll more than make it up to us, I predict, by planting greenstuff, which is a deal jucier, after all, than gorse or bracken."

And, indeed, I feel I owe a duty to these earlier inhabitants; I love their fellowship, and do what I can to encourage their uninterrupted residence. The night-jar still perches nightly on one accustomed branch of the big lone fir-tree; the cuckoo comes and calls to us from the clump of stunted pines by the dining-room window; the merry brown hares dart obliquely across the ill-grown green patch of tennis lawn; and the baby bunnies themselves, all unconscious of their misdemeanors against the growing shrubs, brush their faces before our eyes with their tiny gray paws as we sit upon the terrace. My neighbor has a shot at them with gun and dog; and even as I write, I can hear the ping, ping, of his murderous cartridges and the quick cries of Fan in the adjoining plot of moor; but for myself I refrain. I would rather have gamboling of such innocent fellow-creatures on my patch of grass in the dusk of evening than all the rhododendrons and azaleas and cypresses the florist can palm upon me.

And how pretty they are, those harmless little malefactors! How they frolic across the sward with tiny, irregular jumps, like a sportive kitten, only ten times more guileless—no tinge of blood-thirstiness in their liquid eye, no stealthy cruelty in their honest gray faces! Your rabbit is a decent and inoffensive vegetarian. Besides, its mode of life sorts well with the uplands; it never disfigures nature, but accommodates itself to the environment like a good working evolutionist. When we first thought of building here, a clever Girton girl, whom we met at the little inn, held up her hands in horror: "Why build on Hartmoor at all? Why not simply burrow?" And the rabbits burrow. The hill-top is just honeycombed with their underground palaces.

There they lurk for the most part during the heat of the day, and come out at night to feed on the furze-bushes that protect and conceal the mouths of their burrows. Indeed, the very shape of the furze-bush, as we ordinarily know it, depends on the constant activity of the hungry and greedy bunnies. Naturally, gorse, if left to itself, would grow feathery from the soil upward, without any gaunt stretch of naked stem at its base; but the rabbits eat off the growing shoots just as high as they can reach by standing tiptoe on their hind feet; so that the resulting shape is a product, so to speak, of rabbit into gorse-bush. Where the soil is light and sandy, as here, burrowing is universal; but on cold, wet moors, the rabbits avoid the chance of rheumatism by constructing long tunnels above ground instead, through matted galleries of heather and herbage.

Cowardice is the principal defense of the rabbit, as of all other unarmed rodents. At the first alarm, he flies headlong to his burrow. What swiftness of foot does for the open-nesting hare, that swiftness of retreat does for his underground cousin. Natural selection in such a case favors the most cowardly; for to be brave is to court immediate extinction. That is why rabbits have the noticeable patch of white under their tails—their scuts, as sportsmen very aptly call them. At first sight you would suppose such a conspicuous white mark must be a source of danger. In reality it has been evolved as a patent safety-signal. For while the rabbits crouch and feed, unseen in the gray grass, they are very little conspicuous; but the moment one of them spies any cause of alarm, off it scampers to its hole; and, raising the danger-signal as it goes, it warns the whole warren, all whose members scuttle after it apace.

The mouth of the burrow runs quite straight just at first, so that the retreating bunny can dash into it at full speed without checking his space; but at a convenient point, a few feet in, it begins to bend and divaricate, besides branching and subdividing as a precaution against weasels and other vermin enemies. It has also at least two entrances and exits, like a room at the theatre, in case of pursuit; and it is cunningly engineered against the chance of intrusion. But the nursing chamber, where the timid wee mother hides her naked and shapeless young, is quite differently contrived with but a single mouth, and is fitted up with every internal luxury. The good parent lines it with soft fur pulled from her own warm coat, and goes stealthily by night to suckle her little ones. When she comes away, she plasters up the entrance with earth to conceal it as well as she can from prying enemies; and there the baby rabbits remain alone in the dark till her next visit. Three or four such broods are produced each year.

### The Intelligence of Animals

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.....NEW YORK SUN

Sir John Lubbock, the English banker and biologist, delivered an interesting address on *The Senses and Intelligence of Animals* in London recently, in which he said that the subject is one about which very little is known. It is often said, for instance, that the dog is very wise and clever; but there is much doubt as to whether a dog could realize such a simple arithmetical calculation as that two and two make four. The fact that we have hitherto tried to teach animals rather than to learn from them—to convey our ideas to them rather than to devise any language or code of signals by means

of which they might communicate theirs to us—is largely responsible for the narrow limitations of our knowledge of animals. It has occurred to him that the method devised by Dr. Howe in teaching Laura Bridgman—who was blind, deaf and dumb—might be adopted in the case of dogs. He has tried it with a dog, Van, who has been successfully taught to call attention to its common and simple needs by picking out cards bearing certain words, such as "food," "water," "tea," and "door." A three months' experiment in teaching the same dog to pick up and bring the duplicates of cards having distinctive colors or marks proved unsuccessful, however.

As to the senses of the lower animals, he always felt a great longing to know how the world appeared to other beings; and on this question our knowledge is still extremely defective. It is still a doubtful point whether ants can hear. He has tried with a great variety of sounds, but they never gave the slightest indication of hearing them; nor did they seem to have the power of communicating with each other by means of sound. Experiments he has conducted showed that bees are not susceptible to ordinary tones of sound; and "tangling," which was popularly supposed to be necessary to the swarming of bees, is, he believed, quite useless. The practice was probably a survival of a simple method of intimating to the neighbors that a swarm "was up." It is possible, however, that the higher over-tones, near and beyond the range of human hearing, are audible to bees and ants. As to the vision of insects, he has demonstrated that bees can readily distinguish colors, blue being their favorite; and that ants are also sensitive to color, being able to distinguish the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum which were invisible to human beings. It is probable that these ultra-violet rays must make themselves apparent to the ants as a distinct and separate color of which human beings could form no idea, and as unlike the rest as red is to yellow. The question also arose whether white light to these insects, would differ from white light, in containing this additional color.

These considerations cannot but raise the thought that the world must appear to other animals very different from what it is to human beings. When the vibrations of sound reach 40,000 in the second they cease to be audible. When 400,000,000,000,000 of vibrations of light strike the retina of the eye in a second they produce red, and as the number increases the color passes into orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. Between 40,000 and 400,000,000,000,000 vibrations in a second human beings have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations might exist. We have five senses, and sometimes imagine that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we cannot measure the Infinite by our own narrow limitations. Moreover, in other animals are found complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are as yet powerless to explain. To place stuffed birds and beasts in glass cases, to arrange insects in cabinets and dried plants in drawers is merely the drudgery and preliminary of study. To watch their habits, to understand their relations to one another, to study their instincts and intelligence, to ascertain their relations and adaptations to the forces of nature, to realize what the world appeared to them is the true interest of natural history, and may give the clew to senses and perceptions of which at present we have no conception.

## CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

*At Play....Eugene Field....Love Songs of Childhood (Scribner)*

Play that you are mother dear,  
 And play that papa is your beau;  
 Play that we sit in the corner here,  
 Just as we used to, long ago.  
 Playing so, we lovers two  
 Are just as happy as we can be,  
 And I'll say "I love you" to you,  
 And you say "I love you" to me!  
 "I love you," we both shall say,  
 All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are that other one  
 That some time came and went away;  
 And play that the light of years agone  
 Stole into my heart again to-day!  
 Playing that you are the one I knew  
 In the days that never again may be,  
 I'll say "I love you" to you,  
 And you say "I love you" to me!  
 "I love you!" my heart shall say  
 To the ghost of the past come back to-day!

Or, play that you sought this nestling-place  
 For your own sweet self, with that dual guise  
 Of your pretty mother in your face  
 And the look of that other in your eyes!  
 So the dear old loves shall live anew,  
 As I hold my darling on my knee,  
 And I'll say "I love you" to you,  
 And you say "I love you" to me!  
 Oh, many a strange, true thing we say  
 And do when we pretend to play!

*Dreaming and Doing....William S. Lord....Heigh, Ho, My Laddie, O*

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy;  
 Dreaming is pleasant, I know.  
 To dream of that wonderful far-off day  
 When you'll be a man and have only to say  
 To this one and that one do that and do this,  
 While your wishes fulfillment never shall miss,  
 May fill you with pleasure; but deeper the joy  
 Of doing a thing yourself, my boy—  
 Of doing a thing yourself.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my girl;  
 Dreaming is pleasant, I know.  
 To dream of that far-off, wonderful day  
 When you'll be a queen and hold full sway  
 Over hearts that are loyal and kind and just,  
 While your sweet "If you please" will mean "You must!"  
 May fill you with joy; but you'll find pleasure's pearl  
 In doing for others yourself, my girl—  
 In doing for others yourself.

*The Little Mock-man...James Whitcomb Riley...Armazindy (Bowen, Merrill Co.)*

The Little Mock-man on the Stairs—  
 He mocks the lady's horse 'at rares  
 At bi-sickles an' things—  
 He mocks the mens 'at rides 'em, too;  
 An' mocks the movers, drivin' through,  
 An' hollers, "Here's the way you do  
 With them air hitchin'-strings!"  
 "Ho! ho!" he'll say,  
 Ole Settlers' Day,  
 When they're all jogglin' by—  
 "You look like this."

He'll say an' twis'  
 His mouth an' squint his eye  
 An' 'tend like he wuz beat the bass  
 Drum at both ends—an' toots and blares  
 Ole dinner-horn an' puffs his face—  
 The Little Mock-man on the Stairs!

The Little Mock-man on the Stairs  
 Mocks all the peoples all he cares  
 'At passes up an' down!  
 He mocks the chickens round the door,  
 An' mocks the girl 'at scrubs the floor,  
 An' mocks the rich an' mocks the pore,  
 An' everything in town!  
 "Ho! ho!" says he,  
 To you er me;  
 An' ef we turns an' looks,  
 He's all cross-eyed  
 An' mouth all wide  
 Like giunts is, in books—  
 "Ho! ho!" he yells, "look here at me,"  
 An' rolls his fat eyes roun' an' glares—  
 "You look like this!" he says, says he—  
 The Little Mock-man on the Stairs!

The Little Mock—  
 The Little Mock—  
 The Little Mock-man on the Stairs,  
 He mocks the music-box an' clock,  
 An' roller-sofa an' the chairs;  
 He mocks his pa an' spec's he wears;  
 He mocks the man 'at picks the pears  
 An' plums an' peaches on the shares;  
 He mocks the monkeys an' the bears  
 On picture-bills, an' rips an' tears  
 'Em down—an' mocks it all he cares,  
 An' ever'body ever'wheres!

*A Slumber Song....Laurens Maynard....Boston Commonwealth*

Far away in the Western seas  
 Lieth an island all silver and gold,  
 Where lullabies are sung by the breeze  
 As it blows through the boughs of the bending trees;  
 Where none is weary and none grows old,  
 And while to my bosom my child I fold—

Close thine eyes, my babe, and we  
 Together will float on that Western sea.

Far o'er the rocking billows we'll sail  
 Till we come to that wondrous shining land,  
 Where the children play on the golden sand,  
 And on many a hill-top and flowery dale  
 The fairies dance till the moon grows pale;  
 There we will wander, hand in hand—

Close thine eyes, my babe, and we  
 Together that marvelous land will see.

Golden head pillowed on mother's breast,  
 Closed are the eyelids o'er weary eyes;  
 While from the world the daylight dies,  
 Sweetly my baby has gone to rest—  
 Gone where no evil nor fear can molest,  
 Gone where the islands of dreams arise

Far away o'er the drowsy sea—  
 Sleep, my child, while I sing to thee.

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

### Proverbs of the Czar

WISDOM OF RUSSIAN PEASANTRY....THE PARIS FIGARO

It is a well-known fact that no people under the sun manifest such humble submission and such religious respect to their princes as the Russians; and yet the Muscovite, who is as much addicted to proverb form of philosophy as the immortal Sancho Panza, has hit the czar some pretty hard raps. Witness the following examples:

The czar, too, dies when his hour has come.

When the czar spits in the soup-tureen, the latter bursts with pride.

Even the czar gets bespattered when he puts his foot in a puddle.

The czar's crown doesn't protect him from headache.

The lungs of the czar himself couldn't blow the sun out.

The ox of the czar himself has only two horns.

Even the czar's back would bleed if flayed with the knout.

Even a leprous czar would pass as being healthy.

To speak ill of a czar, even though he is dead, is dangerous.

Even to a blind czar one must bow.

Far better to be a prince than to be called czar.

A blind grand duke would not recover his sight, even though he became a czar.

The horse that has once been ridden by the czar neighs without ceasing.

A czar who drives out with a hired horse is charged a mile for every step.

If you try to hang the czar, the rope will break.

The czar, with all his power, is not almighty.

The czar is God's cousin, but not his brother.

The czar does not abide with the poor, and therefore knows not what poverty means.

The czar's arm is long, but it does not reach to heaven.

Even the czar's vinegar does not sweeten.

Even the czar's hand has only five fingers.

The czar's valet also thinks he has some right to the throne.

Even the czar's body will decay if it be not embalmed.

The czar's voice re-echoes even where there are no mountains.

The czar's troika leaves a deep rut behind it.

The czar's ukases are worth nothing unless God says "amen" to them.

A fat czar is just as easily carried off as a lean beggar.

An active czar puts wings to his minister's feet.

A czar may be lame, but he can take great steps.

A naked czar would not disdain a fox's skin in winter.

A tear in the czar's eye costs the country a lot of handkerchiefs.

A czar in the desert is a man and nothing more.

One alone can be czar, but many can love him.

Even a czar's horse will kick.

When the czar is a rhymester wot to the poet.

One can not live for the czar and a peasant at one and the same time.

When the czar squints, the ministers are blind in one eye and the peasant in both.

Do not hurt your hand, little father czar, or we shall have to carry our arm in a sling.

The czar can drink as much wine as he likes, but only blood flows in his veins.

No one would doff his hat to a bare-footed czar.

What the czar does not succeed in, time will.

When the czar partakes a roast many small bones remain.

Whoever the czarina hates the court lady despises, the lady's-maid execrates, and the maid-of-all-work sends to the devil.

Near to the czar, nearer to horror.

When the czar laughs the bellies of his ministers shake.

When the czar takes the smallpox, the country bears the marks.

When the czar takes snuff, the people should sneeze.

### Books Made of Wood

A BOTANIST'S STRANGE LIBRARY....BALTIMORE SUN

In a retired street of Cassel stands an old-fashioned, roomy house, the depository of the Natural History Museum of Hessen. The most unique and interesting of the various collections is the so-called "Holzbibliothek," or library of wood, consisting of 546 volumes in folio, octavo and duodecimo, made from trees growing in Wilhelmshoehe Park, and representing 120 genera and 441 species. On the back of each volume is a red morocco shield bearing the common and scientific name of the tree, the class and species to which it belongs according to Linnæus, specimens of the moss and lichen peculiar to it, a bit of the rind or bark, and, if it is resinous, a drop or two of the resin. The upper edge shows the young wood cut crosswise to exhibit the rings and pith, while the under edge is of old wood, cut in the same manner, to illustrate the changes which take place in the texture as the tree gains in age and size. The top cover is of unripe wood, in the rough; the under cover is planed smooth; the front edge shows polished grain, and also the fungi to which the tree is liable when in the stages of decay or disease. Attached to the front edge is a cubic inch of mature wood, on which is noted its specific weight when the sap is flowing in the early spring, again in midsummer, and still again when thoroughly dry.

Under this is given the degree of heat, Réaumur and Fahrenheit, obtainable from a cubic inch of dry wood in a cubic foot of space, that given out by the same quantity when it becomes a glowing coal, its diminished size and weight when charred, and the properties of the tree, together with a description of the soil in which it flourishes best. The interior of the book, or box, contains a complete history of the tree, especially of the organs of nourishment and fructification. There are capsules with seeds, the germ-bud with rootlets and first leaves, a branch with leaves in various stages of development, the flower from the tiny bud to the perfect blossom, the fruit from the embryo to its full maturity, and, last of all, a skeletonized leaf. The author of this really marvelous work was Carl Schiedbach, of whom little is known save that he was a Hessian born, was manager of the menagerie at Cassel from 1771 to

1786, was bailiff of the domain of Weissenbaden, now Wilhelmshoehe, in 1795, and died in 1816, leaving a widow, but no children. The library remained in Shiedbach's possession until 1799, when it passed into the hands of Landgrave William IX. of Hesse, for the consideration of a life annuity of about 1,600 marks. Fuseli, in his *Art Lexicon*, says: "At first Carl Schiedbach fed tame and wild beasts in Cassel, but afterward turning his attention to science he raised himself in a short time, by means of talent and enormous diligence, to the position of one of the greatest scientists in Germany. Buffon appreciated him and tried to induce him to go to France, but in vain. He was a mechanical genius, and though he never had a lesson in drawing or painting, he was a connoisseur of art."

### Japanese Symbolism

GABRIEL LESCURE... HOME JOURNAL

The Japanese are the greatest symbolists in the world. There is scarcely an article which they use, however common its employment, which does not contain some hidden meaning. From this it is a natural conclusion that symbolism is a clearly defined feature of their religion. The oldest Japanese temples, consecrated to the worship of ancestors, bear striking testimony to this curious peculiarity. They all contained one or more doors, each consisting of two upright posts upon which two beams were laid transversely; this signified peace, rest, and end of life. To recall the existence of the spirits of ancestors, strips of paper, generally white, but sometimes gilt-edged, were suspended by straw cords. These strips are known as "gohei," which means august presence. Looked upon at first as mediums for the attraction of the gods during prayer, and then as the seats of the gods, they finally came to be regarded as the gods themselves, and were exhibited at important family festivals, such as baptisms, weddings, etc.

Mirrors, or plates of brown metal, called "kagami," are almost always to be found in the temples. According to the old belief the image reflected in such a mirror permitted the "kami," or spirits of ancestors, to penetrate the heart of man to discover his sins. Hence this kind of mirror is called the "accusing mirror," and the approaches to it are generally crowded with kneeling devotees, who, with eyes fixed attentively upon it, are making an examination of their consciences. But, besides these mirrors, there formerly existed others which the Japanese ladies carried in their fans, and whose metal surface symbolized the purity of spirit and whiteness of soul of their virtuous owners. At the entrances of the temples one often sees also two colossal figures, red and green, called "Yoi" and "Ye." They are the two emblems of life, the male and female, representing perfect force. Sir Edwin Arnold has described a Buddhist temple, on an outer panel of which two enormous waves, carved in steel, rolled furiously, accompanied by sea-birds, forerunners of the tempest. This was the emblem of anxiety. But on the second wall these waves were repeated, already rolling more gently; and on the wall of the chapel of "Iyenuhu" or "Iyeyoshi" they appeared for the third time, now thoroughly quieted, and ornamented with doors of silver and gold; this was peace.

The lotos flower, hasu-no-hand, is the favorite religious emblem. The favorite disciple of Buddha sees in it creative power and the growth of the world. "The

lotos springs from the mud," is the ever-ready answer of the Asiatic to one who teaches that the heart is corrupt and cannot be purified. The calyx of the lotos is a triangle whose base is a circle, the symbol of spirit and form, eternity and trinity. The Japanese have a flower-language. They have clearly determined the sentiments that correspond to such and such flowers, and especially those expressed by the grouping of flowers. They do not arrange them, as we do, according to their color or shape. They make use of a vase or of a hollow bamboo-stalk, ornamented with a motto of their own composition, and capable of containing stems of different lengths. Their arrangement is then entrusted to special artists, who endeavor to give emphasis to the differences in height; for be it known that in Japan this arrangement of flowers is treated as a real art, learned by a course of full and minute instruction, without which no education, masculine or feminine, is considered complete. The shortest stem represents the earth, the longest and highest represents heaven, and those intermediate, protected by the shortest and largest, represent humanity.

It is not my intention to give here the complete code of the Japanese flower-language. I shall cite only the most curious of these perfumed symbols. Shida, the fern, symbolizes conjugal life. Momo, the peach, marriage and long life, according to the language of the peaches of Seibo, each of which gives ten thousand years of existence. Uma, the plum, gentleness and happiness. The plum, the nightingale, and the moon, a poetic spring night, form the anticipation of happiness; the odor of the plum-blossom sanctifies the chamber which it perfumes. Kosia, the iris, victory and good fortune. It is the favorite flower of the peasants. Yanagi-ni Tsubakura, the swallow and the willow, grace and placidity. Dadai, the orange, flourishing posterity. Sakura, the cherry, patriotism. Poten, the peony, and Shishi, the lion, royal power. Hadankyo, the almond, is the flower of spring, and personifies beauty. After the flowers, there are the birds, the fish, and the animals, both real and mythological.

The Tatsu, or dragon, is painted as having a deer's horns, a horse's head, the devil's eyes, a serpent's neck, a worm's body, a fish's scales, a falcon's beak, a tiger's paws and a cow's ears. It is omnipotent, for it borrows from each of these animals its special characteristics. It has the gift of ubiquity, for it inhabits earth, sea and sky. There are several varieties of the monster. The breath of the white dragon changes into gold, the saliva of the violet dragon into a mystical glass ball. The Tatsu is the emblem of sovereignty and imperial power. The dragon and the tiger represent the conflict of Religion and power. A dragon in the clouds signifies success in life. The change of a little serpent into a dragon symbolizes the acquisition of wealth and titles by a man of average station. The Howo, or phoenix, which stands for imperial authority, is a mythological bird known by the length of its tail; its presence on earth announces the birth of a great man or an emperor. The Tori, a cock on a drum, good government. Formerly a drum was placed outside the temples, and any one having a grievance beat it. In times of peace and justice there was no need to beat it, and the birds of the air made it their resting-place. The Cho, the butterfly, spiritual and eternal life. If a cho enters a room, it is believed to be the spirit of some loved one return-

ing. Children brought up in the Buddhist faith will never hurt a butterfly. They are often seen tenderly caressing them. The Oshidori, mandarin-ducks, a long and happy union in marriage; these birds are so affectionate that, when a pair of them is separated, they quickly pine away and die. Kame, the turtle, longevity and happiness. Tora, a tiger with a bamboo, treason.

The robe of a Buddhist priest, however richly embroidered, always consists of several irregular pieces sewed together—an emblem of the rags of humility. Often, on certain "objets d'art," three monkeys are to be seen. They are said to be blind, deaf, and dumb, because they will not see, hear, or speak evil of any one. It is a well-known fact that the Japanese are buried in a sitting posture. A glass ball is often suspended in their square coffins, a symbol of the space in which the spirit of the dead is wandering. The seven gods of happiness, with their special emblems, are often found on pottery, lacquer-ware, and particularly on the "netzukes," or ivory and metal panels. Among them "Hotei," the saint of the children, a sort of Oriental Santa Claus, carries on his back a bag containing gifts for the little ones. Sometimes there are children in the bag, sometimes "Hotei" himself. The legend has it that once a year these patrons of happiness meet to arrange marriages. They hold skeins of red silk, the threads of destiny. At first they sort these threads carefully, and the result is happy unions. But gradually they become fatigued, and get the threads into a hopeless tangle; whence unhappy marriages. The fact is that they are in a hurry to begin their own festivities and neglect the serious work in hand.

But the symbol that is dearest to the Japanese is unquestionably the "Takara bune," or ship of good fortune, which comes laden with seven precious things—gold, silver, coral, glass, agate, emerald, and pearl, scientific books, and all that one can need in order to become wise, happy and rich. All the Japanese pray that it may enter port on New Year's Day well supplied with goods for themselves and those they love. A figure of the "Takara bune," bearing the seven gods of happiness, is placed under the pillow, and nothing is dearer than this to these passionate lovers of symbolism, for in it are incorporated and concentrated all the good things that it is possible for the heart of man to desire.

### The War of the Future

SPECULATIVE STATISTICS....EDINBURGH REVIEW

In the first place human nature is ever the same, and the extent to which it can be modified, strengthened, and, in a word, improved for military purposes, is comparatively small. In the second place, both the opponents will possess practically equally efficient means of dealing forth death and wounds. In the third place, the figures of the range cannot be applied to the statistics of the battlefield without great deductions. One or both of the contracting armies would enter into action after a preliminary march in heavy order. The nerves and judgment of the combatants would be disturbed by the constant rain of bullets and the crash of bursting shells. The delicate operation of fixing the time-fuses would be hindered by shaking hands and beating hearts. In short, the difference between firing at an enemy who does not reply and one who does, between firing at a silent foe and one who is firing at you, would be very sensibly felt. . . . Though all statistics lead one

to believe that the percentage of killed and wounded in an army will rather diminish than increase in the battle of the future, still there is no doubt that certain battalions, brigades, divisions and army corps will, in some cases, be nearly annihilated. There is no absolute rule about combining the offensive with the defensive, and

circumstances must dictate to a commander whether he shall assume the passive defensive, the defensive offensive, or the purely offensive. Those, therefore, who so loudly extol the active offensive fail to see that the attitude of a commander must depend upon circumstances which the greatest ability cannot always control. Subject to strategical considerations and the direction of the enemy's advance, they can choose and strengthen a strong position, . . . can . . . destroy cover for the enemy in his advance, and keep the assailants stationary under fire entanglements, pickets, inundations, and other obstacles not easily destroyed by the attackers' distant artillery fire. The defender can ascertain the ranges from all parts of the position to spots likely to be occupied or advanced over by the enemy, and especially to all probable artillery positions. Finally, the defender can, from the nature of things, make better arrangements for the supply of ammunition.

### The Span of Man's Life

THE INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION....WASHINGTON STAR

During thirty-four years and eight months there died in the State of Massachusetts 161,801 men of over twenty years of age, whose occupations were specified in the registry of their disease. The average age at which they died was fifty-one years. The number is so great and the period covered is so long that by the study of the classification of the employment of those dead we can get a very fair idea of the comparative ages at which men in different occupations and in an ordinarily healthy community are swept away by death. It is noticeable that of all who died the cultivators of the earth attained the highest average age, about sixty-five and a half years, and they made up more than a fifth of the total number. We all know why farmers as a class, not only in this but in all countries, should live to a ripe old age. They enjoy good air and are free from many of the cares that beset those living in cities, to say nothing of the constant noise and excitement which destroys the nerves and racks the system. It is rarely that a farmer dies before his head is gray. Farmers, as a rule, too, do not to any degree indulge in alcoholic beverages. One important fact must be taken into consideration concerning the farmer and his age, which is that the weaklings of the farmer's family do not, as a rule, remain on the farm after attaining an age fitting them for some pursuit. Such are sent to cities to choose a trade or profession, and only the strong and healthy ones who are fitted for the work are retained upon the farm.

The class next to the farmers in the average of life is that class called "active mechanics abroad," such as brickmakers, carpenters, masons, tanners, millwrights, riggers, calkers, slaters and stonecutters, but the average age of the 12,000 of them who died in Massachusetts during the period mentioned was much below that of the farmers. It was only about fifty-two and three-quarter years—a little over a year more than the average age of all the classes together. Of all these outdoor trades the ship-carpenters showed the highest

age—more than fifty-nine—and the slaters, who pursue a dangerous calling, the lowest—about forty. The average age of all the others of these trades, except the stonecutters and the brickmakers, was about fifty-one, and above the average of all the classes. Next to the active mechanics abroad come the professional men, whose average age at death was over fifty-one. Of this class the longest lived were the judges and justices, proverbially celebrated for their great years. They lived on the average sixty-four years, and led all the trades and professions except the farmers, over sixty-five, and those denominated as gentlemen, sixty-eight—the highest average age attained by any of the classes. The deaths in only six different occupations were at an age on an average above sixty. They were, first, the gentlemen, sixty-eight; second, the farmers, sixty-five; third, the judges, sixty-four; fourth, the lighthouse-keepers, sixty-three; fifth, the basket-makers, sixty-one, and sixth, the pilots, sixty.

In some countries clergymen are the longest-lived; but in Massachusetts they fell below all these six classes, the average age of the 1,000 of them who died during the thirty-four years being only a little above fifty-nine. Of the professional men, those set down as students died at the earliest age, the average being only about twenty-three; then came the professors, well over fifty-seven years; then the lawyers, fifty-six years; then the physicians, over fifty-five years; public officers, fifty-five. Sheriffs, constables and policemen died at the average age of fifty-three, while editors and reporters were gathered into the tomb before they had completed their forty-seventh year. The lives of comedians were also short, hardly reaching thirty-nine years on the average, and dentists were cut down at the average age of forty-two. The artists also died early, their average age being forty-four years. The musicians lived only to forty-two, and the teachers died at about the same age. The merchants, financiers, agents and clerks come next after the professional men; and one of the classes included under this head, that of gentlemen, exceeded all others in its average, over sixty-eight years. The bankers, who lived on the average to more than fifty-nine years, were the longest-lived of this class, and then came bank officers, nearly fifty-six; merchants, over fifty-four; booksellers, about fifty-three; manufacturers, fifty-two, and inn-keepers and brokers, fifty years. The shortest-lived of their class were the telegraphers, who died at the average age of twenty-eight. Clerks and bookkeepers also died early, at the age of thirty-six. Railroad agents and conductors departed this life on the average at about forty years, and druggists and apothecaries at forty-two, while saloon and restaurant-keepers were put to final rest at forty-one.

### Railroad Nomenclature

WHAT THE NAMES MEAN....CHICAGO HERALD

It might be supposed that railroads which bear usually geographical names would show by their titles what points they connect, but there are many exceptions in this respect, and some of them are surprising. The St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, for instance, might be supposed to run from St. Louis to San Francisco. Actually it runs 327 miles west of St. Louis. The Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad would appear to run from Minneapolis to St. Louis. It actually runs from Minneapolis to Angus, Iowa, about half-way to

St. Louis. The Omaha and St. Louis Railroad does not run from Omaha to St. Louis, but from Omaha to Pattonsburg, Mo. St. Louis is 267 miles farther east. The Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City Railroad (or "Clover Leaf," as it is more generally called) runs from Toledo to St. Louis, which is the western terminus of the road. Kansas City is 325 miles away. The Toledo, Peoria, and Western Railroad does not run from Toledo to Peoria, but from Indiana State line to Warsaw, Ill.

The New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad (or Nickel Plate, as it is universally called) does not run from New York to Chicago and St. Louis. It runs from Buffalo to Chicago, and a passenger upon it coming East and landing at Buffalo would be over 400 miles from New York, while a passenger upon it going West and landing at Chicago would be 300 miles from St. Louis. The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad runs from Sunbury, Pa., to Erie. The Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie and Boston Railroad is ninety-six miles long, from Slatington, Pa., to Campbell Hall, on the Ontario and Western. The Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad is wholly in Texas, does not touch Denver City, and does not run into Colorado.

These peculiarities in railroad nomenclature are supplemented by another. All the coal-carrying roads running latitudinally in the Eastern States have as part of their title the words "and Western." Here are some of them: Delaware, Lackawanna and Western; the New York, Lake Erie and Western; the New York Ontario and Western; the Lake Erie and Western; the Norfolk and Western; the New York, Susquehanna and Western; the Pittsburg and Western. The quantity of coal transported by these railroads collectively is more than fifty million tons in a year.

### Table of the Principal Alloys

COMBINATIONS IN METALS....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

A combination of copper and zinc makes bell metal, a variety of bronze of which bells are made.

A combination of tin and copper makes bronze metal, with a preponderance of copper.

A combination of tin, antimony, copper and bismuth makes britannia metal.

A combination of tin and copper makes cannon metal.

A combination of copper and zinc makes Dutch gold.

A combination of copper, nickel and zinc, with sometimes a little iron and tin, makes German silver.

A combination of gold and copper makes standard gold.

A combination of gold, copper and silver makes old standard gold.

A combination of tin and copper makes gun metal.

A combination of copper and zinc makes mosaic gold.

A combination of lead and a little arsenic makes sheet metal.

A combination of silver and copper makes standard silver.

A combination of tin and lead makes solder.

A combination of lead and antimony makes type metal.

A combination of copper and arsenic makes white copper.

A combination of tin and lead makes pewter.

## MAJESTY OF TRIFLES: THE REALM OF THE LITTLES\*

**Depredations of Insects**—No very recent estimates of the loss arising from insect ravages have been made, but some of the older estimates are here given. Twenty-five years ago B. D. Walsh, the entomologist of Illinois, estimated the loss from this source at from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 per annum. Fitch, then from New York, entomologist, estimated the damage to the wheat crop of that State in the year 1854 by the wheat-midge at \$15,000,000. The loss to wheat and corn on account of the ravages of the chinch-bug in the State of Illinois alone in 1867 was estimated at \$73,000,000. The loss occasioned in 1874 to corn, vegetables, and other crops by the Rocky Mountain locust in the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri was estimated by Riley, from carefully collected data, at \$100,000,000. The ravages in the principal Cotton States of the cotton-worm have amounted to a loss of about \$30,000,000 in years of great abundance, while for many years the average annual loss was not less than \$15,000,000.

**In one Trillionth Dilution**—A member of the Academy of France reported that twenty-five experiments on animals showed each time that poisoned blood is active even after dilution one trillion (one million million) times. The strength of the average homœopathic dose is from about the third to the sixth decimal. This demonstrates that those who assert that there is no medicine in a homœopathic dose betray ignorance.

**Produce of Fractions of a Penny**—The old lesson as to "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," making the universe, has had one more exemplification. It is the custom of the Bank of England not to pay fractions of a penny. In the case of dividends on Government stock, these fractions have in the course of years amounted to £140,000, which amount, it is stated, was a few years ago paid over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

**Revelation of the Foraminifera**—Some years ago Ehrenberg, that old prince of microscopists, was employed by the Prussian Government to investigate a case of smuggling. A cask had been opened, valuables extracted, and the case repacked, and shipped onward to its destination. The only clew to the criminals was that the unpacking must have been done at some of the custom-houses through which the goods passed. To all appearance the microscope had a hopeless task. But not so. Ehrenberg took some of the sand that had been used in the repacking, placed it under his microscope, looked through his magic tube, and behold! there on the stand lay a peculiar specimen of Foraminifera. That animal was found at only one place in the world, and told just where the crime had been committed.

**How Parrots Shaped America's Destiny**—A flight of birds, coupled with a sailor's superstition, robbed Columbus of the honor of discovering the continent. It is a curious but historical fact. When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic, he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been 216 nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion he yielded to the

opinion of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was guided in his opinion solely by a flight of parrots, which took wing in that direction. It was good luck to follow in the wake of a flight of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery—a widespread superstition among Spanish seamen of that day; and this change in the great navigator's course curiously exemplifies the influence of small and apparently trivial events in the world's history. If Columbus had held to his course he would have entered the Gulf Stream, have reached Florida, and then probably have been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have given the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish population instead of a Protestant English one, a circumstance of immeasurable importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, "had the flight of birds more important consequences."

**Weighing a Pencil-Mark**—Scales are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism and are inclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door, and as soon as the weight is placed in the balances the door slides down. The balances are cleared again and made ready for further use by the pressing of a button, which slightly raises the beams. Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed in the scales, and an autograph written in pencil on either piece will cause the other side to ascend, and the needle, which indicates the divisions of weight, even to the ten millionth part of a pound and less, will move from its perpendicular. A signature containing nine letters has been weighed and proved to be exactly two milligrammes, or the fifteen-thousand-five-hundredth part of an ounce troy.

**A Forfeited Wager**—Natum muriaticum, a homœopathic medicine, is nothing but common table-salt. But in the process of dynamization, homœopathically, its particles have been subdivided until they "approach infinity." A German druggist once bet \$50 that he could take a certain number of homœopathic doses of it every day for a month, reasoning that in that time he would not take as much salt as could be held on the extreme point of a delicate penknife. But he did not calculate on the power, not "violence," of homœopathic medicine. Before half the month had passed he gladly paid the bet. He had made a "proving" of Natrum mur., and did not like it. "Affections of the inner head, headache as though a thousand little hammers were knocking at the brain, etc.," is the way Guernsey gives it.

**Testimony of a Straw**—It is said of the great Galileo—who had been accused of infidelity because he asserted that the earth went round the sun, in apparent contradiction to the language of Scripture—that when questioned by the Roman Inquisition as to his belief in the Supreme Being, he pointed to a straw lying on the floor of his dungeon, saying to his accusers that, from the structure of that trifling object, he would infer with certainty the existence of an intelligent Creator.

\* Compiled for Current Literature.

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

### A Sheik's House

MARY THORNE CARPENTER....IN CAIRO AND JERUSALEM

It is not a difficult thing to accomplish the renaissance of the personages of the Mamelukes. Here are their palaces, where so many tragic dramas were unfolded, and the narrow streets, curving and overhung with balconies of carved wood, which remain perfect pictures of mediæval grace and beauty. The doorways, leading through thick stone walls of this old quarter, are scrolled and twisted with arabesque fretwork; garden glimpses of terraces and fruit blossoms rise beyond the stone steps, and a Lazarus is always at the gate.

The dust need not be shaken off the history of four hundred years ago in Egypt. The scenic effects of that time have hardly changed; and even the decorations of the tombs, fresh with warm colors, evoke the images of the men who sleep, and rekindle their deeds. The exquisite and imaginative mosques which extend far along the east side of Cairo are known as the tombs of the Mamelukes. Nothing could be imagined more delicately beautiful, more fantastic and graceful. One is filled with wonder at the infinite variety of the minarets, the brilliant confusion of colorings, the fretted windows, and faded, incrustated woodwork of the interiors, whose interlacing stones are brightened by softened rays from jeweled windows. In front of us, from the windmill hill, rises the mosque tomb of Sultan Barkuk—not big or gloomy, but smiling and sparkling with two flower-like domes rising impartially over the tombs of the male and female portions of the family in a way which a woman suffragist might approve. At sunset, the rays inundate the minarets and cupolas with rose and gold reflections. The gray and pink cube of granite which is the mosque of Kait Bey takes the flame colors which flood the mountain background; and, viewed from the hill, the details of plaster lacework, bronze and marble decorations turn all violet; the blue Nile, flecked with white sails, loses itself in the distant trees of Shubra, while the tones of the desert, sweeping up to meet the glow of sunset, seem a fusion of molten glass. The old quarter of the Mamelukes lies close behind the Mousky; and when you have passed under the gateway, remember you have gone backwards four hundred years, into the gray past of palaces now crumbling, pallid, and tottering in feeble foundations. The end of a block often closes the perspective in these militant and luckless streets; for the mediæval gentlemen fought one another ad libitum behind their thick stone walls, and curved and twisted the approaches to them with a view to prevent the insurgents massing their forces. There is hardly room for two carriages to pass, and all pedestrians are forced against the gray walls on either side. One can study the buildings conveniently only where they cut the skyline, since the attitude of star-gazing alone brings in view their upper stories above the high walls.

In the heart of the shadowy streets, sunk between strong-walled houses and dying out in narrow lanes, choked with fallen and crumbling blocks of stone, you see the boundary-lines of a palace, spreading around a great hollow square. A young Mohammedan, with

full, calm face, almond-eyed us as we approached the wooden bench where he was seated, talking most familiarly with attendant Arabs. This personage in a sacred green turban of enormous dimensions towering above his copper-colored complexion represents the family of Mohammed, and is the Sheik Abdul-Kareem Sadad, the great dignity of Moslem society, although he did not seem to take his vocation very seriously, or even to maintain the least appearance of saintly demeanor before his retainers, who, with the usual sprinkling of beggars, were smoking in a very democratic manner, and the man who seemed to enjoy most the occasion was the wearer of the ermine-lined mantle, which opened to show a loose silk tunic flowing out over the board bench at the gateway.

The remark has sometimes been made that people all over the world of the same calling resemble one another. The head of Clan Mohammed would be recognized anywhere as an illustration of the comfortable leisure class, accustomed to privileged saintliness, and a dictatorship in ideas and customs. A visiting-card was handed to the young Sheik, who, knowing the name engraved on it, at once begged us to enter, and as we say salamate, we leave him still puffing outside, like the heroes of the Arabian Nights, while a servant is detailed to show the house. The truth in this case costs an immense moral effort; the renouncement of the Sheik's personal attentions to this part of the hospitality was most unflattering. It would have been such a pleasure and satisfaction to have accepted the services of the real son of the Prophet in introducing the ladies of the house. However, the occasion proved interesting enough. We followed the attendant through an arched gateway, where he slipped off his yellow morocco slippers, and motioned us through the nearest door. A fantastic but noble structure rose in the dry sunlight of the courtyard. The walls were gray and old, and in some places the mushrebiyeh screens had cracked off, and the harem apartment lay half open to view. The rents in walls and casements were places for sprays of grasses to hang from; and out of the central court grew a splendid tree, as old as the house itself—that is, four hundred years.

The great court was as quiet as the grave; two low, unpainted benches with high arms were unoccupied, and showed signs of dissolution, like everything else. A balcony sprang out of the mud-colored walls, with bird-cage projections, carved in dice-like blocks and gray like the rest, a stone spectre of the Middle Ages itself. The bright, warm sun-rays shot into the blackness of a great empty room, as the inlaid door swung back; and we felt as though we had been transported through the ivory gate by which all good dreams come. This beautiful apartment of state is a peacock-room, and like nothing else but itself and the bird's plumage. Old Persian tiles of blue and green glaze line the side walls, meeting the beautiful arabasque ceiling, which drops down at irregular places in a painted shower of spangled stars carved in wood. Where the tiles have fallen away, coarse pigments have carried out the effect in the same colors. Not a European shade or tone is anywhere to be seen. Niches hold pyramids of arti-

ficial flowers, dusty and unreal; and great glass chandeliers with green crystal tears swing from the starry canopy of the ceiling.

Another high-walled room, with the same soft coloring, opens from the state apartment; there are no violent contrasts in this harmonious old palace. In this room are kept the Sheik's silver-and-green robes, and his state turban, crumbling away in an enormous flowered bandbox, from which the servant drew it tenderly and with great care, declaring it to be two hundred years old—a very truthful comment, judging from the destruction accomplished by the moths. A foretaste of one of the principal joys of a Mohammedan Paradise is enjoyed by the wearer of the emerald robes, for the Koran promises: "As to those who believe and do good works, we will not suffer the reward of him to perish; for them are prepared gardens of eternal abode, which shall be watered by rivers; they shall be adorned therein with bracelets of fine gold, and shall be clothed in garments of fine silk and brocades; reposing themselves therein on thrones." In this room are shown the portraits of the more or less civilized ancestors of the house of es-Sadad—aristocratic, high-bred Mohammedans, whose day was in the long ago, in the time of barbaric trappings. Wealth and children, the Koran states, are an ornament to this present life, but adds that "good works which are permanent are better." However, one would certainly conclude, from the contrary impression obtained from the innumerable portraits of the sons and daughters hanging on the walls, that the opposite direction had been carried out, especially as the immediate ancestor of the present representative is now in disgrace, having been called to account for the disappearance of a retainer with whom he had quarreled.

At one end of this bright Oriental room, hopelessly out of tone with the preparations for the fast of Ramadan going on about it, and in close proximity to the dusty relics of faithful Moslems, you notice with astonishment the familiar stare of a telephone's open mouth-piece, looking perfectly unreconciled and unresponsive to the dull lifelessness of its surroundings. I carried away with me the delicious aroma of choice cigarettes, which were handed by the servant; of no well-known brand, however, but far finer, because grown from the Sheik's famous plantation and for his sole use. These heralded the fruits and coffees. It was more amusing to sit outside in the garden of oleanders, while consuming Turkish coffee from Persian cups in filigree covers; and the delicious compound, soft as Burgundy in flavor, is a luxury most of all when taken in the orange-gardens, or where a wild jessamine's gigantic branch flowers in and out of the lattice-screens and hides the crumbling walls to which it clings. The dwelling-houses of the Mohammedans have rarely more than two stories. Land in Egypt is not dear, and one can afford to spread out his habitation over it, instead of piercing the sky. But what gives the greatest charm to them is that they have borrowed the effect of the atmosphere, and seem to have grown into the landscape, rather than have been built into it.

The principal rooms of an Eastern house look into the garden or court, especially those of the harem. Usually the windows overhanging the street are placed very high, and barred with iron, while the upper ones jut out onto the street and are screened with endless

ranks of mushrebiyeh work. The entrance door is generally quite uninviting of aspect, low and ugly; and behind it is the mastaba, the seat of the door-keeper, while in order to prevent the curious passer-by from viewing the court, the passage leading to it from the street is built in the form of an angle. How one's lungs breathe in the garden-scents, once inside this mysterious courtyard! How cool and fresh the vapors of the moist fruit of dates, grapes, and pomegranates! Flowers grow here as they do in other places; but new kinds of great yellow-colored things greeted us from trees of beautiful foliage. From the centre of the garden a great tree grows to spread shade over the whole enclosure—quite a mammoth in its way, if not equal to the Koran tree of Tuba, which fable tells us is so large that a person mounted on the swiftest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years. Concerning this remarkable tree, the prototype of our more normal specimens, which are planted in every Mohammedan garden, the Koran relates that a branch of it will reach from Paradise to the house of every true believer, and that it will bear fruits of astonishing beauty and size, and of tastes unknown to mortal men. So that if any man desire to eat the fruit, it will immediately be presented to him, or if he prefers to sup more substantially, flesh of birds will be served ready dressed. As an added attraction of the bountiful Tuba, it will spontaneously bend down to the hand of any person who will gather of its fruit, and moreover supply the blessed not only with beasts to ride on, ready saddled and bridled, but adorned with beautiful trappings, which will burst from its fruit like Cinderella's carriage from the pumpkin.

An earthly Paradise would be decidedly lacking to an Eastern mind without a fountain, and indeed the principal ornaments of the Mohammedan Jannat al-Naim, or celestial garden of pleasure, are the springs and fountains, whose pebbles are rubies and emeralds, their earth of camphor and their beds of musk,—so the saffron-sided Salsabil fountain is typified in the Sheik es-Sadad's well of Nile water, which answers the purpose of washing very well, but unfortunately has not been allowed to acquaint itself with the filtering processes of the stream of Paradise, and is brackish and suggestive of faded ash-color. The mandara, or reception-room, is paved with mosaic, and the more elevated sides, called the liwan, are covered on fête-days with beautiful stuffs and mats of old Persian colors. Here all native visitors leave their shoes; but the superior Europeans put on, over theirs, ridiculously large yellow slippers, tied on so insecurely that they shuffle upon the floors in a way that can only be described as slipshod. The liwan is sometimes resplendent with Eastern porcelain and crystal; but often the picturesque hangings are shabby, frayed, and sometimes have vanished altogether, while cheap European fabrications have the places of the originals.

It was during the inspection of the women's apartment that the true condition of the lights of the harem dawned on us. The principal part of the house reserved for them is entered from the court by the Bab-el-Harim, and from the unattractive surroundings, the deficiencies of opportunities for education or improvement, the uninviting look of the furniture, and positive lack of comforts, one takes away a very melancholy idea of their lot. The garden where flows springs of water is

there, to be sure, a very Paradise itself to an Eastern mind; and the Koran holds out little hope to Mohammedan fair ones of their ever enjoying a nearer view of this blest abode. Far beyond the harem gardens are the groves where ripe oranges drop to the ground, but the women cannot touch them—only look, Tantalus-like, on their golden beauty. But then, women have no souls; no Paradise awaits them; no angel Israfil will delight their ears with songs or harmonies of tingling bells sounded from the tree-tops. Even the really feminine pleasure of gazing on golden-bodied trees, whose fruits are emeralds and pearls, is reserved for masculine eyes.

### The Alps in Autumn

PICTURES OF MOUNTAIN BEAUTY....LONDON SPEAKER

"At Bartlemy-tide the winter steps over the ridge;  
St. Matthew sees him close up to the homestead  
hedge,"

says an Alpine proverb; and no doubt he makes a long stride in the four weeks that separate the two festivals. As all Alpine travellers know, in four years out of five a heavy snowfall, often accompanied with severe thunderstorms, takes place within a day or two on either side of August 24th, frequently covering everything about 4,000 feet with a white mantle, and making, for a few hours after the sun comes out, the most monotonous of the great valleys beautiful. Then the weather often improves again, and the first half of September is a pleasant time enough. Very few tourists, however, and still fewer of those whom the Germans call "Sommerfrischler"—the people who like to settle down at some more or less elevated centre and there live, so far as circumstances will allow, the same life as they live at home, reading the same newspapers, talking the same gossip with the same people,—hardly any of these wait till St. Matthew, or September 21st, has come and gone. And in truth a longer stay offers very considerable openings to fortune.

Bad weather, at any of the higher resorts, means at this season several inches of snow in the street and ice on your bedroom window. If you try to climb after a day or two of this kind of thing, you will presently find that, even at comparatively moderate elevations, groping about for hand-and-foot-hold under eight or nine inches of snow is a remarkably chilly business. You gain, no doubt, in the amount of sleep which your guide allows you to enjoy in the morning; but, on the other hand, the early arrival of darkness makes any lingering in the afternoon somewhat risky, if the weather is at all uncertain. If you are not off the glacier by soon after six o'clock, you own a fair chance of having to spend the night on it. Fortunately for the belated traveller, club-huts are now plenty, and there is some advantage in feeling that you will probably have the premises to yourself, with no fear of overhearing yourself, in the watches of the night, referred to by some member of the "D.Ö.A.V.," Section Potsdam, as "d—d English rabble." You may, however, find a party of local hunters already in possession, with a view to an early start after the elusive chamois.

But if the weather is fine, it is very fine; and, indeed, one famous lady-climber maintains that there is no month in the year like October for high expeditions. Long nights make firm snow, which hardly has time to soften in the day. Also the lower sun brings out all

manner of tender tints and half-tones in the landscape, of which those who only know it in the blaze of July and early August would not suspect the possibility. Indeed, the whole coloring is changed. Flowers are nearly gone. No longer does the ground at one's feet rival the valley where Dante saw the kings and princes awaiting the time of their admission into Purgatory—

"Refulgent gold and silver twice refin'd,  
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian-wood  
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds  
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers  
Plac'd in that fair recess—in color all  
Had been surpass'd."

Gentian and rhododendron, arnica, anemone, and aster are all gone. Even the grass has lost its color. The green of the upland pastures has been replaced by a tawny yellow—"foxed," says the Alpine peasant. Yellows, indeed, dull and bright, and red or orange, are the prevailing hues; not as spots of color in the foreground, but as great masses in the middle distance, standing out against the unchanging pines. The whortleberry bushes, in summer insignificant shrubs enough, drape the upper slopes with a scarlet mantle. Larches are spires of pale gold; while in many districts, especially where limestone abounds, the prevailing tree from 2,000 to 4,000 feet is the beech, and one does not need to leave England to know what a beech can do in the way of autumnal coloring. In England, however, we do not see forests of beech tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees, clothing miles of the lower hillsides with splendor, while over them peer the snow-streaked walls and towers of some great dolomite peak. When we said that the flowers were gone, we should have excepted the colchicum, or autumn crocus, as we call it, though in truth it is a lily. Probably no Alpine flower has such a wide range of altitude. Down in the valleys, far up on the highest pastures, the meadows are studded with its lilac blossoms; and in both situations it seems to thrive equally well.

A day or two before Michaelmas the cattle come down from the "Alps," where they have lived all the summer. In some valleys there is a regular gradation of these mountain pastures according to the season, the animals being taken to higher and higher points as the summer advances, and brought down again in the same way. Some of the odd-looking names—such as Primarans, Maranguns, and others—which occasionally puzzle guide-book makers in districts like the Engadine, denote merely the cattle-stations appropriate to the various seasons. But by Michaelmas all the cows are quartered in the villages. Their return from the uplands is an occasion for a certain amount of festivity. A more or less ceremonial procession escorts them down; and not them only, but all the implements of the cheese-making business and the cheeses themselves. The children, carrying bunches of flowers, await them at some convenient point above the village, and then climbing into the carts, and seating themselves on the piles of cheeses, take their own cheerful part in the show. In the evening there will probably be a dance. It is said that the "home-cows," who have been kept below to supply the immediate demands of the village for milk and butter, are apt to resent the invasion of their quarters by the herd, and that fights ensue, in which the mountaineers, thanks to their hardy, open-air life, generally get the better of their stall-fed kinsfolk.

## NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*A Prophet's Prayer.....Bliss Carman.....Independent*

Urge of the heart whose beat is time,  
Whose impulse is the lonely will,  
Builder of the revolving sun,  
Painter of autumn on the hill.

Touch of the hand that swings the tide  
And feeds the cattle on the plain,  
Breath of the voice that haunts the wind,  
Whose dwelling is the summer rain,

Spirit of beauty, in whose dream  
The world is measured or unmade,  
Once ere the silence, break the seal  
Thy lips upon my lips have laid!

Hark to the thrushes how they sing!  
Am I who rocked upon the knees  
Of the great Mother at my birth  
And learned her croon-song, less than these?

Let not my brothers of the field  
Outdo me with their small desire.  
Somewhere the word is lurking still  
Would bid thy loiterers aspire.

Be thou my whisperer of peace  
Through mysteries I may not know,  
That all my fellows of the dark  
A little may the gladlier go!

And may I never fail to read  
The faultless and eternal trace  
Of the dear hand that I have loved,  
Until thy smile is on my face,—

When the tall smoke above my pyre  
Shall lift this spirit back to thee,  
And my old comrade winds come by  
To bear my dust far out to sea.

*Ballad of Dead Man's Run....Madison Cawein.....Frank Leslie's Illustrated*

He rode adown the autumn wood,  
A man dark-eyed and brown.  
A mountain girl before him stood  
Clad in a home-spun gown.

"To ride this road is death for you,  
My brother waits you there;  
My brother and my father, too—  
You know the oath they swear!"

He holds her by one berry-brown wrist,  
And by one berry-brown hand;  
And he hath laughed at her and kissed  
Her cheek the sun hath tanned.

"The feud is to the death, sweetheart,  
But onward will I ride."  
"And if you ride to death, sweetheart,  
My place is by your side."

And he hath laughed again and kissed,  
And helped her with one hand;  
And they have rode into the mist  
That haunts the autumn land.

And they had passed by Devil's Den  
And come to Dead Man's Run,  
When in the brush rose up two men,  
Each with a leveled gun.

"Down, down, my sister!" cries the one;  
She gives the reins a twirl.  
The other shouts, "He shot my son,  
And now he steals my girl!"

The rifles crack. She will not wail.  
He will not cease to ride.  
But, oh! her face is pale—is pale,  
And the red blood stains her side.

"Sit fast; sit fast by me, sweetheart!  
The road is rough to ride!"  
The road is rough by gulch and bluff,  
And her eyes are wild and wide.

"Sit fast; sit fast by me, sweetheart!  
The bank is steep to ride!"  
The bank is steep for a strong man's leap,  
And she sways from side to side.

"Sit fast; sit fast by me, sweetheart!  
The run is swift to ride!"  
The run is swift with mountain drift,  
And she holds not to his side.

Is it a wash of the yellow moss,  
Or a drift of the forest's gold,  
The mountain torrent foams across  
For the dead tree's roots to hold?

Is it the bark of the sycamore,  
Or bark of the white birch-tree,  
The mountaineer on the other shore  
Hath followed and still can see?

No mountain moss or leaves, my dears,  
No bark of birchen gray,  
But hair of gold and face death-cold  
The wild stream bears away.

*On the Battlefield.....F. H. Sweet.....Times-Democrat*

The sun rose over a field of wheat,  
And warmed the breath of an early spring;  
The smiling flowers made the morning sweet,  
And there were caroling birds to sing;  
And by the brook were children at play,  
Planning their childish games for the day.

But the sun sank over a field of red,  
Leaving no wheat nor a farmhouse there,  
Only the ghastly lines of the dead,  
And blackness and ruin everywhere;  
And along the brook, instead of play,  
Were the silent forms of blue and gray.

*My Sweetheart....Samuel Minturn Peck....Boston Transcript*

Her height? Perhaps you'd deem her tall—  
To be exact, just five feet seven.  
Her arching feet are not too small;  
Her gleaming eyes are bits of heaven.  
Slim are her hands, yet not too wee—  
I could not fancy useless fingers;  
Her hands are all that hands should be,  
And own a touch whose memory lingers.

The hue that lights her oval cheeks  
Recalls the pink that tints a cherry.  
Upon her chin a dimple speaks  
A disposition blithe and merry  
Her laughter ripples like a brook;  
Its sound a heart of stone would soften.  
Though sweetness shines in every look,  
Her laugh is never loud nor often.

Though golden locks have won renown  
With bards, I never heed their raving;  
The girl I love hath locks of brown,  
Not tightly curled, but gently waving.  
Her mouth?—Perhaps you'd term it large—  
Is firmly molded, full and curving;  
Her quiet lips are Cupid's charge,  
But in the cause of truth unswerving.

Though little of her neck is seen,  
 That little is both smooth and slightly  
 And fair as marble is its sheen  
 Above her bodice gleaming whitely.  
 Her nose is just the proper size,  
 Without a trace of upward turning.  
 Her shell-like ears are wee and wise,  
 The tongue of scandal ever spurning.  
 In mirth and woe her voice is low,  
 Her calm demeanor never fluttered;  
 Her every accent seems to go  
 Straight to one's heart as soon as uttered.  
 She ne'er coquets as others do;  
 Her tender heart would never let her.  
 Where does she dwell? I would I knew!  
 As yet, alas! I've never met her.

*Through Aisles of Corn....Jennie A. Burt....Kansas City Times*

We wandered through the aisles of corn  
 That swished above our head,  
 To cowslip-brodered fields beyond,  
 Dashed here and there with red  
 Of clover, with its honeyed globes  
 Striving to still outvie  
 The cowslip's modest face of gold  
 Uplifted to the sky.

Then turning down the beechen glade  
 Where flowed the echoing brook,  
 Through banks of hanging mint and grape  
 We found a sheltered nook,  
 Snug in the bosom of the shade,  
 Where clasped in fond embrace  
 The willowy branches of the trees  
 Reach out, and interlace.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I walk along the aisles of corn,  
 Adown its rustling lanes,  
 Like stately dames with tasseled heads  
 Wearing their silken skeins;  
 The soft breeze ruffs their cloudy heads,  
 And vibrates a refrain  
 Of bygone years, when naught but song  
 Made glad the swaying grain.

'Tis but a gentle echo made  
 By wind-harps through the leaves  
 When mem'ry gathers up again  
 Her many broken sheaves  
 Of tangled stalks and faded ears,  
 Yet sweet as dews of morn  
 When we together, hand in hand,  
 Went through the aisles of corn.

*The Old Rail Fence....Frank L. Stanton....Atlanta Constitution*

The old rail fence with aimless angles  
 Curved round the scented fields of old;  
 And wild, blown vines in quaintest tangles  
 Bloomed there in purple and in gold.  
 And winds went over, cool and sweet,  
 With rivery ripples in the wheat.

The white road to the river knew it—  
 The river running wild and fleet;  
 A cabin-path went winding to it,  
 With light prints of a boy's bare feet,  
 And cattle in the woods at morn  
 Roamed by and nipped the bending corn.

In corners cool the plowman rested  
 When rang the welcome bells of noon;  
 And there the thrush and partridge nested  
 And sang the mocking birds of June.  
 And winds were sweet with muscadines,  
 And blooms were on the melon-vines.

There twilight paused in rosy dreaming,  
 And o'er the riot of the rills  
 When starlight on the world was streaming  
 Rose the love-song of whippoorwills,  
 And with the music and the stars  
 Love met his sweetheart at the bars.

There, with the evening shadows falling,  
 In cabin door a woman stands;  
 And far and sweet her voice is calling,  
 And children heed her beckoning hands.  
 There, for the weary ones that roam,  
 Twinkle the dreamy lights of Home.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The corn still waves and vines are clinging;  
 The larks are hid in bending grain;  
 The birds sing, as my heart is singing,  
 Where, lonely in the woodland rain,  
 The old rail fence—it's service o'er—  
 Curves round the blossoming fields no more.

Yet, there I halt my horse, and sighing,  
 Above the old rail fence I lean.  
 The snows upon life's pathway lying  
 Have left one living glimpse of green!  
 And still, through change of time and art,  
 The old rail fence runs round my heart!

*The Dreamer.....Constance Morgan.....The Speaker*

He lay among the corn, the golden corn,  
 Which waved above him like a fleeting dream  
 Of beauty, all intangible, unreal,  
 And like a passing thought—mysterious.  
 He lay among the corn, and as a sigh  
 Of trembling happiness all exquisite,  
 With some deep wondrous feeling unexpressed,  
 Thrilleth along the spirit's consciousness—  
 So on a sunbeam quivering through the day  
 An angel zephyr through the stillness came,  
 And, sweeping o'er the corn, touched—so it seemed—  
 Some secret purpose of his soul, which erst  
 Had dormant lain, as an unconscious dream,  
 And, like a hidden thought—mysterious.

Some purpose of his soul, some undreamt dream,  
 Some feeling in the background of his brain,  
 Some subtle thought, some unexpressed desire,  
 Some faint vague wish for things he knew not what,  
 And—hardest to achieve of human things—  
 Some longing for a simple life and good.  
 He lay among the corn, and o'er his soul,  
 Like an Æolian harp, the zephyr played,  
 Touching the dim recesses of his mind,  
 Awoke a sleeping music hidden there,  
 Remnant of some past purpose of his soul  
 Which erst perchance had lived its little day  
 And unfulfilled as a sweet dream of bliss,  
 And, like a passing thought—mysterious.

He rose from out the corn, and, with a sigh  
 For things impossible, upon his way  
 The dreamer passed into the busy mart  
 Of human life, where dreams, and high intent,  
 And noble purpose of the soul—yea, all  
 That makes life beautiful and sweet and fair—  
 Are silenced in the roar of passing things.  
 And e'en the glory of the waving corn  
 Lived in his mem'ry as a sweet regret,  
 And dim the secret purpose of his soul,  
 And well-nigh faded from his heart and thought  
 The longing for a simple life and good;  
 Yet sweet that hour amid the golden corn,  
 And, like a passing dream—mysterious.

## MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

### The Revival of Falconry

ARISTOCRACY'S NEW FAD....CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

A wise rabbi once said to his pupils, "All things return." Falconry has returned into the world of sport on the eve of the twentieth century. Patrician hunters will hereafter scorn double-barreled shotguns and "fin-de-siècle" equipments, and wild bipeds and quadrupeds will be captured in mediæval fashion by means of trained falcons. The fad is already prevalent in many parts of England, and Emperor William has given the initiation in Germany, enthusiastic over the sport in which he indulged with his relatives in British forests. There never was a time when falconry was not in vogue in England, even during the latter part of this century, catering to a number of English lords and ladies. Some enterprising trainers have found it a remunerative business to conduct a falcon farm in the little Flemish village, Falkenwerth. The royal family of the Netherlands also maintained the falcon hunt on the grounds of the Loo Castle until the year 1845.

The hawk was utilized very early in man's history in the capture of game, so that hawking or falconry is perhaps as primitive as the bow and arrow. China records this sport practiced as early as 2000 B. C., and in high favor during the reign of King Wen Wang, 689 B. C. In Japan, India, Arabia, Syria, and among the ancient tribes of Asiatic Russia the falconer occurs fully as early in history and poetry. Sir A. H. Layard, in his work on Nineveh and Babylon, speaks of finding a bas-relief in Korsabad, on which is represented a falconer bearing a hawk on his wrist. And to the present day the inhabitants of Northern and Middle Asia and of the remotest quarters of the Orient have retained the sport, where they have taught the hawks to capture large mammals—antelopes, foxes, and even porcupines. How the hawk is able to grapple with the barbed hide on an angry porcupine is not easily understood, but it is certain that he can be taught to accomplish some wonderful feats. Africa also furnishes records of falconry in the early history of its swarthy nations, where, especially in Egypt, judging from the recently exhumed carvings, it is certainly very ancient. It is surmised that Europeans first learned the art of falcon training from the Berbers, Moors, and Tunisians. It is also a fact that hawking is a favorite sport to this day in most of the northern States of Africa.

According to Pliny and Aristotle, whose reports are somewhat vague, however, the Roman nobles indulged in hawking two or three centuries before the Christian era, to whom it was taught by the Thracians. Charlemagne instituted certain legal enactments for the maintenance of this branch of hunting.

In France la fauconnerie gained such a prominence that under the reign of King Francis I. it was found expedient to appoint a falcon master-in-chief in the royal chase, who commanded fifteen noblemen and fifty falconers, who controlled over 300 trained hawks. Woe to the culprit who was convicted in the time of Edward III. of England of stealing a hawk! He seldom escaped the death penalty, and a long term of imprisonment was the fate of any one pilfering eggs from the falcon nests.

The decline of the sport, and with it the gradual disappearance of many knightly arts and virtues, may be traced to the reformation and to the subsequent international and religious wars, and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of certain French noblemen at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it never regained its former prominence, while among the cultured nations of Asia it continued to prevail, though with them it has never assumed the character of a sport.

Hawks to be trained for the hunt must be less than three years old, and must be the offspring of captive or domesticated birds. The species best adapted for this purpose is known in Germany as "Edelfalken." They are more compactly built than the sparrow and prairie hawks, their heads are larger, with prominent tooth and notch of bill, their eyes are bright and sharp-sighted, unprotected by brows or eyelid hairs, and their wings are pointed and often the size of a large eagle's. On terra firma their movements are grotesque and awkward, but few winged animals can beat them in rapidity and ease of flight. It is astonishing to see how long these birds can remain poised apparently motionless in midair.

Now, how are these irrational creatures taught to capture game for their masters? What fits the falcon or hawk for the work more than any other birds is their pugilistic propensities, their enormous appetite, their high flight, and remarkable sharp-sightedness. To rear them for the chase a skillful falconer is required who is possessed of angelic patience. Such a trainer will change his tactics in accordance with the temper, disposition, and constitution of his aviary pupils. In this respect birds are like children—some are apt and sanguine, others slow and stubborn, but the latter often prove in the end to be the most reliable in the pursuit of prey. Trainers and hunters are obliged to wear gauntlets or heavy leather gloves to protect their wrists, on which the birds are perched with their sharp, muscular talons. The first stage in the long and tedious training process consists in starving them at intervals until they learn to bate and eat only at the command of their master. (A hawk is said to bate when she flutters off from the fish-perch or block, whether from wildness or for exercise or in the attempt to chase.)

For several days the falcon is hooded and made to feed occasionally from a beefsteak drawn over her talon, when she is stroked with a feather to represent the presence of winged prey. At each meal the trainer makes a peculiar sound, to teach her the time for feeding. After this a different hood, leaving the eyes exposed, is used, which must be placed on her head in a dark room. The trainer continues his starving and feeding process, gradually admitting more and more light, and hooding and unhooding his bird at will. Then follows an outdoor course of training, in the presence of strangers, horses, dogs, etc., and then the bill of fare includes live and dead pigeons and small birds. Finally, she is permitted to join some veterans in the field and made acquainted with the lure, learning meanwhile to depend for her food entirely upon her trainer, going short distances after quarry while held by a leash, and returning to the fish whenever called. Soon after this she is

despatched after small game, in the capture of which she will finally excel most marksmen with their guns. The eyrie of Falkenwerth, Belgium, has some expert specimens. There is a wide difference in the serviceable qualities of these birds. Some are good "footers"—that is, good at catching and killing; others, again, are good flyers and poor footers. The pitch of some—that is, the height to which they can fly—sometimes beats the eagle's. When hawkers indulge in a pitch contest, jealousy will often make them forget their masters below; and then will follow a promiscuous battle on high, resulting in broken wings, bleeding beaks, talons, etc. As a rule, however, a falcon cannot be induced to trust her own species, and her talons usually contain palatable dainties not much injured by the aerial combat.

### Skating in Holland

FRANCIS FREMANTLE.....THE IDLER

Skating is, of course, a characteristic feature of Holland. Every one knows the old Dutch pictures of the booths on the ice, like that of Peter de Hoog's in the National Gallery, with the plain white houses, and a brick church at the back, a barge or two frozen up, and the populace at large on skates. But it is quite a fallacy to suppose that Holland is in a perpetual state of frost during the winter. Dutch weather varies as much as our own, with the thermometer just a few degrees lower, and last winter there was very little frost in the south of the country. But when the frost comes, Dutchmen are on the ice at once. The men skate in to their work, and skate out again in the evening; the women skate into the towns to do their marketing; and the children learn the use of skates almost as soon as they can walk. The roughs, too, take up their abode on the ice, and when there is snow the main canals are swept as clean as any, and a good deal cleaner than most, London pavements. When there isn't any snow to sweep away, the ingenious Dutchman finds out a crack across the canal—perhaps he makes one—puts a plank over, and holds out the hat for contributions; or he eases the way over a dyke, which will often have to be crossed in getting from one canal to another in skating long distances, strewing the way with straw, for which kindly action he is again not averse to drinking the wayfarer's health. The Dutchman who is not ingenious, or who is lazy, simply sweeps away the ice dust, and makes the most of his powers of persuasion. In England, such a system would lead to speedy bankruptcy for the skater; but in Holland the mint authorities are wise enough to supply cents, worth about a fifth of a penny, and with these a sweeper or plankman is quite satisfied. I loaded my pockets with cents before I started, and "Dank u, mijnheer," was showered upon me. "Ij," by the way, is only the same as "Y"; the Dutch spell it so, indiscriminately; of which fact I was fairly well informed before I left the country, inasmuch as every public-house in the place—and foreigners don't stint themselves in public-houses—was labeled in large letters, "Tapperij en Sliterij," or "Tappery en Slytery," which, being interpreted, means "Tavern and Retail Shop." A good instance of this interchange of vowels is the river which flows through Amsterdam, and goes by the ignominious name of the "Ij," or "Y."

My longest day's journey was from Amsterdam to Utrecht—about fifty miles by the route that I took. I

left the capital by the river Amstel, which wound about terribly; and as there was rather a strong southerly wind blowing, I sometimes had considerable difficulty in getting along. Skating in this way is just like bicycling. The ease of progression is about the same; and snow and wind in the one are about as trying as rain and wind in the other. My average rate was about eight miles an hour, but I could easily rise to ten, or often to more. Every now and then the thaw brought in by the wind had taken effect, and I had to get a board and stumble across it through the water to land, take off my skates, and walk along until I came to a better bit of ice.

It was a most extraordinary contrast, after skating through the deserted country parts, and passing through only an occasional village, with hardly a sign of life even there, to walk over a dyke and suddenly come upon the big town canals simply swarming with people—old men and young men, Vrouws and Jungiuffrouws, boys and girls, and babies of not more than four or five, rushing about on skates. The soldiers with their long, flowing blue overcoats and mitre caps: the paterfamilias with his wife and family hanging on in line behind; the workmen dashing along at a terrific pace; the shop-boys with their sweethearts in front; and the servant girls in twos and threes—all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, and appreciating the change from their work. It is extraordinary the improvement that healthy exercise makes in the appearance of people. We saw no pale faces and thin, skinny figures, but fine, broad shoulders with plenty of flesh on them, and cheeks that could never be found guilty of any further blush. It is the custom for skaters to travel tandem with a long pole, painted bright green and red, under the left arm, so as to make the party keep time together and offer less resistance to the wind. When I got tired of the big canals, I went up the "sloots," which are anything between five and twenty-five feet across, and form a regular network all over the country. Then I would come back to the canal, with the wind behind me, at about fifteen miles an hour, close my feet, and shoot along for a quarter of a mile with the impetus. Before taking my skates off I paid a penny at one of the "Heete Melk" stalls, which abound on the ice. A screen of straw, a woman, and a table with an urn and a few mugs on it form the plant; and the hot cocoa and milk given to customers is delicious.

### The Popularity of Water-Polo

AQUATIC FOOTBALL.....CHICAGO HERALD

Since its first introduction in this country, by Prof. John Robinson, the game of water-polo has become one of the most popular, especially among members of athletic clubs, who naturally have better opportunities for practicing it, owing to the presence in the club-houses of swimming-tanks. To those who have never seen a good game played between teams of strength and ability, the advice is freely given that no time should be lost in indulging in the pleasure, for a pleasure it will surely be. To be brief, water-polo is simply football in the water, except that the ball, which is the rubber-covered article of small size, is passed from player to player by the hands alone. The feet cannot, of course, be used except for swimming and "treading" purposes. For playing the game it is not necessary to have a body of water of any particular size. The ordinary tank or natatorium will do. The teams consist of not more than

seven players, and usually of five or six good swimmers. At the commencement of the game the players, clad in the customary beach costumes of jersey and short trunks, and with skull-caps on, to denote the team, line up across either end of the tank, one team on each end. The referee takes the ball and tosses it in exactly the centre of the tank and then blows his whistle. The ten men, or twelve or fourteen, as the case may be, dive in in a hurry, and all except one from each team race for the ball. The exceptions are goal-keepers, who remain at the ends to guard the little board designated "goal." Then the struggle begins. As the teams come together in the centre of the space there is sure to result an amount of scrambling, splashing, ducking and lively work to keep a crowd in a roar of laughter and applause. The idea is to get the ball to the opposing team's goal and touch the board. Once this is done the referee blows his whistle, the teams again line up for the plunge, and the ball is tossed in the centre.

In big matches ten-minute halves are usually played. That does not seem a long time to be in the water, but it takes a well-trained athlete of "bottom," stamina, and gameness to stand the strain of being buffeted about, with nothing to stand on, for half the period. The game is of English origin and is to-day looked upon as one of the best and most exciting sports of the tight little isle. With all the elements of popularity in its favor there is no reason why it should not become of equal standing in this country. In 1888 John Robinson, then swimming instructor of the Boston Athletic Association, formed a water-polo team of members of that excellent club, and also framed rules to suit the tanks of the East. The Boston Athletic Association team was the first ever formed in America. Mr. Robinson's rules were found suitable in every way and are the ones now generally recognized in all big matches in the East. They are as follows:

1. The ball to be an association football No. 3, not less than eight or more than nine inches in diameter.
2. The goals to be boards four feet long and twelve inches wide, marked "Goal" in large letters, one to be placed at either end of tank eighteen inches above water.
3. To score a goal the board must be touched by the ball in the hand of an opposing player, and the greatest number of goals to count game.
4. The contesting teams shall consist of six a side, with one reserve man, who can take the place of one of his side in case of disablement, and receive prize if on winning side.
5. Time of play, twenty minutes, ten minutes each way and five minutes rest at half-time.
6. The captains shall be playing members of teams they represent, and shall toss for choice of ends of tank. The ends to be changed at half-time.
7. The referee shall throw a ball in the center of the tank, the start for the ball only to be made at the sound of whistle.
8. Ball going out of the tank to be thrown in center opposite where it crosses bounds.
9. No player is allowed to interfere with an opponent unless such an opponent is in actual contact with the ball, or within three feet of it. Any player transgressing this rule shall be guilty of a foul. It shall also be a foul to hold any player by any part of his costume.
10. A mark shall be made four feet from each goal on side of tank, and a line drawn across. No player

may come within his opponent's goal line until the ball is put in play within it. The goal-keepers of the side are alone exempt from this rule. It shall be a foul to cross the line ahead of the ball.

11. Upon the goal being gained the opposite teams go to their own end of the tank and the ball is thrown by the referee into the center on play being resumed.

12. Teams shall have an umpire at each goal line who, upon goal being made, shall notify the referee, who shall blow a whistle and announce the same.

13. The referee shall decide all fouls, and if in his opinion a player commits a foul he shall caution the team for the first offense and for the second said team making a foul shall forfeit one goal. After the foul is made the ball shall be placed in play by the referee throwing the ball in the center of the tank, restart to be made at the sound of whistle.

14. Time occupied by disputes shall not be reckoned as in the time of play.

The first game in America was played between the Boston Athletic Association team and Sydenham Swimming Club of Providence, R. I., later called the Metro-pole Athletic Club. After the game, which the Boston boys won, the New York Athletic Club took up the sport, followed by the old Manhattans and all the clubs and natatoriums in the country, from the Olympics of San Francisco to the Young Men's Gymnastic Club of New Orleans. It is conceded that for amusement and excitement for the spectators it is far ahead of any water sport ever introduced. To be a good player one must necessarily be an expert swimmer, but after he has been at the game for a while he finds that it is the best lesson he can obtain. One learns to be fast and the stamina and grit it puts in a man are simply amazing.

### Sliding on a Russian Sled

UTILIZING A CAKE OF ICE....HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

Riding down hill on a cake of ice would not seem to us very amusing, except, perhaps, to the spectators, who might enjoy it as a sort of frozen tub-race. As a matter of fact, though, a cake of ice in the hands of a Russian boy will make a very good and rapid sled. He saws out a block that is longer than it is thick, and about high enough for a comfortable seat. Then he scoops out a hollow like a saddle a little back of the middle of the upper surface, and upholsters it with straw or rags. It is then ready for its first trip down hill, and if the rider is skillful he will make very good time on it. But carrying it back to the top of the incline would be too hard work for even a Russian boy, and pushing it up hill would be about as bad. A clever lad once thought of a better way, and all other boys have copied him ever since. He found a good rye straw, and began blowing through it at the front of the block with the end of the straw close to the ice. Soon he had a little hole in the block, as neatly drilled as a steel tool could have done it. In the course of an hour and a half he had driven a hole slantwise through the ice, coming out at the top just in front of the saddle. A stout string passed through the hole and knotted completed his sled, which could then be drawn up hill almost as easily as the best coaster that ever was made. If a boy is careful of his ice sled—and he is apt to be careful, for considerable work is necessary to make one—it will last all winter. Imagine him freezing on a new set of runners when the old ones have worn out!

# MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR FEBRUARY, 1895

## Art and Decoration

American Wood-Engravers: Gustav Kruell...Scrib. Mag.  
Art in Glasgow: Elizabeth Robins Pennell...Harper's.  
Artists and Their Work...Munsey's Magazine.  
Recent Work of Elihu Vedder: W. C. Brownell...Scrib.  
The Gospel of Art: Kenyon Cox...Century.  
The Outlook for Decorative Art in America: F. Fowler...Fo.

## Biographic and Reminiscent

Celia Thaxter: Annie Fields...Atlantic.  
Characteristics of George Inness: G. W. Sheldon...Century.  
Characteristics of Nicholas II...F. L. Popular Monthly.  
Famous Californians of Other Days: J. J. Peatfield...Overl'd.  
Henri Regnault: Walter Gilman Page...New Eng. Mag.  
James Anthony Froude: Augustine Birrell...Scribner's.  
Julia Ward Howe and Daughters: Margaret Field...Munsey.  
Life of Napoleon Bonaparte: Wm. M. Sloane...Century.  
Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief: A. K. McClure...McClure's.  
Lincoln, Chase, and Grant: Noah Brooks...Century.  
Luigi Rossi...Munsey's Magazine.  
Napoleon Bonaparte: Ida M. Tarbell...McClure's.  
Oliver Wendell Holmes: Mrs. James T. Field...Century.  
Presidents of Republics: Harold Parker...Munsey's.  
Recollections of Robt. L. Stevenson: A. Lang...No. Am. Rev.  
Robert L. Stevenson: Stephen Gwynn...Eclectic.  
Sketch of Chas. A. Le Sueur: David S. Jordan...P. Sci. Mo.  
Stevenson in the South Sea: Wm. Churchill...McClure's.  
The Dean of the American Stage: M. Bacheller...Munsey's.  
The Death of Emin Pasha: R. Dorsey Mohun...Century.  
Wax Cast of the Face of Napoleon: Baron de St. Pol...McCl.

## Dramatic and Musical

Music in America: Antonín Dvořák...Harper's.  
The Mechanism of the Stage: A. Hornblow...F. L. Pop. Mo.

## Educational Discussion

Physical Training in Public Schools: M. V. O'Shea...Atlantic.  
Student Honor and College Exam's: W. Le C. Stevens...Fo.  
Studies of Childhood: Prof. Jas. Sully...Pop. Science Mo.  
The Lowell Institute: Harriette K. Smith...New Eng. Mag.  
The Subtle Art of Speech-Reading...Atlantic.  
Why We Need a National University: S. Newcomb...N. A. R.

## Historic and National

On the Threshold of a Reign: V. Gribayedoff...F. L. P. M.  
Oregonian Characteristics: Alfred Holman...Overland.  
Personal History of Second Empire: A. D. Vandam...N. A. R.  
The Crimea in 1854 and 1894...Eclectic Magazine.

## Literary Criticism

Contemporary French Novelists: A. Hornblow...Munsey's.  
Lingo in Literature: Wm. Cecil Elam...Lippincott's.  
Literature and the English Book Trade: Ouida...N. A. Rev.  
New Figures in Literature and Art: Royal Cortissoz...Atlan.  
Great Realists and Empty Story-Tellers: H. H. Boyesen...Fo.  
The Yellows in Literature: Chas. D. Warner...Harper's.

## Miscellaneous Papers

Corpus Christi in Seville: Caroline E. White...Lippincott's.  
Famous Towers: George Holme...Munsey's.  
Nature's Triumph: By James Rodway, F. L. S...Pop. Sci. M.  
Symbols: By Helen Zimmern...Popular Sci. Monthly.  
The Cat in Law: Gertrude B. Rolfe...No. Amer. Rev.  
The Champion of the Middle Ground: Edith Thomas...Atl.  
The Massachusetts Militia: T. F. Edmands...N. E. Mag.  
The Pleasures of Bad Taste: Annie S. Winston...Lippin.

## Natural History Sketches

The Diamond-Back Terrapin: D. B. Fitzgerald...Lippin.  
The Story of the Silkworm: T. Tracy...F. L. S. Pop. Mo.  
The Thorns of Plants: M. Henri Coupin...Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Wild Flowers of Hawaii: Grace C. K. Thompson...Overl'd.

## Political Questions

A Study of the Mob: Boris Sidis...Atlantic.  
An Open Letter to Senator John Sherman...Arena.  
Bimetallism and Legislation: C. S. Thomas...Arena.  
Colorado's Experiment with Populism: J. F. Vaile...Forum.  
Has the Law Become Commercialized? W. Hornblower...Fo.  
Is Opposition to the Income Tax Logical or Legal? Overl'd.

Newspaper Row and National Legislation...No. Am. Rev.  
Politics and the Farmer...North American Review.  
Problems in the Indian Territory: O. H. Platt...N. A. Rev.  
Russia as a Civilizing Force in Asia: J. M. Hubbard...Atlan.  
Should the Government Retire from Banking?...Forum.  
Steps Toward Government Control of Railroads...Forum.  
The Barnacles of Fire Insurance: L. Windmüller...Forum.  
The Chicago Populist Campaign: Willis J. Abbot...Arena.  
The Financial Muddle: A Symposium...No. Amer. Rev.  
The Passing of the Whigs: Noah Brooks...Scribner's.  
The Present Status of Civil Service Reform...Atlantic.  
The President's Currency Plan: Hon. W. J. Bryan...Arena.  
Why Gold Is Exported: Alfred S. Heidelberg...Forum.

## Religious and Philosophic

A Religious Study of a Baptist Town: Rev. W. B. Hale...Fo.  
San Gabriel Mission: L. Worthington Green...Overland.  
The Harvard Divinity School: J. W. Chadwick...N. E. Mag.  
The New Pulpit: Rev. H. R. Haweis...No. Amer. Rev.  
The Passing of Muhammad: Sir Edwin Arnold...Century.

## Scientific and Industrial

Brain Development as Related to Evolution...Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Evolution of Shipping and Ship-Building on Pacific...Ov'r'd.  
Giants and Giantism: Chas. L. Dana, M.D...Scribner's.  
How to Repel Train Robbers: Lieut. J. T. Knight...N. A. R.  
Images in Dead Eyes: E. Wallace, M.D...No. Am. Rev.  
New Weapons of the U. S. Army: V. L. Mason...Century.  
Pleasures of the Telescope: G. P. Serviss...Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Recent Science: Prince Kropotkin...Eclectic Magazine.  
The Dynamics of Mind: Henry Wood...Arena.  
The Psychical Comedy: Chas. S. Minot...No. Am. Rev.  
The Serum Treatment of Diphtheria...Pop. Science Mo.  
The U. S. Geological Survey: C. D. Walcott...P. Sci. M.  
Wonders of the Kinetoscope: A. Dickson...F. L. Pop. Mo.

## Sociologic Topics

Coming Triennial Meeting of Council of Women...Arena.  
Penology in Europe and America: S. J. Barrows...Arena.  
Programme of German Socialism: W. Liebknecht...Forum.  
Rise and Decline of the New England Lyceum...N. E. Mag.  
Sexual Purity and the Double Standard: J. Bellangee...Arena.  
Social Conditions as Feeders of Immorality: B. O. Flower...Ar.  
Some Material Forces of the Social Organism...Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Southern Women on the Suffrage Question: Mrs. Watson...Ar.  
The Fate of the Farmer: Fred. P. Powers...Lippincott's.  
The Matrimonial Puzzle: H. H. Boyesen...No. Am. Rev.  
The New Woman of the South: Mrs. J. K. Henry...Arena.  
The Norwegian System in Its Home: D. N. Beach...N. E. M.  
The Social Discontent: I. Its Causes: H. Holt...Forum.  
True American Ideals: Theodore Roosevelt...Forum.  
What is Gambling? John Bigelow...Harper's.  
Windmills and Meteorology: P. J. De Ridder...P. S. Mo.

## Sport and Recreation

A Day's Hunting Among the Eskimos: F. Nansen...P. S. M.  
A Yachting Cruise in Scotch Waters: J. MacRae...F. L. P. M.  
A Yaqui Boar-hunt...Outing.  
Canadian Winter Sports: Robert S. Osborne...Munsey's.  
Circus Maximus...Outing.  
Curling in the Northwest...Outing.  
Cycling by the Blind in Paris: F. E. Thomas...Outing.  
Fish Shooting in the West Indies...Outing.  
Model Yacht Designing, Building and Sailing...Outing.  
The Conversion of Trapper Lewis: Ed. W. Sandys...Outing.

## Travel and Adventure

A Chinese Trial: Margherita A. Hamm...F. L. Pop. Mo.  
A Trip to Bosnia-Herzegovina: By M. de Blowitz...F. L. P. M.  
Among the Veddahs of Ceylon: By F. F. -R. Dixon...F. L. P. M.  
Divination Among the Chinese in America...Overland.  
Down the West Coast: Charles F. Lummis...Harper's.  
Eden of the Gulf: Annetta Josefa Halliday...Outing.  
French Fighters in Africa: Poultney Bigelow...Harper's.  
Oudeypore, the City of the Sunrise: E. L. Weeks...Harper's.  
The Lower Kennebec: Winfield Thompson...N. E. Mag.  
The Mongol Triad: Margherita A. Hamm...Overland.

## BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

## Biographic and Reminiscent

|                                                                                                          |         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| A Biography of John Addington Symonds: Compiled by Horatio F. Brown: Scribner's, 2 vols., cl., gilt top. | \$12 50 |
| A Sketch of the Life of Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima: Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D.: Fleming H. Revell Co., cl.    | 1 00    |
| An Essay on John Milton: Lord Macaulay: American Book Co., cloth                                         | 20      |
| Campaigns of Curiosity; Journalistic Adventures: Elizabeth L. Banks: F. Tennyson Neely, 12mo, paper      | 50      |
| Edmond and Jules de Goncourt: Compiled by M. A. Belloc and M. Shedlock: Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., cl.   | 7 50    |
| Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala: George Augustus Sala: Scribner's, 2 vols., cloth            | 5 00    |
| Life of John Milton: David Masson: Macmillan, 8vo, cloth                                                 | 4 50    |
| Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great: Elbert Hubbard: Putnam's, paper                      | 5       |
| Melancholy of Stephen Allard: A Private Diary: Edited by Garnet Smith: Macmillan & Co., cr. 8vo, cl.     | 1 75    |
| Mollie Fancher, the Brooklyn Enigma: Abram H. Dailey: G. F. Sargent Co., 12mo, cloth                     | 1 50    |
| Prince Henry the Navigator: C. Raymond Beazley: Heroes of the Nations, Putnam, illus., cloth             | 1 50    |
| Three Men of Letters: Moses Coit Tyler: Putnam, cloth                                                    | 1 25    |

## Educational Discussion

|                                                                                                  |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| A Scientific German Reader: George Theodore Dippold, Ph.D.: Ginn & Co., cloth                    | 1 00 |
| A System of Physical Culture: Louise Gilman Kiehle: C. W. Bardeen, 8vo, cloth                    | 2 00 |
| Character and Historical Development of the Universities of Germany: Prof. F. Paulsen: Macmillan | 2 00 |
| College Requirements in English: Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, B.A.: Ginn & Co., cloth            | 1 20 |
| Defective Speech and Deafness: Lillie Eginton Warren: Edgar S. Werner                            | 1 00 |
| El Pajaro Verde: Julio Rojas, B-en-A: William R. Jenkins, paper                                  | 35   |
| Elements of English Grammar: Alfred S. West: Macmillan, cloth                                    | 60   |
| Elements of Mechanical Drawing: G. C. Anthony: D. C. Heath & Co., cloth                          | 1 50 |
| Elements of Physics, for Use in Secondary Schools: S. P. Meads: Silver, Burdett & Co.            | 72   |
| Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System: Geo. H. Martin: Appleton, cloth             | 1 50 |
| Herbart and the Herbartians: Charles DeCarmo: Great Educators' Series: Scribner's, 12mo          | 1 00 |
| Illustrative Blackboard Sketching: W. Bertha Hintz: E. L. Kellogg & Co., leatherette             | 30   |
| L'Art D'Interesser en Classe: Victor F. Bernard: William R. Jenkins, paper                       | 30   |
| La Conversation des Enfants: Chas. P. Du Croquet: William R. Jenkins, cloth                      | 75   |
| La Traduction Orale et la Prononciation Française: Victor F. Bernard: William R. Jenkins, boards | 30   |
| Lectures Faciles pour l'Étude du Française: Paul Bercy: William R. Jenkins, cloth                | 1 00 |
| Little Nature Studies for Little People: John Burroughs: Ginn & Co., cloth                       |      |
| Partir, à Tiemps: Alexander W. Herdler: William R. Jenkins, paper                                | 35   |
| Preliminary French Drill: "Veteran": William R. Jenkins, cloth                                   | 50   |
| Simple Notions de Française: Paul Bercy, B.L., L.D.: William R. Jenkins, boards                  | 75   |

## Fiction of the Month

|                                                                                                   |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| A Breath of Suspicion: Frances Isabel Currie: F. I. Webb, paper                                   | 50   |
| A Daughter of Judas: Richard Henry Savage: F. Tennyson Neely, 12mo, paper                         | 50   |
| A Son of Hagar: Hall Caine: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth, illustrated                                 | 1 50 |
| A Title Rejected: Octavia Clonston: G. W. Dillingham, paper                                       | 50   |
| A Woman of Impulse: Justin Huntley McCarthy: Hudson Library: Putnam's, 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper | 50   |
| Armande: E. and J. Goncourt: Trans. by Alfred E. Hasenck: World Classics: Jos. Knight Co.         | 1 00 |
| Berris: Katherine S. Macquoid: United States Book Co., paper                                      | 50   |
| El Final de Norma: Pedro A. de Alarcon: William R. Jenkins, paper                                 | 75   |
| Episodes: G. S. Street: The Merriam Co., cloth, illustrated                                       | 75   |
| Hero-tales of Ireland: Jeremiah Curten: Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, cloth                          | 2 00 |
| Market Overt: A Novel: James Payn: J. B. Lippincott Co., paper, 50c.; cloth                       | 1 00 |
| In Wild Rose Time: Amanda M. Douglas: Lee & Shepard, cloth                                        | 1 50 |
| Jean Belin: The French Robinson Crusoe: Alfred de Brihat: Lee & Shepard, cloth                    | 1 50 |
| L'Arlésienne: Alphonse Daudet: Illus. by Gambard: World Classics: Joseph Knight Co.               | 1 00 |
| Manon Lescant: From the French of L'Abbé Prévost: World Classics: Joseph Knight Co., 2 vols.      | 2 00 |
| Martin Hewitt, Investigator: Arthur Morrison: Rand, McNally & Co., paper                          | 50   |
| Messire, and Other Stories: Frances E. Crompton: E. P. Dutton, cloth                              | 75   |
| Michael and Theodora: Amelia E. Barr: Bradley & Woodruff, cloth                                   | 75   |
| Noëmi: S. Baring-Gould: D. Appleton & Co., paper                                                  | 50   |
| On the Hurricane Deck: W. H. Wright: The Mascot Publishing Co., paper                             | 25   |
| Out of Wedlock: Albert Ross: G. W. Dillingham, paper                                              | 50   |
| Philip of Pokanoket: Alfred Antoine Furman: Stettiner, Lambert Co., cloth                         | 1 00 |
| Prince Zaleski: M. P. Shiel: Keynotes Series: Roberts, 16mo, cloth                                | 1 00 |
| Ronbar: A Counterfeit Presentment: R. S. Dement: G. W. Dillingham, cloth                          | 1 00 |
| Shylock's Daughter: A Novel: Margaret Bates Holmes: Illus. by C. Rowley: C. H. Kerr & Co., cloth  | 75   |
| Slum Stories of London: Neighbors of Ours: H. W. Nevins: H. Holt & Co., narrow 16mo, buckram      | 75   |
| The Devil's Playground: John Mackie: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth                               | 1 00 |
| The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock: Anna Katharine Green: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth             | 50   |
| The Good Ship Mohock: W. Clark Russell: D. Appleton & Co., paper                                  | 50   |
| The Honor of Savelli: S. Levett Yeats: Town and Country Lib.: Appleton, 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth  | 1 00 |
| The Ralstons: F. Marion Crawford: Macmillan & Co., cloth (2 vols.), each                          | 1 00 |
| The Wife of Two Husbands: Marie Walsh: The Mascot Pub. Co., paper                                 | 50   |
| Under the Corsican: Emily Howland Hoppin: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, cloth                            | 1 25 |
| Undine: La Motte Fouqué: World Classics Series: Joseph Knight Co., illustrated, cloth             | 1 00 |
| When Dreams Come True: Edgar Saltus: Marshall Series: Transatlantic Pub. Co., paper               | 50   |

**Historic and National**

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| Chronicle of the Conquest of Canada: Washington Irving: David McKay, cloth.....                              | \$   |
| Essays in American History: H. Ferguson: Jas. Pott & Co., 12mo, cloth.....                                   | 1 25 |
| Historiens Français du XIX. Siècle: O. Fontaine, B.L., L.D.: William R. Jenkins, cloth.....                  | 1 25 |
| History of British Columbia, from Its Earliest Discovery to the Present: A. Begg: Meth. Pub. House, 8vo, cl. | 3 00 |
| History of the French Revolution, 1789-1800: Louis A. Thiers: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 3 vols., cl., each.    | 3 00 |
| History of the People of the United States: John Bach McMaster: Appleton, in five volumes, 8vo, cloth        | 2 50 |
| Judicial Murder of Mary E. Surrat: David Miller DeWitt: Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.....                     | 1 25 |
| Making of the England of Elizabeth: Allen B. Hinds: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth.....                        | 90   |
| Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart: A. C. S.: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, cloth.....                                   | 1 00 |
| Odd Bits of History: Henry W. Wolff: Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo.....                                         | 2 75 |
| Stories of Old Greece: Emma M. Firth: D. C. Heath & Co., illustrated, square 12mo, boards.....               | 30   |

**Humor and Satire**

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| Chimmie Fadden: E. W. Townsend: United States Book Co., illustrated.....                         | 50   |
| Drilby Re-versed: Leopold Jordan: G. W. Dillingham, paper.....                                   | 50   |
| Humor of America: Selected: James Barr: Charles Scribner's Sons.....                             | 1 25 |
| The Humor of Ireland: Selected: D. J. O'Donoghue: Scribner's Sons, crown 8vo.....                | 1 25 |
| The Humor of Spain: Selected: Susette M. Taylor: Illus. by H. R. Miller: Scribner.....           | 1 25 |
| Samantha Among the Colored Folks: Marietta Holley (Josiah Allen's Wife): Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo. | 1 50 |
| Tom Sawyer Abroad: Edited by Mark Twain: C. L. Webster & Co., 8vo, illustrated.....              | 1 50 |

**Poetry of the Month**

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| Hymns and Verses: Samuel Longfellow: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo.....                         | 1 00 |
| In Sheltered Ways: D. J. Donahoe: Lotus series, No. 1: C. Wells Moulton, cloth.....             | 1 00 |
| In Woods and Fields: Augusta Larned: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.....                            | 1 00 |
| Jolly Songster: Words and Music: Compiled by P. M. Wolsieffer: Laird & Lee, paper.....          | 25   |
| Poems: John B. Tabb: Copeland & Day, small square octavo, green cloth and gold.....             | 1 00 |
| Poems of Henry Abbey: Third edition; enlarged: Author's edition, 8vo.....                       | 1 25 |
| Rhymes of Rajputana: Col. G. H. Trevor: Macmillan, crown 8vo, vellum.....                       | 2 75 |
| Songs in the Night: Mrs. K. A. Bradley: C. Wells Moulton, 8vo, cloth.....                       | 1 00 |
| The Corsair Lara: Lord Byron: World Classics: Joseph Knight Co., cloth.....                     | 1 00 |
| The Fable of the Ass: Geo. A. Taylor: C. A. Murdock & Co., paper.....                           |      |
| The Poet of Poets: Love-Verse from Minor Poems of Edmund Spenser: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth... | 1 25 |
| Vistas: William Sharp: Green Tree Library: Stone & Kimball, cloth.....                          | 1 50 |

**Reference Books of Value**

|                                                                                                     |       |
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| Character and Fortune Revealed: An A B C Guide to Palmistry: Paul Bello: Scribner's Sons, 16mo....  | 40    |
| Concordance of the Divina Commedia: Edward Allen Fay: Ginn & Co., 8vo, cloth.....                   | 10 00 |
| Conklin's Handy Manual of Useful Information: Laird & Lee, silk cloth.....                          | 25    |
| Daily News Almanac for 1895: Chicago Daily News, paper.....                                         | 25    |
| Dictionary of Birds: Alfred Newton: Part III., Moa-Sheathbill: Macmillan & Co., 8vo, boards.....    | 2 60  |
| Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students: Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D.: Scribner's Sons.....     | 80    |
| Lee's Condensed Cyclopedia: C. M. Stevens: Laird & Lee, cloth, 50c.; leather.....                   | 1 00  |
| Manners, Customs, and Observances: Leopold Wagner: Macmillan & Co., cloth.....                      | 1 75  |
| The Book-Plate Annual and Armorial Year Book, 1895: Macmillan, 4to, paper.....                      | 1 75  |
| The Classic Myths in English Literature: Based on Age of Fable: Ginn & Co., 12mo, half leather....  | 1 65  |
| Whitaker's Almanac: Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List for 1895: T. Whitaker, paper... | 25    |
| World Almanac and Encyclopædia, 1895: The Press Pub. Co., 12mo, paper.....                          | 25    |
| The Aims of Literary Study: Hiram Corson: Macmillan, 18mo, cloth, gilt top.....                     | 75    |
| The Book-Bills of Narcissus: Richard Le Callienne: cloth.....                                       | 1 00  |
| The Growth of the Idylls of the King: Richard Jones, Ph.D.: J. B. Lippincott, cloth.....            | 1 50  |
| The Literary Shop, and Other Tales: James L. Ford: G. H. Richmond & Co., 12mo, cloth.....           | 1 25  |

**Literary Criticism**

|                                                                                              |      |
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| History of the Art of Bookbinding: W. Salt Brassington: Macmillan, 4to, leather.....         | 6 00 |
| Rhetoric, its Theory and Practice: Austin Phelps: Scribner's, cloth.....                     | 1 25 |
| Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music: George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D.: Putnam's, cloth..... |      |

**Travel and Adventure**

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| Among the Esquimaux; or, Adventures under the Arctic Circle: E. S. Ellis: Penn Pub. Co., 12mo, cloth    | 1 25 |
| From Edinburgh to the Antarctic: W. G. Burn Murdoch: Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, cloth.....             | 5 00 |
| In Cairo and Jerusalem: Mary Thorn Carpenter: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., cloth.....                    | 1 50 |
| In the Guiana Forest: Studies of Nature in Relation to the Struggle for Life: James Rodway: Scribner's. | 2 00 |
| Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods: Percival Lowell: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....             | 1 75 |
| On India's Frontier: Henry Ballantine, M.A.: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, cloth.....                          | 2 50 |
| On the Shores of an Inland Sea: James Teackle Dennis: J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth, illustrated    | 75   |
| Pictures of Swedish Life; or, Svea and Her Children: Mrs. Woods Baker: Anson D. F. Randolph, cl.        | 3 75 |
| Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran: George Milner: Longmans, 12mo.....                             | 2 00 |
| Rambles Through Japan Without a Guide: Albert Leffingwell: Baker & Taylor Co.....                       | 1 50 |
| The Amateur Emigrant: Robert Louis Stevenson: Stone & Kimball, 2d edition.....                          | 1 25 |
| Travels in Three Continents; Europe, Africa, Asia: J. M. Buckley, L.L.D.: Hunt & Eaton, cloth.....      | 3 50 |
| Two Summers in Guyenne: E. H. Barker: Scribner's, 8vo, cloth.....                                       | 6 40 |
| Up the Susquehanna: Hiles C. Pardoe: Hunt & Eaton, illustrated, cloth.....                              | 1 00 |

## THE INTERRUPTED DUEL: CITIZENS AND MESSIEURS\*

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Now, Quartermaster-general Falou and Sergeant-major Faraud had had a few words on the previous night, which had seemed to them sufficient to require a promenade to the Eastern Gate—which means that the two friends, to use the terms employed under such circumstances, were about to refresh themselves with a swordthrust or two.

And, in fact, as soon as they were outside the gate, the seconds on both sides began to look for a suitable spot, where each party would have an equal advantage of ground and sun. When a satisfactory spot was found, they so informed the two principals, who followed their seconds, apparently content with the choice made by them, and put themselves at once in a condition to utilize it by throwing on the ground their foraging-caps, coats and waistcoats. Then each turned back the right sleeve of his shirt as far as the elbow.

The fight was to take place with the infantry swords known as briquets. Each received his weapon from the hands of his second, and darted toward his adversary.

"What the devil can a man do with such a kitchen-knife as this?" growled the Chasseur Falou, who was accustomed to his long cavalry sabre, and who handled the briquet as if it had been a pen. "This is only fit to cut cabbages and scrape carrots."

"It will serve also," said Faraud, with the movement of the neck which was habitual to him, and which we have noticed before—"it will serve also for one who is not afraid to come to close quarters to shave his enemy's mustache."

And, making a feint to strike at his thigh, the sergeant-major made a thrust at his adversary's head, which was successfully parried.

"Oh," said Falou; "very good, Sergeant. The mustaches are according to orders. It is forbidden in the regiment to cut them off, and, above all, to let any one else cut them off. And those who permit such a thing are usually punished for it. Punished for it," he repeated, watching his chance—"punished for it by the 'coup de manchette.'"

And, with such rapidity that Faraud had not time to parry, his opponent made the thrust which goes by the name of the part of the body at which it is aimed.

The blood spurted from Faraud's arm on the instant; but, furious at being wounded, he cried:

"It is nothing—it is nothing; let us go on!"

And he stood on guard.

But the seconds sprang between the combatants, and declared that honor was satisfied.

Upon this declaration Faraud threw down his weapon and held out his arm. One of the seconds drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and, with a dexterity which proved he was no novice in such affairs, he bound up the wound. He was in the midst of the operation when, not twenty yards away from them, a group of seven or eight horsemen appeared from behind a clump of trees. Suddenly Falou cried out:

"The deuce! The Commander-in-chief!"

The soldiers sought for some way of escaping the notice of their chief; but he had already seen them, and was urging his horse toward them with whip and spur. They remained motionless, with the right hand at salute, and the left at the side. The blood was streaming from Faraud's arm.

Bonaparte stopped four paces from them, making a sign to his staff to remain where they were. Motionless upon his horse, which was as motionless as he, slightly stooping because of the heat and of the malady from which he was suffering, his piercing eyes half-covered by the upper lid, and darting gleams of light through the eyelashes, he looked like a bronze statue.

"So you are fighting a duel here?" he said, in his incisive voice. "It is well known that I do not approve of duels. The blood of Frenchmen belongs to France, and it should be shed for France alone."

Then looking from one to the other of the adversaries, and letting his glance rest upon the sergeant-major, he said:

"How did it happen, Faraud, that a fine fellow like you—"

Bonaparte at this time made it a matter of principle to retain in his memory the faces of those men who distinguished themselves, so that upon occasion he could call them by name. This was a distinction which never failed to have its effect.

Faraud started with delight when he heard his name spoken by the General, and raised himself upon tiptoe.

Bonaparte saw the movement, and, smiling inwardly, said: "How does it happen that a fine fellow like you, who have been twice mentioned in the order of the day of your regiment—once at Lodi, and again at Rivoli—should disobey my orders thus? As for your opponent, whom I do not know—"

The Commander-in-chief emphasized these words.

Falou frowned, for the words pierced him like a needle in his side.

"I beg your pardon, General," he interrupted. "The reason you do not know me is because you are too young; because you were not with the Army of the Rhine at the engagement at Dawendorff, at the battle of Froeschwillers, and at the recapture of the lines at Weissenburg. If you had been there—"

"I was at Toulon," interrupted Bonaparte, dryly. "And if you drove the Prussians from France at Weissenburg, I did as much by the English at Toulon, which was quite as important."

"That is true," said Falou. "We even put your name in the order of the day. I was wrong to say that you were too young. I acknowledge it, and beg your pardon. But I was right in saying that you were not there, for you yourself admit that you were at Toulon."

"Go on," said Bonaparte. "Hast thou anything more to say?"

"Yes, General," replied Falou.

"Well, say on," rejoined Bonaparte. "But as we are republicans, be good enough to call me 'Citizen-General,' and to say, 'thou' when thou addressest me."

"Bravo, Citizen-General!" cried Faraud.

"Well, Citizen-General," continued Falou, with that

\*A reading selected from *The Whites and The Blues*. By Alexandre Dumas. Little, Brown & Co.

familiarity of speech which the principle of equality had introduced into the ranks of the army, "if thou hadst been at Dawendorff, faith! thou wouldst have seen me, during a charge of cavalry, save the life of General Abatucci, who is as good as any man."

"Ah," said Bonaparte, "I thank thee! I believe that Abatucci is a sort of cousin of mine."

Falou picked up his cavalry sabre, and showing it to Bonaparte, who was much astonished to see a general's sabre in the possession of a quartermaster-general, said:

"It was on that occasion that General Pichegru, who is as good as any man,"—and he emphasized this characterization of General Pichegru,—“seeing the state to which my poor sabre was reduced, made me a present of his, which is not altogether according to orders, as you see."

"What, again!" said Bonaparte, with a frown.

"Pardon me, Citizen-General! As thou seest, I am always blundering; but what wouldst thou? Citizen-General Moreau has not accustomed us to the 'thou.'"

"What!" said Bonaparte, "the republican Fabius is so lax as that with the republican vocabulary? But go on, for I see that thou hast something else to tell me."

"I have this to tell thee, General: that if thou hadst been at Froeschwillers on the day when General Hoche, who is also as good as any other man, put a price of six hundred francs on the Prussian cannon, thou wouldst have seen me capture one of those cannon, and have seen me made quartermaster for doing it."

"And didst thou receive the six hundred francs?"

Falou shook his head.

"We gave them up to the widows of the brave fellows who died on the day of Dawendorff, and I took nothing but my pay, which was in one of the Prince de Condé's chests."

"Brave, disinterested fellow! Go on," said the general. "I like to see such men as thou art, who have no journalists to sound their praises, nor any to cry them down, pronouncing their own panegyrics."

"And then," continued Falou, "if thou hadst been at the carrying of the lines at Weissenburg, thou wouldst have known that, when I was attacked by three Prussians, I killed two. True, I did not come to the parry in time to escape the blow of the third; hence the scar which you see—which thou seest, I mean—to which I replied with a thrust with the point which sent my man to join his two companions. For that I was made quartermaster-general."

"And is all this true?" asked Bonaparte.

"Oh, as for that, Citizen-General," said Faraud, drawing near and bringing his bandaged hand to his right eyebrow, "if the quartermaster needs a witness I can testify that he has told nothing but the truth, and that he has said too little rather than too much. It was well known in the Army of the Rhine."

"Very well," said Bonaparte, looking benevolently at the two men who had just been exchanging blows, and one of whom was now sounding the other's praises. "I am delighted to make thy acquaintance, Citizen Falou. I trust that thou wilt do as well in the Army of Italy as thou didst in the Army of the Rhine. But how does it happen that two such fine fellows should be enemies?"

"We, Citizen-General?" said Falou. "We are not enemies."

"Why the deuce were you fighting, then, if you are not enemies?"

"Oh," said Faraud, with his usual movement of the neck, "we fought for the sake of fighting."

"But suppose I tell you that I wish to know why you fought?"

Faraud looked at Falou, as if to ask his permission.

"Since the Citizen-General wants to know," said the latter, "I do not see why we should conceal it."

"Well, we fought—we fought—because he called me 'monsieur'!"

"And what dost thou want to be called?"

"Citizen, *mordieu!*" replied Faraud. "We paid dearly enough for that title to keep it. I am not an aristocrat like these messieurs of the Army of the Rhine."

"Thou hearest, Citizen-General," said Falou, tapping his foot impatiently, and putting his hand to the hilt of his sabre: "he calls us aristocrats."

"He was wrong, and thou also wert wrong to call him 'monsieur,'" replied the Commander-in-chief. "We are all children of the same family, sons of the same mother, citizens of the same Fatherland. We are fighting for the Republic; and the moment when kings recognize it, is not the moment for good men like you to deny it. To what division dost thou belong?" he continued, addressing Quartermaster Falou.

"To the Bernadotte division," replied Falou.

"Bernadotte?" repeated Bonaparte, "Bernadotte—a volunteer, who was only a sergeant-major in '89; a gallant soldier, who was promoted on the battlefield by Kléber to the rank of brigadier-general; who was made a general of division after the victories of Fleurus and Juliers, and who took Maestricht and Altdorf! Bernadotte encouraging aristocrats in his army! I thought he was a Jacobin. And you, Faraud, to what corps dost thou belong?"

"To that of Citizen-General Augereau. No one can accuse him of being an aristocrat. He is like you,—I should say, like thee,—Citizen-General. He likes to have us 'thee and thou' him. And so when we heard these men from Sambre-et-Meuse calling us 'Monsieur,' we said to each other, 'For each "monsieur" a cut of the sabre. Is it agreed?' 'Agreed.' And since then we have stood up here perhaps a dozen times, our division against the Bernadotte. To-day it is my turn to pay the piper. To-morrow it will be a 'monsieur.'"

"To-morrow it will be no one," said Bonaparte, imperatively. "I will have no dueling in the army. I have said it, and I repeat it."

"But——" muttered Faraud.

"Very well, I will talk over the affair with Bernadotte. In the mean time, you will please preserve intact the republican traditions; and whether you belong to Sambre-et-Meuse or Italy, you will 'thee and thou' each other, and address each other as 'citizens.' You will each of you pass twenty-four hours in the guard-house now, as an example. And now shake hands, and go away arm in arm, like good comrades."

The two soldiers approached each other and exchanged a frank and manly grasp of the hand. Then Faraud threw his vest over his left shoulder and passed his hand through Falou's arm. The seconds did the same; and all six entered the city by the Eastern Gate, and went quietly toward the barracks.

General Bonaparte looked after them with a smile, murmuring—

"Brave hearts! With men like you, Cæsar crossed the Rubicon; but it is not time yet to do as Cæsar did."

## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

The Spectator, in a review of *Odes and Other Poems*, by William Watson, says: "Mr. Watson has taken his place on a level with Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, if not with Wordsworth."

Regarding Bourget's attempt to depict Americanism, Mark Twain says: "There isn't a single characteristic that can be safely labeled 'American.' There isn't a single human ambition, or religious trend, or drift of thought, or peculiarity of education, or code of principles, or breed of folly, or style of conversation, or preference for a particular subject for discussion, or form of legs or trunk or face or head, or expression, or complexion, or gait, or dress, or manners, or disposition, or any other human detail, inside or outside, that can rationally be generalized as 'American.'"

The late M. Duruy, the French academician, was Sardou's schoolmaster, and it appears that the dramatist-to-be was a refractory pupil. Once, when his teacher chided him for not taking an interest in Egyptian history, Sardou answered: "As a pupil I think I ought to know what suits me best and what does not."

M. Bikélas, the Greek novelist and critic, was born in 1835, on the Island of Syra. Strange to say, for four-and-twenty years he was a London merchant, yet during those years he contributed much to periodical literature. In 1874 he withdrew from commerce, having acquired a competence, and has since oscillated between Paris and Athens.

Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book* has achieved the distinction of being chosen as one of the comparatively few books published for the blind. An edition in raised letters will soon be issued by the American Printing House for the Blind.

It is now understood that both Mr. Lecky and Mr. S. R. Gardiner refused the Professorship of History at Oxford before Mr. York Powell was appointed.

Christina Rossetti's devotional poetry, says Richard le Gallienne, is no mere ecstatic folding of the hands in a beatific dream of spiritualized sensuousness, no mystic celebration of a Christian Nirvana; but the yearning cry of a soul that has lost all that earth can give, and turns its strong prayer to the larger hope of heaven. In her wonderful love poetry we find the two impulses of earthly and heavenly love reacting and blending.

Léo Clarétie having called attention to the fact that the real name of the latest French academician is Housset, M. Henri Houssaye acknowledges that his father's name was Housset. When Arsène Houssaye published his first book, however, he changed the spelling, and since then made the later name so well known that the other was completely forgotten.

A prominent American author was recently startled by the question propounded by an amateur *littérateur*, young, but ambitious, as to what he thought was the moral of "Trilby." "The moral of 'Trilby,' young man," answered the gray-haired author, "is, don't write a novel until you are old enough to know how to do it."

Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of Mean Streets* is exciting such notice and comment, was, until recently, the secretary of a Charity Trust, whose operations were

in East London. Through long residence in that quarter he learned to know the people at first hand. He presented his observations in various sketches in Macmillan's, the National Observer, and the Pall Mall Budget. Mr. Morrison is but thirty-one years old.

Gertrude Atherton, in a recent article, calls Boston "the city of anæmic virtue and emasculated vice."

When Dr. Doyle was about to undertake his lecture tour in this country Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to him: "When you come to America call on me. My house is the second door on the left-hand after leaving San Francisco."

L. J. B. Lincoln, the president of the Uncut Leaves Society, has begun the issue of a "monthly letter of advance criticism and literary information." The first number consists of twelve pages of comment upon the doings of literary folk in New York and elsewhere.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, when Browning was calling on her at one of her Sunday afternoons, asked him to write something in her autograph album, wherein many famous people had written. "With pleasure," said Browning, and wrote: "From a poet to a poem."

The late Dr. Gordon Hake, the English poet, story-writer, and man of science, was one of Dante Rossetti's earliest friends, and one who had a powerful influence upon the intellect of the youth. Rossetti always declared that Dr. Hake's story, *Her Winning Ways*, was the finest novel of the century; but one would hardly accept as conclusive his opinion of fiction. Dr. Hake, who died in his eighty-seventh year, was a cousin of General Gordon. He has left two unpublished scientific works—one on the Physiological Basis of Accent, and one entitled *The New Cosmogony*, which is said to be a metaphysical work of great subtlety and audacity.

George Augustus Sala is greatly interested in dress considered from the historic standpoint, and has to-day the largest collection of pattern-books and fashion-plates, ancient and modern, of any man in England.

The Rev. S. R. Crockett, of Scotland, the author of *The Stickit Minister*, says the only imaginative book he was allowed to read in boyhood was *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Miss Varina Jefferson Davis, whose literary work has heretofore been in the way of folk-lore and of short stories, has just completed a novel founded upon a singular fact. It is called *The Veiled Doctor*, and tells the story of an over-sensitive man whose married life with a not very sensitive young woman was a tragedy to both of them.

William T. Adams, Oliver Optic, who is now 73 years old, has, during his long term of authorship, written 126 books and 1,000 newspaper stories.

The London Sketch says of William Watson's new book, *Odes and Other Poems*: "There are things in the book to stick in the memory—things not to listen to merely with the ear, but with the mind as well. I do not think the poems represent his full powers: he has surpassed, perhaps, even the best here. But they probably show all the lines along which his powers will naturally develop themselves; and, though he is only at the beginning of his career, a reader making up his

mind about the qualities and limitations of Mr. Watson's poetry from these poems will very likely not be proved far wrong by any future productions. He has two or three notes so clear that it is almost impossible that these should not prove in the end his strongest, as they are felt to be now."

Berlin papers say that the revenue from Emperor William's Song to Aegir up to the present time is about 33,600 marks, or over \$8,000. The money is to go to the building of the Emperor William Memorial Church.

Joaquin Miller has dubbed Kipling the "Napoleon of Letters." Ambrose Bierce says that he has as yet only indicated his greatness.

It is related of Alexandre Dumas that he took such interest in his literary creations that he said to his son, who was disturbed by seeing him plunged in melancholy: "Porthos is dead. I have just killed him, and I cannot help weeping over him. Poor Porthos!" Quite different were the emotions of Conan Doyle, who, having killed poor Sherlock Holmes, went gayly out, and celebrated, like a true Englishman, with a big supper.

The new English rival of the Chap-Book is to be called *The Paper-Knife*. The illustrations are to be by Messrs. Hugh Thomson, Caton Woodville, Anning Bell, and others. The new publication will be octavo in size.

Pierre Loti, the pen-name of the French academician, Captain Julien Viaud, was not taken from the Japanese word for violet. Loti is an impossible word in Japanese, as the alphabet contains no *l*. Loti is a Maori word, descriptive of a flower that grows only in Polynesia, where the sirens of Queen Pomare's court bestowed it upon the young Frenchman in the days when his ship was stationed at Tahiti.

The Indianapolis Journal quotes this, presumably from its correspondent from Africa. "Here," said the new missionary, "here are some tracts and sermons, translated into your native language." "Thanks," yawned the King of Mbwpka. "By the way, have you a translation of Trilby?"

Frankfort Moore is admirably mentioned as a novelist who can write a book in six weeks, and do it at the rate of ten hours a day.

"College students of thirty years ago," says the Springfield Union, "remember with delight the historical lectures delivered by Dr. John Lord, whose death has just been announced. Before his time history had been a dull study, but he threw the glamor of romance over it. As a speaker he was uncouth, his voice was raucous, and his gestures ludicrous, but the listener soon forgot the lecturer in his lecture. He dealt with all the great epochs in history, and his portrayal of famous characters was so clear and lifelike that the past was transferred to the present, and the listener became a spectator of history as of current events."

Thymol Monk, whose rather morbid *Altar of Earth* was published during the past season, is said to be a Miss Mary Belcher, a former hospital nurse.

The success of *Charley's Aunt* is still on the increase. Those interested in theatrical doings will learn with astonishment that fifty-two companies are this month playing it in various parts of the world, and of course in different languages. Every country in Europe, with the exception of Italy, has been visited, and at the present time Mr. Brandon Thomas' farce is

being represented by three companies in England. *Charley's Aunt* was produced in London at the Royalty on December 21, 1892, and the author has already made a fortune out of the piece, and the actor who in a great measure is responsible for its success has probably secured £100,000 as his share.

Stevenson's death leads *The Athenæum* to recall the fact that admiration for the work of Hazlitt led Stevenson, some years ago, to offer to write a monograph on the great essayist for *The English Men of Letters Series*. The editor, John Morley, declined the offer.

"The sale of Victor Hugo's books in France is reported to have dwindled to very small proportions, while Zola's latest book, *Lourdes*, is in its hundredth edition, and is expected to exceed in the numbers sold any of his other works.

The fourth volume of the *Yellow Book* is out, and doubtless, says the *New York Tribune*, there is joy in the hearts of its makers and readers because this precious bantling has weathered its first year. It is as perky as ever and may live to a green old age, but that is not likely; and if the length of its existence is dwelt upon at all, it is only with reference to the probable endurance of the movement of froth and silliness on which it has thus far been based. It is not creditable that the jug-saw and blue-light school will be suffered to continue its antics many years longer. It must pass as the Bunthorne madness passed.

Another Red book by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman—*The Red Cockade*—is nearly finished. It is said that Mr. Weyman's thoughts were turned in the direction of the historical novel by Baird's *History of the Huguenots*, a copy of which he happened to see at his club one day. His first successful novel, *The House of the Wolf*, dawned in his mind while dressing one evening. He writes about a thousand words a day.

Richard Le Gallienne calls the critics who don't approve of his productions "the literary homicides whose howls of torment will be the only clarions of their fame."

Robert Louis Stevenson said that his story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde had for its foundation an incident related to him by a London doctor who made diseases of the brain a specialty. None of his work was absolute fiction, and most of it had a basis in actual experience. "I do not believe," he said, "that any man ever evolved a really good story from his inner consciousness unaided by some personal experience or incident of life."

Rudyard Kipling, after sending his first two or three stories to nearly every publisher in England, finally sold them for \$15. His last story brought \$1,000 for the English rights alone.

In their delightful little *World Classics* series Joseph W. Knight & Co. have recently issued *The Corsair*, *Armande*, *Manon*, *Lescant*, *Undine* and *L'Arlésienne*. It is the daintiest small-volume edition yet given to these masterpieces.

Mrs. John Richard Green, an historian as well as the widow of an historian, is the latest author to fall a victim to writer's-cramp. When she went to Royal les Bains, in Auvergne, last summer, in the hope of getting relief at the baths, she was able to write a few words at a time, but only with the greatest difficulty.

## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

130. *The Chap-Book*: I should like to inquire, if I may, where the name of that odd little publication, known as *The Chap-Book*, comes from?—A. W. R., Boston, Mass.

[A chap-book is defined as one of a class of tracts upon homely and miscellaneous subjects which at one time formed the chief popular literature of Great Britain and the American Colonies. They consisted of lives of heroes, martyrs, and wonderful personages, stories of roguery and broad humor, of giants, ghosts, witches, and dreams, histories in verse, songs and ballads, theological tracts, etc. They emanated principally from the provincial press, and were hawked about the country by chapmen, or peddlers.]

131. *Les Puits d'Inde*: Will you kindly inform me as to the author or publisher of the poem or tale referred to by George Sand, in a foot-note in *Consuelo* (*Les Puits d'Inde*)? Information as to where I can obtain the book would be acceptable also.—W. G. McC., Baltimore, Md.

132. *The Origin of a Line*: I propound the following for solution in *Open Questions*: Maurice Thompson, in his pretty little poem, *Pan in the Orchard*, says: "He pursed his lips and puffed his cheeks, and blew and blew and blew." James Whitcomb Riley, in his best poem, *The South Wind and the Sun*, says: "He puffed his cheeks and pursed his lips, and blew and blew and blew." Who can rightfully lay claim to the expression? Neither gives credit. Is it a case of unconscious (?) plagiarism? If so, did Thompson purloin it from Riley, or did Riley filch it from Thompson?—J. B. N., Malta, Ohio.

133. *The American Keats*: What poet was so-called?—Keats, Eau Claire, Wis.

[Richard Henry Stoddard. See the *Book of the Sonnet*, edited by S. Adam Lee, page 123 (Roberts Bros.).]

134. *Authorship Wanted*: Where will I find these lines?

"I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars, and the solar year,  
Of Cæsar's head, and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

—Inquirer, Charlton, Iowa.

[These lines occur on the introductory page of a volume of Emerson's "Miscellaneous Essays."]

135. *The Song of a Shirt*: Please inform me where and when Tom Hood's *Song of a Shirt* first appeared?—Sartor, Kennebunk, Maine.

[*London Punch*, Christmas number, 1843.]

136. *Sonnets from The Portuguese*: Will you kindly tell me, through *Open Questions*, from what Portuguese poet Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* were translated?—Poetry, Bismarck, N. D.

[Edmund Gosse, in the new edition of Mrs. Browning's poems, tells the story of how the title originated. The poems were not translations. The story is so interesting that we take space to quote it in full: "During the months of their brief courtship, closing, as all the world knows, in the clandestine flight and romantic wedding of September 12, 1846, neither poet showed any verses to the other. Mr. Browning, in particular, had not the smallest notion that the circumstances of their betrothal had led Miss Barrett into any artistic

expression of feeling. As little did he suspect it during their honeymoon in Paris, or during their first crowded weeks in Italy. They settled at length in Pisa, and, being quitted by Mrs. Jamieson and her niece in a very calm and happy mood, the young couple took up each his or her separate work. Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room. Mr. Browning settled himself at the table, and unfolded the parcel. It contained the series of sonnets which have now become so illustrious. As he read, his emotion and delight may be conceived. Before he had finished, it was impossible for him to restrain himself, and, regardless of his promise, he rushed upstairs and stormed that guarded citadel. He was early conscious that these were treasures not to be kept from the world. 'I dared not reserve to myself,' he said, 'the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's.' When it was determined to publish the sonnets in the volumes of 1850, the question of a title arose. The name which was ultimately chosen, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, was invented by Mr. Browning, as an ingenious device to veil the true authorship, and yet to suggest kinship with that beautiful lyric, called 'Caterina to Camoëns,' in which so similar a passion had been expressed. Long before he ever heard of these poems, Mr. Browning called his wife his 'own little Portuguese'; and so, when she proposed *Sonnets Translated from the Bosnian*, he, catching at the happy thought of 'translated,' replied, 'No, not Bosnian—that means nothing—but from the Portuguese! They are Caterina's sonnets!' And so, in half a joke, half a conceit, the famous title was invented."]

137. *Prizes for Questions*: Will you kindly inform me whether you know of any magazine that is offering cash prizes for poetical or prose quotations? By so doing you will greatly oblige Mrs. D. P. S., New York, N. Y.

[We know of no publication that at present offers prizes for such matter.]

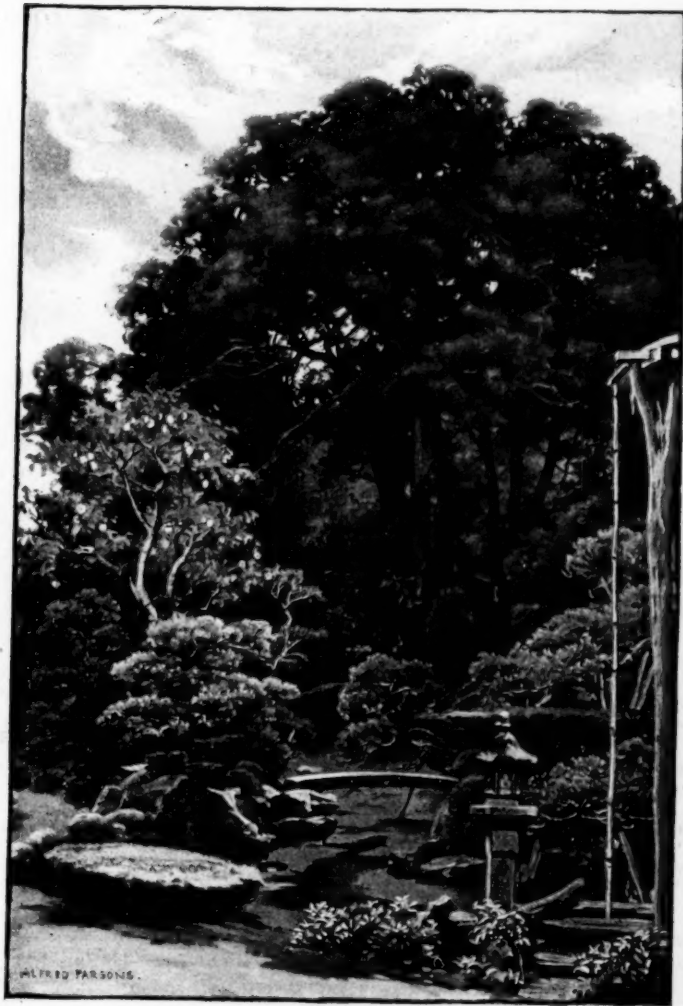
138. *Translators of Ibsen*: Please give the names of the best translators of Ibsen into English, French and German; and if there is any one translation generally considered as the best of all, please indicate it.—Norway, Philadelphia, Pa.

139. *Quotation Wanted*: To what does Longfellow allude in Michael Angelo in the following:

"'Tis said that emperors write their names in green  
When under age, but when of age in purple."

—Library, Pueblo, Col.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



TEMPLE GARDEN. SEIGROANJI, JAPAN  
(From Harper's Magazine for April Copyright.)



THE SIO KE VALLEY. SOUTH CHINA  
From J. G. Fagg's "Forty Years in South China." (Randolph)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



MR. GREELEY RECEIVING THE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE WHO NOTIFIED HIM OF HIS NOMINATION AT THE LINCOLN HOUSE  
From Andrew's "History of the United States for the last Quarter-Century." (From Scribner's Magazine for April.)



THE WEATHER OBSERVATORY AT BLUE HILL, NEAR BOSTON  
(From the New England Magazine for March.)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO

From M. B. Gibbs's "Napoleon's Military Career." (Werner.)



AN OLD-FASHIONED MAPLE SUGAR CAMP

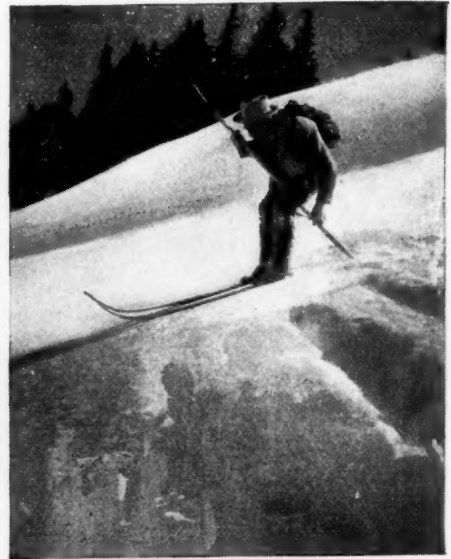
(From Demorest's Magazine for March.)

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GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO

From "Hippolyte and Golden-Beak." (Copyright, Harper & Bro.)



GLISSADING IN NORWAY

(From McClure's Magazine for March.)



THE DESTINY-MAKER

From G. L. Raymond's "Pictures in Verse." (Putnam.)



DRAWING BY KELLER

(From Short Stories for April.)